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LEAVES

FROM

MY PORTFOLIO

BY

REV. W. K. BURR, A. M.

—

" Onward ! onward ! toils despising,
Upward ! upward ! turn thine eyes ;
Only be content when rising,
Fix thy goal amid the skies."

—

225-385
20.9.28

BELLEVILLE, ONT.:
" THE DAILY ONTARIO " STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
1880.

BV
4832
B8

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INTRODUCTION.

Superlatively great and glorious is the work of the Lord—a work paramount to all others, having for its object the conversion of a lost and ruined world. And notwithstanding "*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,*" the great truths of Heaven are unchangeable. Christianity is certainly the only lever that can lift man from earth to that land where there is no sorrow, nor sadness. How blessed, then, are they who are co-workers with God in the Heaven-born scheme of salvation,—toiling day by day in the Lord's vineyard,—laboring for the amelioration of humanity,—the advancement of that Kingdom which shall endure forever.

A Greek Philosopher once said the three great questions in the world were, *What am I? Whence came I? And whither do I go?* Now it is truly certain that philosophy never could answer these questions; but happily for us, the Bible solves them all, and points to a home of perpetual joy beyond the tide. It is, indeed, the infallible oracle revealing Creation and everything appertaining to man, from Adam and Eve in Paradise, down to the last scene, of the last act in the great drama of man's eternal existence. Everything, then, that assists in scattering the knowledge of the Inspired Volume and improve society, demands our heartfelt sympathy, and our aid. And whatever tends to heighten and increase the genial glow of christian love and fraternity of feeling will receive the approbation of God, and consequently the smiles of propitious Heaven will rest upon it.

In the preparation of the following pages it has been our chief object to present to the public a work, the character of which shall tend to purify and elevate the man and the christian. It has most certainly been our earnest endeavor to insist upon a proper cultivation of the heart, and the development of the moral powers of the *emotional* rather than the *intellectual* nature, realizing the force of the remarks of the Apostle Paul, "Knowledge puffeth up, but love

buildeth up." However, if the book shall inspire with fresh courage only one soldier of the cross who is about to falter in the long line of battle, or if it shall in any way contribute to the edification of the saints and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, the result will be altogether satisfactory. And if such be truly our earnest desire and constant efforts, we shall indeed be an honor to ourself, a blessing to our race, a follower of the thorn-crowned King, and an heir of glory. The only change, doubtless, to which the glorified will be subjected, will be changing from glory to glory —from glory to glory, evermore.

Where amid the shining numbers,
Cares and trials all are o'er;
Where the guardian never slumbers,
May we dwell forevermore.

W. K. BURR.

Belleville, Ont., December, 1878.

THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

In the onward march of time what a world of thought is comprehended! How grand the infinite movements! We have truly eclipsed what we call the savage and half civilized nations of the earth in the pursuit of the arts and sciences. We have, indeed, enlisted the giant arm of steam into our service, made a news-carrier of the lightning, and have fashioned numberless devices of machinery to carry on all the various branches of trade and manufactures. In our intercourse with kindred and distant friends, in our own and other lands, we have almost annihilated both time and space, and by means of the printing press, have scattered the white-winged messengers of knowledge, thick as the leaves of the forest and beautiful as the glorious orbs of heaven.

To think of the present age! Oh, what sublimity! What rapturous emotions! What joys and sorrows! What private and public revolutions! But it is the labors of faith that have civilized the world—laid the Atlantic cable, and thus enabled both hemispheres to join hands and embrace each other. Let not, then, the dastard or poltroon stretch forth his nerveless hand in the support of any cause, inasmuch as it requires indomitable energy and perseverance. There is no royal road to learning—no royal road to Heaven; and the development of the mental powers, or the achievement of that which is grand and noble, are all due to honest and earnest endeavor. As well might the artist expect to learn without study, or the gymnast to acquire his unerring skill and strength of nerve without practice, as for an individual to think of ever becoming without strong exertion, what the Lord designed him to be when he became a living soul, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

The grand idea of humanity is ONWARD, and the present age is truly sublime. We need not wonder in thinking of the past, at the remarks of Hamlet:

> There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreampt of in your philosophy.

The age in which we live is fraught with every species of interest to humanity, both in time and eternity. Just for a moment think of the magnificent enterprises which have been yearly achieved—the new countries which have been christianized and won to science and art, and the rights and liberties which have been secured to the many empires of the earth. How true the words of the poet.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime."

Yes, it is a privilege to live in an age so pregnant, so stirring, so eventful. Its voice like the mighty cataract—the sound of many waters will be echoing still, when the vast multitudes of earth who are now treading its sacred dust will be sleeping in the hallowed precincts of the grave. Its tones of pity, of warning and encouragement can never, never die. It is an age never-to-be forgotten. And perhaps some little one now lying in the cradle, sweetly reposing in the embrace of morpheus, may yet move the church and the world and open up a new era in history. Perhaps some silent thinker is now at work in his closet whose name will some day fill the whole earth, and whose mighty deeds will shine like a benign, serene, and undecaying star.

Some one in the days that are past told us in language not to be mistaken, that if we would have strong bodies, we must work; if we would have strong minds, we must think, and if we would have loving hearts, we must love. And we might also further add that if we ever reach the great Beyond, we must daily march onward; Yes,

Onward and upward, join in the song;
Onward and upward journey along,
Ever aspiring, and rising with joy,
Pause not to murmur, but time well employ.

Onward and upward, God speed you on
Till you reach fair Canaan—bright laurels won.
Higher and higher bid your spirit soar;
Upward and onward ply the strongest oar.

Onward and upward joys will arise,
Hopes fraught with incense fling towards the skies;
Higher and higher, the world travels fast,
Keep on untiring—The goal reached at last.

Think not of trials, for all have their share;
But look to the Savior—continue in prayer.
Then onward and upward,—notes of joy prolong;
Higher and higher you'll join in endless song.

Now this is, indeed, the key to the whole matter. It is a law of nature, that *use* and *use* only shall give strength, development and power; and they seek in vain who search for them in any other channel. In all the different branches of business, and in all the walks of life, both in the arts of war and in the arts of peace, we see it exemplified that use and practice bring skill and development. The skillful navigator is not made by reading works on navigation, neither is he made by sailing on the calm and unruffled waters of a peaceful lake. It requires long, laborious years of experience and conflict with the howling storms and tempests to give sufficient knowledge and nerve necessary to contend with the giant neptune on the mighty, mighty deep. And thus it is, too, when sailing on the ocean of time destined for that blissful port—the land of which we sing—that land without a storm. It is only by practicing the will of our Savior that we are thus enabled to outride the mightiest wave that ever rolled upon the vast sea of time. Hope always, with serene majesty points to the ancient seers and prophets of God, and onward to the palace of the universe.

The same may also be said of the successful soldier. He is not formed by studying works on tactics, or by sham fights with blank cartridges on the parade ground: but he is made upon the battle field amid the clangor of arms, the fierce struggle of contending foes, and the loud roar of the death dealing guns. We find it equally true as regards the soldier of the Cross. His powers are developed in marching forward, taking the Bible for his rule of action, and waging war against the arch fiend of humanity. Thus it was that the Captain of our salvation, thrice armed with this sacred panoply, repelled the arch enemy of man, and thus forever established the superiority and excellency of the Christian Armor.

Philosophers and Poets may flourish in seclusion, but characters like Bonaparte and Washington, like Luther, Calvin, Wesley and Judson are born only amid the upheavels of society and the mighty throes of revolution. But nevertheless, the great law of use cannot be for a moment denied, neither can it be violated with impunity, for inaction leads onward to misery, to weakness and decay. The same law of growth which gives to the arm of the blacksmith its ponderous strength, and which causes the mind of the thinker to expand, will, if applied to the moral or spiritual nature, inevitably lift us from the lowest depths of misery, ally us to angels and bring us near

to God, where we can view the dim outline of the everlasting hills, listen to the sublime strains of melody rolling along the plains of paradise, sweeter far than the dying notes of an æolian harp, amid its rich valleys and gushing fountains—the dew upon its Hermon—the light upon its Zion—and the glory which rested upon its Tabor.

There is certainly much in this age, the influence of which will be felt forever, and will bless humanity extending in the far ages of eternity. But O, how much will perish forever. For in the period through which many of us have already been ushered, what thrones have been shaken—kingdoms and dynasties have passed away, and the knell of great changes has been tolled. And then, how many hearts have bled—millions have perished and their groans and agonies have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

But one of the grandest facts or doctrines of the present age is that of LIBERTY—liberty of conscience,— liberty of speech and liberty of the press. A little more than two centuries ago the inventor of the telescope, Galeleo, was imprisoned for uttering the discovery that our earth or globe revolved on its axis. And in those days, and long afterwards, eclipses of the sun and moon—the appearance of comets and the lurid glare of aurora borealis, were regarded as supernatural phenomena, tokens of some direful calamity which was about to occur. Yet scientists at the present day not only account for these phenomena, but calculate their periods; even that of comets in their eccentric and inconceivably extended orbits. A corresponding advancement has also been made in everything else. Each in their turn have been marching onward with gigantic strides. The rubbish and superstition, mist and darkness which brooded over the minds of humanity as regards religion during the dark ages, have also gradually passed away as the dew of evening at the opening day.

To prove that there has been a corresponding advancement in the church, and to impress it more fully upon your minds we refer you to the following extract from an old magazine, and is an authentic account and copy of an ancient document: Account of the hanging and parboiling Friar Stone at Centerbury in 1639. Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter for making the same gallows and the dray, 1s. 4d.; to a laborer that digged the holes, 3d.; the other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stablegate to the Dun-

geon, 1s.; for a hurdle 6d.; for a load of wood and a horse to draw him to the Dungeon, 2s. 3d.; paid two men that sat at the gate and parboiled him, 1s. ; to three men that carried his quarters to the gate and sat them up, 1s.; for halters to hang him and sandwich cord, and for screws 1s.; for a woman that scoured the kettle, 2d.; to him that did execution, 3s. 8d., total 14s. 8d. Now all this was done in the name of religion. But thank God those days are passed away to be numbered with those beyond the flood. They are gone, and we trust, they are gone forever. The nations of the earth are now realizing the important fact that the world was made for all mankind—that society is to care for each other while they progress in knowledge and virtue, and enjoy the health, comfort and happiness which God designed that they should when He placed in the penetralia of their hearts an immortal spirit which alone constituted them in the image of the Deity. This, indeed, is to survive the present age. Few, it is true, think of it, but it is nevertheless true. The immortal spirit will outlive the unfolding of every age and is to dwell forever in that land of undying bliss, of undecaying health, or dwell in that pit of everlasting woe. The day is not far distant. Soon will be seen the light of the approaching millenium flashing along the horizon while the exultant shout of the saved will go up ; IT IS DONE. Those then that have done *the will of God* will enjoy the everlasting age forever.

STUDY THE BIBLE.

Study the Bible, study it well ;
Deep in the heart let its rich precepts dwell:
Slight it no longer, but time well improve,
Up and a doing while forward you move.

Think of its contents by day and by night,
Ponder its riches and you will do right ;
Heed not the tempest, the storm nor the strife,
But trust thou in Jesus the giver of life.

Follow its teachings—its mandates obey ;
Learning its lessons of love every day ;
Hear the kind welcome—respond to the call,
Jesus is calling—He died for us all.

O, the glad message, receive it with joy ;
Heavenly anthems your tongues should emp.oy;
Then in the blest harbor, to God will be given,
Anthems of glory forever in Heav'n.

LIFE A JOURNEY TO THE TOMB.

How solemn the thought. Day after day we are passing away—we are travelling through the valley of tears and hastening on to the deep cold grave. How true it is, and O, how sad to think that our hearts are always beating funeral marches as we pass along. And when we think that such is indeed the case, what saddened gloom comes creeping o'er the soul. Ah ! how gloomy is the grave. But we are journeying thither. 'Tis true, alas ! 'tis true we're journeying to the tomb. We are journeying as all those have been wont to do who have tread the earth since time began. One after another reach the end of their journey, having travelled alone through the dark, dreary shades of death : but of all those that have passed through the stygian flood, none ever return to us again, to tell the secrets of the great unseen—the many dangers on the road through which they passed to reach their long sought home above.

That home—O, how sweet
It thrills upon the heart ;
Home where the loved ones meet,
And never, never part.

O, how the blissful days of childhood quickly pass away. Mutation and change are written in characters, bright and ineffacable, upon all mankind. The things of yesterday are not the things of to-day. O, what a change. Some of the lovliest forms with whom we once associated have fled from us, forever fled. Our spirits love to haunt the hallowed, consecrated hills and groves where together we oft did roam in innocency, and linger playfully along the glittering waters of some beautiful stream. And O, how they remind us of departed joys—joys that are gone forever. Our souls go there to mourn like the dove that returns to her nest to sigh—to sigh for her young that by some cruel hand have been snatched away from her fond embrace. How often too, have we seen the grave of the young while the coffin was gently and quietly lowered, and we heard the hollow rumbling sound from within, while a voice proclaimed, in mournful strains "Behold the house appointed for all living." And as we took a longing look at the loved ones we thought of the bright days when we should enjoy fair summer in those heavenly mansions, high in bliss upon the mount of God.

Thus dying pilgrim, we are all journeying. Infancy and childhood are fleeting, and manhood's prime comes stealing noiselessly

o'er us, and through fear and dread we hasten on amid shade, darkness and death to reach the glad forever, where angel spirits dwell. O, how many in the meridian of life arrive at the end of their journey. Will such be our case? our spirit sighed. Time alone will tell our soul replies. How often have we heard the sobs of the mourners, and have tremblingly listened to the cold clods rattle upon their coffin home. Then we thought of the value of those precious promises that gild the grave with the light of Heaven and whisper to the hearts of the bereaved that they should not sorrow as those that have no hope, for Christ has said "I will raise them up at the last day." O blessed memories how ye loom up from the past, while our hearts linger lovingly around the hallowed, enchanted spot, where together we have rested. Yes, and links lie buried in the dust which ever and anon cause the unbidden tear to flow. O, to think of other days and years that are gone. How they awaken those thrilling and entrancing dreams which cause the soul almost like a repentant wanderer to return to the old remembered haunts to view those scenes which have passed away, alas! forever; but the memory of them is delicious still.

But we are all journeying. The beauty and vigor of manhood quickly vanishes away, and old age comes stealing gently on. Our once raven locks, bleached now by many a winter's frost—our once smooth brow now seamed by many a bitter trial, and so many unavailing tears, while our tottering frames now bent low with toil, care and pain, all tell us we are journeying home. Yes, all of earth's frail mortals must pass over this road so dark and drear, for 'tis truly the highway of all mankind. All in mortality's vale float upon the bosom of the swift running river of time. Where are now the revered instructors of our early years—the beloved guides of our youth—the honored counsellors of our manhood? Oh, aged pilgrim, the Jordan with its swelling flood is still before you; but its waves have already been parted and its billows are hushed in sweet and quiet repose. Long have you stood upon the margin of the mighty rolling stream of time. But what is life worth now to you? Its illusive coloring has faded, and stern reality is now sketched with an iron pencil upon life's unfolded canvass. Why then should you wish to live any longer here below? For through many dangers, toils and cares you have already passed, during a long, tedious and wearisome journey, now almost concluded. Your early friends have

gone on before you. Eternity with its mysterious flow has swept them all away. And O, how many times have the plaintive, mournful sighs of a bleeding heart, tender as the wailings of an infant, mingled with the solemn music of the melancholy chant of time. Ah! and bitterest tears have too been mingled with its rushing maddened billows, as they have borne upon their bounding crests loved ones and dear, until their voices were hushed by the deafening roar of this turbid stream. Oh! how long we have listened to the sighing, mournful cadence of a farewell requiem over those who in silence sleep in their dreamless beds, while the prolonged notes died in the embrace of the wind whispers, and borne gently onward into the measurless depths of eternity. Roll on then thou mighty river, roll! for life's dusky eve to all will soon arrive ; and O, how dark and mysterious is that state of unconsciousness and inactivity, that gloomy and terrible state we call *death*. But the soft, silvery light emitted by the day star of eternity, enables us to see in the shadowy distance the dim outlines of the glorious mansions—the lofty spires within the golden gates of the beautiful Zion to which we are journeying.

Life it is true, is desirable. The teeming beauties that cheer our vision and charm our ears ; the ten thousand pleasures and sweet associations of life we long to retain. But we are assured that from all these we must be severed, for all earth-born pleasures fade, droop and die. The dark and cheerless waters of the Jordan lie before us, and we are plunging onward towards this fearful stream, beyond which all is darkness and dispair. Thousands and tens of thousands of our race have entered those dark and silent realms; but none of them ever return to us again. This far we can see them, but beyond we wonder and conjecture. Not one ray of light or bliss—not one beam of hope comes back to us through that long night of darkness; and yet we must some day enter it with all its gloom and fearful forebodings. Not one moment of this vast eternity is known to us. It is dark as the night of death and in many respects as fearful. But in our darkest moments the sweet gentle voice of Hope, whispers to our stricken spirits dreams of endless happiness. Yes, we'll soon quit these mortal coasts for that invisible, but heavenly world, where the rewards will be great and eternal. There loviest flowrets bloom in faultless beauty fair ; and richest music swells in sweetest notes, to cheer the happy hearts in Heaven. There on those golden plains, the fragrant odors float in rich profusion sweet, like incense from

aromatic groves; while the redeemed ones catch the glory of the gate, and behold the seraphs bright, on golden pinions moving, singing songs of praise which tremble o'er the Jasper sea, and fill the concave of Heaven with loud alleluias forever.

Oh! precious hope, how dreary were life without thee! Oh! for a home where trials never come—where sorrows never enter—where bereavements are never known—where mutation and change never take place—where the heart never grows cold, and the soul, mind and life never becomes weary. Yes, O, yes, we long, day by day for that Heaven and that home, where we shall meet the lost ones of earth. And when the great day comes, He who is death's conquerer shall give the signal; His ineffable light will then be seen flashing along the horizon. And as He makes his glorious approach, accompanied by an innumerable multitude of angels, His mighty power will then prevail in raising the bodies which are slumbering in death's gloomy vale. "Perhaps we then shall have long been buried—long decayed. Perhaps too our friends, our nearest friends and relatives may cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will doubtless have undergone a wondrous change—some mountains leveled, some valleys filled. The seasons will then have chased the earth over in many a fitful round. Oceans lashed into furry by the gale of to-day will to-morrow have sunk like a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees with broad roots will have interlocked them hard and knobbed as they are above our ashes, as if to conceal the fact of our having lived; and after long years of life, they too, will have toppled down to join their remains to ours, thus obliterating the poor testimony that man has ever lain there. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the eye of God nevertheless will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their bases, our astonished bodies will rise impelled upwards by an irresistable impulse, and stand face to face with our Redeemer."

Yes, dear christian pilgrims we are journeying, journeying to that land undimmed with tears, undarkened by sorrow, where adieus are never spoken and farewells are never heard. But oh! are you prepared to accomplish the last lonely reach in life's rugged journey? In other words, are you prepared for death? Are you prepared when your last change shall come to see the King Eternal, immortal and invisible, and join in the songs of rejoicing as the sound

floats on the ambrossial air and falls gently upon the ravished ear? If not, now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation. The Savior is daily calling to travellers on life's journey, if they His face would see, to hear His voice, His law obey and live with Him in Heaven.

Oh! happy thought, though life is a journey it is fleeting and will soon be ended. O, yes, for what is this that we now feel creeping o'er our trembling frame? Is this not death? We sink! we sink, yet our soul struggles for freedom, while the portals of Heaven are opened to receive the weary pilgrim. We come! we come to join your everlasting song. Bright angels in glittering phalanx will accompany our freed spirit, while the glories of eternity will be unveiled before our longing, wondering vision amid the anthems of angels and the music of the heavenly choir. O! what a welcome hour! Our soul anticipates the day and on eagle wings would soar away to that land of bliss, where we shall enjoy the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and where all our sorrows left below, and earth exchanged for Heaven.

FORGOTTEN.

Sad it is to think of parting
With the ones we so much love;
But how hard to be forgotten
In a brighter world above.

The sound falls upon us harshly,
And our hearts are thrilled with fear,
As we think of the forgotten
When the night of death draws near.

Oh! how many joyous summers,
Storm and sunshine here will come,
While we in the grave shall moulder,
With no thoughts of going home.

There forgotten be our ashes
As we slumber in the grave;
But we'll not in death forever
Sink beneath the surging wave.

Still vain hopes must perish ever,
All on earth must pass away;
But the Lord will leave us never,
If we but his word obey.

God will not forget his children,
Though they be forgotten here;
While they slumber in oblivion—
In that land so cold and drear.

No indeed, the grave will open,
Loose the bands which bind us there
While our spirits plume their pinions
For a world that's free from care.

No more then to be forgotten,
Storms and trials all are o'er;
And the dreary word FORGOTTEN
Will there taunt us nevermore.

SERMONIZING.

Preaching should be like other work. And there is indeed three errors commonly committed by preachers, I. Little work. II. Science to do everything. III. Instruction making masters. There are also three divisions to sermonizing, viz: invention, arrangement and style. I. Find the Text. II. The Subject, and III. The Matter. It is not absolutely necessary to have a text, but on the whole it is certainly better. We can in the first place teach the beauties of the gospel, II. We ought to give moral weight and specific point to the great truths of the religion of Jesus. Young preachers are generally afraid that their subjects will run out; but in preaching many sermons, subjects multiply. We ought, therefore, to deal very reverently with the text, and especially most tenderly with the people, that the hard hearts may melt and proud nature crash into submission.

We ought in the first place to choose the subject, and afterwards to select the text, and speak in such a manner that the very atmosphere of our being is impregnated with love and sympathy, that the living testimony of converted souls might be clothed with almost resistless power. The Bible ought to be studied so much that Bible thoughts would glide smoothly, and permeate the whole discourse. The subject matter should be taken from our own laborious achievements, drawn from the eternal fount, which moves the mind to generous deeds and noble aspirations. It is generally best not to borrow from others, inasmuch as it cultivates a laziness of mind. And it is also quite certain that it is not as interesting to

ourselves as it otherwise would be when taken from our own resources. As a rule to borrow we are sure to bring something dry and common place, and consequently injure our sermons more than what we benefit them. We also ought always to preach the word of God plainly, and never contend about words to no profit. In so doing we should preach our own thoughts and never throw out insinuations, or slur other denominations. It is ungentlemanly and unchristian.

Sermons are very powerful upon some propositions ; and absolute unity in subjects should be most carefully maintained. We ought to found a proposition upon some declarative sentence, and end with imperative remarks. The text is unlike the proposition. We should not read entirely for matter, inasmuch as it developes no mental mussle ; and we should develop thought to a regular system. Still it is well to read for matter about which to think, and we cannot read too much, as a general thing for that purpose, I. KNOWLEDGE is truly what we all want, and we get it by reading, and also by observation. II. MEDITATION, too, is absolutely necessary. There are many things within our reach with which we are partially or wholly unacquainted, and upon those things we must certainly think. Yes, think till our heads ache—Think until every part is transparent and the result will, indeed, astonish us. III. ANALYSIS is also requisite. We must reach to the bottom of the subject, and find the most simple form in the presentation of the discourse. IV. DIVISION, too, is a necessity. If we divide our subjects, our thoughts will multiply. V. EXERCISE is also of great importance. It strengthens the power of invention. VI. A CHIP BASKET is truly of great use. A soak will never run dry, like the mind of man. If we take the trouble to block up the stream with a fleece of wool, we will catch specks of gold. So note down thoughts copiously, and arrange them in order similar to the army with its commander, compared to our thoughts, leading thoughts and subordinate as in the army.

In a written production we loose the inspiration of the audience ; consequently it is better not to read our sermons generally, but to speak from the inspiration of the moment understanding the subject well before we appear before the audience. And we must labor so as not to scatter our thoughts, but arrange them systematically, each in its own place. Now every sermon has seven points. I. The text.

II. The explanation of the text. III. The introduction, which we must have, though it ought to be short. IV. The proposition, which is the backbone of a sermon. V. The division. VI. The treatment. VII. The conclusion in which we should bring our arguments to bear upon the proposition.

The object of all our preaching should be two-fold, viz : 1st the upbuilding of the church, laboring to maintain a growth in grace, and consequently increase the piety and devotion of the individual members. II. The conversion of sinners, and this will very much depend upon the religious standing of the church. Every sermon should be full of Christ and contain enough of the Gospel to save a soul from death. When this is done we will see a gradual increase, and sinners will be weekly flocking to the Saviour, rejoicing in the sweet anticipation of living beyond the grave, when time shall be no more. We should indeed be in earnest in this matter, or the blood of souls will rest upon our garments. How many are perishing, and yet we speak not to them of Jesus. How many sermons are cold and lifeless, and fall upon the hearers as being naught but empty formality. This is one of the causes of infideliety spreading so rapidly at the present time. Therefore, we cannot be too careful in presenting the claims of the Gospel to a dying world ; and in the language of the poet we should preach,

> As a dying man to dying men ;
> To those to whom we might never speak again.

HEAVEN.

Towards that blest land we'll journey on,
  Nor pause in all the way ;
Till we shall reach that home above,
  Where all the good shall stay.

There, on that lovely golden shore,
  All sighing will be o'er,
No tear drops ever trickle down,
  For we shall weep no more.

Nor shall we ever hunger there
  In that bright home above ;
And tongues are never parched with thirst,
  Where all is light and love.

The sun is never needed there,
  No darkness dims the way,

But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

Death cannot mar that peaceful home,
To fill the heart with pain;
For sorrows they are all unknown,
And cannot come again.

God is our Guide, our Saviour, Friend,
Forever still the same;
On Him we always can depend,
Though halt, or blind, or lame.

There shall we dwell with those we love,
Where partings will be o'er,
There no farewells are ever lisped,
On Canaan's happy shore.

There we will sing the song of joy,
Glory to God be given;
Wisdom and honor, riches, power,
In that blest home in Heaven.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

The Apostle Peter has chosen the grass of the field to illustrate the fact that we are rapidly passing away to that bourne

"Where one dark, rayless curtain covers all."

We know, too, full well that the grass of the earth is of short duration. It comes forth in Spring, ripens in Summer and withers at the approach of Autumn. Yet scarcely do we realize, even in our calmest reflections, that we are thus passing away. But it is against the laws of Him who spoke a world into existence that anything should remain still. Onward is the voice of all nature as well as that of Omnipotence. Still, for a short time we are bound in sorrow to this world of sin, while death is continually before us, day by day warning us of our impending fate. Nevertheless we struggle on, and frequently it would appear that we are only wanderers pitching our tents here and there, having no permanent abode. And then too, how often do the fierce storms overshadow and encompass us around and about; but amid it all we journey on, and journey to our final resting place.

O, how dark is this world, even with all its joys, inasmuch as those joys are fleeting. How dreary, too, at times is our pathway through life to the lonely grave. We shudder and shrink at the

thought of ever being an inmate of the cold dark grave. Yet notwithstanding each one of us must die and pass away; for we are all mortal. Our delicate frames contain the seeds of dissolution, and must finally return to atoms. There is no escape. We cannot reach Heaven in the chariot of Elijah, neither can we follow the track of our Saviour's ascension. Even could we make the wind our chariot, or go

"On the lightning's fiery wing,"

it would be all in vain, inasmuch as there is no reprieve from death's stern decree. There is no messenger from Heaven, sailing on the pinions of love, having authority from the upper courts containing a full pardon from death's cruel mandates. Alas! that such should be the case. Alas! that there should be no hope of being liberated from the jaws of death. And every day, too, gives signs of his near approach, and we are finally compelled to conclude that all—all must die and pass away. Nevertheless, how natural it is for us to think all men mortal but ourselves. And therefore in view of this would it not be well for each of us to ask ourselves the following question :—AND MUST I DIE TOO? We pause for a reply; but while we pause our soul is filled with unutterable anguish. A hollow voice, like the distant moan of the autumn winds, comes forth from the

"High pale tombs that gleam in night;"

whispering in the most solemn accents, *All, all must die, and pass to the dreary regions where all things are forgot.*

One of the ancient prophets was at one time led to exclaim, "We do all fade as a leaf." And we all know how the leaves fade, wither and die away. Let us in our imagination take a walk through the woods in Autumn, and notice the dry and withered leaves, which tell us that we are passing away; and that all along life's pathway are strewn withered hopes—hopes that were once as full of life and beauty as the leaves in Spring, but now, like them, they are withered and dead. The bare branches of the trees remind us of the homes once the abode of youth and merry voices, but one after another left that home, time passed away, and finally all, all was gone.

'Tis thus that our brightest hopes perish,
The fairest and fondest decay,
While all that we tenderly cherish
Are continually passing away.

And when we are walking over Nature's dry carpet of leaves,

rustling beneath our feet, with the sky of a sombre color, and the once green hills now brown and bare, we have an indescribable feeling of loneliness. In pensive sadness we ponder over the past, and listen to the sighing breezes, which seem to be engaged in tolling the funeral bell, while on everything—earth, air, and sky—is written, PASSING AWAY. Of course this feeling comes only at times, and is brought up generally when memory recalls the past with the loved voices long silent in the tomb. 'Tis then our longing spirit breathes an earnest wish for the touch of a vanished hand.

"And the sound of a voice that is still."

Yes, each of us can truly say, *we are passing away.* Some in infancy and childhood; others fall as by a sudden blast, a strong, healthy leaf; others reach their three score years and ten, going through the different stages of life, showing little by little strong marks of decay. Oh! how blessed is old age when it is ripe for eternity. Their hoary locks are to them crowns of glory, and like pious Jacob of old, they are waiting to cross the tide. To all such *passing away* will be but the decay of a little while. For

They shall never perish—never—
Glory to our God on high;
Keep, O keep us, Blessed Saviour,
Satan then we can defy.

Come what will we're safe forever,
Trials, cares, or failing health;
If our trust is in the Saviour,
We'll not fear the monster death.

No, for our bodies will one day rise to the full fruition of manhood's powers, clothed in garments fairer than the fairest flowers that ever bloomed, and unlike them, not to fade, wither and die, but as the countless ages roll on to grow in beauty and holy fragrance.

Oh! how vast and incomprehensible are such thoughts. What a sublimity in that one word *immortality*! What glowing, what rapturous emotions heave our bosom. Even when in imagination we are free from mortal mould—released from this short existence, this prison house of clay; and on seraph's wings may soar away, and travel on through interminable boundaries of endless space. O, what enchanting scenes we view! What delightful prospects lie before us! What grandeur! What sublimity in infinite wisdom! Ah! what is life here on earth, cramped, chained and fettered as it is with its earthy casket, crushing, trammelling soul-life, confining spirit existence to so small a sphere. It exhibits only the mirrored

of the individual identity, reflecting every hue on life's broad dial plate, and each shade, hue and coloring, will become wider and deeper; and more indelible, and ultimately more brilliant and lasting when reflected from mind's canvass in the far ages of eternity.

But then the thought rushes back, *we are passing away.* We see it pictured in the changing seasons—behold it in the countenance of weeping friends—trace it but too plainly in the marble form of departed relatives, and feel it too, in our own trembling frames. O, how true it is that we must soon bid adieu to earth and all her ten thousand charms. We must gaze for the last time on the form of loved ones, break the heart strings asunder, and be laid away to await the morning of the resurrection. Yes, die, and be forgotten by all, save perchance, some dear friends who may sometimes think of us when we are gone. But all this will avail nothing. It may be soothing now for a while to think that we will not be forgotten, yet our heart's desire should be to have our names registered in the sacred archives of Heaven, in the Lamb's Book of Life, where it can never be obliterated by eternal ages.

Solomon said in his day, that he had seen all that was under the sun, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Mutability we find indelibly inscribed all over the world's possessions. Passing away is written on earth, air and sky, in characters too legibly penned to be misapprehended. The world is almost yearly shaken by war, and pestilence rides with lightning speed upon the wings of the wind, visiting alike the rich man in his purple robe, and the beggar in his poverty.

Very justly has it been remarked that we are like clouds that veil the midnight moon, which pass so swiftly by. And O, how the echo of departed existences continually remind us that we are of a few days and full of trouble. Like all our fathers, we have here no continuing city. They have passed away, and now

> The cold clods are resting
> In the grave upon their breast.

But shall they sleep forever? Is it a dream that ends and never—never—awakens. Creation, in thundering tones, exclaims No! The word of Him whose voice is as the sound of mighty waters responds, No! Child of immortality laid down in attenuated loveliness only to awaken in a fairer clime. Why then should we fear death, "the gate to endless joy?" Have we not the strong assurance that the sun-

beams of light, all radiant with celestial glory, will in due time visit our last resting place, and call us to our eternal home? Let us then prepare well for it. Oh! that we would all realize the great necessity of living so as to be ready for dying.

Our object should continually be to secure an inheritance among the sanctified in the Golden City. Evidently it is not worth our while living so short a time in the service of Satan. He promises no reward, and we are sure of endless death. On the other hand, we are promised an incorruptible inheritance; a land pure and holy, a home of joy, where sorrow is unknown, where peace, tranquility of soul, and unbounded felicity, will be enjoyed by the redeemed forever. O, glorious truth! O, joyful thought, that we can one day meet and live

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers"

Then, while we are on the stage of action, passing away day by day, let us not only labor to save ourselves, but all those with whom we associate. And the sweet soul-stirring heart-cheering thought will continually inspire us on, and notwithstanding we pass away, it will be our privilege to meet again. Though we part with friends near and dear to us, by doing the will of God we will meet them again on the other side of the dark river.

True, it is always hard to part with those we love, yet how often the dearest ties of human affection are severed in an hour, and we in bitter sorrow reluctantly submit, looking forward to that meeting that knows no parting, while so frequently we are led to exclaim,

"Yes, we part, but not forever;
Joyful hopes our bosom swell;
They who love the Savior, never
Know a long, a last farewell,
Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale."

We part with all around which entwine the tenderest sympathies of our nature. We meet on earth, and though our unions are sweet, they are not lasting, and remind us of a meeting beyond the region of earth. Yet

"Sweet the hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind;
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tells of meetings by the Lord for us designed.

Yes, we will meet again and unite in the songs of rejoicing which

roll on, and on forever without a dying cadence. Oh! how joyful will be that meeting that knows no parting, and triumphant will be that song which will never end!

"O what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell;
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what rapture will the sight our bosoms swell.

Our meetings here are only partings, and cause us often to drop the silent tear. We look upon the dear ones spared, and see stamped on their forms *passing away.* Dark locks are changed by time's silvering-touch—the steps that were once accustomed to spring with elasticity are now more slow and measured. Even the voices in their deep toned fondness impress us with the solemnizing truth—*all, all are passing away.*

"Now indeed, we meet and sever;
Chequered is our transient day;
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay,
Fairest flowers bud, and bloom, and die away."

We are here to day enjoying the pleasures of earth; but as our heritage is time, these pleasures of necessity must soon pass away. Yes,

"Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
Soon will fade this earth away;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption day.
Hail the rising of the wished-for new-born ray."

SPEAK KINDLY.

Just speak kindly, just speak kindly—
Every human heart must bear—
Bear enough of sorrows daily,
Bitter pain, and anxious care.

Just speak kindly to each other
In your intercourse each day,
It will joy, and comfort bring you;
Cheer you on while here you stay.

Just speak kindly—just speak kindly—
Add not to another,s woe;
For each path is strewn with briars
In life's journey here below.

Then speak kindly, God will bless you ;
It will cheer the fainting heart ;
For a word in kindness spoken,
Oft has soothed the aching smart.

It has brought sweet consolation;
Quelled the angriest passions here ;
And prepared the heart that's drooping,
For a brighter, holier sphere.

HAPPINESS.

No rank, or position in life can make the gulty soul happy. Dionysius,the great tyrant of Sicily, was far from being happy, notwithstanding he possessed great riches, and all the pleasures which wealth and power could procure. HAPPINESS, in the scriptural import of the term, consists in doing the will of God. Then our peace will flow on as a river and our righteousness will be as the waves of the sea.

Every feeling ought to be repressed that leads to unhappy results. And how often pleasures untold, are lost when ease is consulted. We should by all means rise with confidence and tranquility, and press on with resolution. Many think if they were only rich, they could enjoy far greater happiness. But even if they were rich there would be something else to annoy. There is much truth in the remark, "Man never is, but always to be blessed." The poor, it is true, possess not some of the conveniences of the rich ; but in return they are free from many embarrassments to which the rich are so frequently subjected. By the simplicity and uniformity of their lives, they are delivered from the variety of cares which perplex those who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to pursue, and many enemies perhaps to encounter in the pursuit of greater wealth. In the tranquility of home they enjoy a peace which is often unknown at courts. The rich man who sits down to his luxurious banquets, may not enjoy as much comfort as the one who partakes of a plain meal. His sleep is not as sound—his health is not as firm, and often times more perplexed with the cares and anxieties of life. All the beauty of the face of nature, all the enjoyments of domestic society—all the gaiety and cheerfulness of an easy mind, are as open to the one class as to the other. The splendor of retinue—the sound of titles, the appearance of high respect,

are indeed soothing for a short time to the great, but becoming familiar, they are soon forgotten. Custom effaces their impression, and they very soon sink into the rank of those things that are ordinary, which daily occur, without raising any sensation of joy. Let us therefore never look up with unhappy feelings to those whom birth and fortune has placed above us. Let us then adjust the balance of happiness fairly; and whenever we think of the enjoyments we want, we should also think of the troubles from which we are free; and strive to live as becometh the redeemed of the Lord, and then Heaven will be ours to enjoy forever and ever. Amen.

FORSAKE US NOT.

Forsake us not! O Savior, dear,
When trials throng our way;
And all around seems dark and drear,
Do thou then with us stay.

Forsake us not! kind Saviour here,
But with us still abide;
And lead us gently Over There
To dwell beyond the Tide.

Forsake us not! O cruel thought!
To dwell away from Thee;
With care and pain our lives are fraught,
And we with Thee should be.

Forsake us not! O Lamb of God!
Thou knowest how great our care;
And oft we pass beneath the rod,
Mid trials hard to bear.

Then let Thy spirit with us dwell,
And joy will be our lot;
While we to all will gladly tell,
That Thou'l't forsake us not.

THE NEW BIRTH.

While visiting at the house of a friend one evening, on Mount Dorchester, during the winter of 1875 and 1876, he introduced the subject of *the new birth.* His theory of the matter was this : Whereas the children of parents that are citizens of any country, are by natural right citizens of the same country, so are the children of Christian parents citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven. We asked him why he thought thus, and what led him to arrive at such a conclusion? To our great surprise, he was like the old Scotch gentleman, he wanted the figure complete.

Shortly after the foregoing transpired, we were interrogated by an elderly gentleman in Jordan after the evening services at the Church, if we ever heard a child cry before it was born? Or, again if we knew anybody that ever had, or if God himself, ever heard the like? These questions were undoubtedly propounded with a view of proving that those who are anxious to be born again—born of the spirit and of the water, have nothing to say, or in other words, have no right to pray before they are Baptized. How strange, indeed, that so many people are thus inclined to run figures and illustrations into extremes. It should be borne in mind that each parable, figure or comparison, is designed to illustrate and teach one very important fact, and when that is accomplished the object or design of the writer has been fully attained. For instance, our Savior has been compared to the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley ; to the great apple tree bowing under its fruit. But then it is quite obvious, that in every respect, He is not like these different objects. Such a view of the *new birth* would run us into various extremes.

It is truly very evident that with a large number of people the question is not so much, *What do the Scriptures teach?* as, what is your opinion? And opinions, too, are ofttimes formed without even consulting the Scriptures. A subject ought certainly to be thoroughly investigated before the formation of any just conclusion respecting it. This would prevent the propogating of a great many false theories, and people generally would become more thoroughly enlightened in matters pertaining to their everlasting destiny. How slow the generality of mankind are to recognize the truth contained in the couplet :

> "They who trust in God and love His word,
> Build on that Rock which none can move."

EXAMPLE.

Oh! the blessed thought of living
Just as Christ was wont to do;
Setting forth a good example,
That the World might daily view.
Seeds we sometimes sow with weeping,
Bearing then the precious grain,
Will spring up and grow with vigor,
For it gets the latter rain.

But the foul seed that is scattered—
Strewn around on every hand;
Needs no one to guard and cherish,
For 'twill grow on any land.
Oft good deeds that we are doing,
Seem to float into the air,
But they will not perish—never—
Still, the thought seems hard to bear.

In the distant coming Judgment,
All our acts we'll meet again;
Some of which will cause us sorrow
While our hearts will thrill with pain.
Oh! then, set a good example
In this world of pain and strife,
And by earnest supplication,
You will lead a Christian life.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till;
And other men our streets will fill;
And other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.
But where shall then our portion be?
Where shall we spend eternity?

This is indeed a solemn question. It is truly a solemn thought. In the language of the Editor of the Christian, "Where shall we be a hundred years from now? A humble mound in some cemetery will mark the resting place of most of our bodies, ere half that time is passed. But our spirits—that part of us which thinks, reasons, chooses, loves, hates, regrets and remembers—where will they be? Certain it is, that the resistless current of human destiny that rolls everonward will have borne us on to new conditions, new scenes, and

new surroundings. But what shall these be? It can scarcely be doubted that wherever we may then be, these immortal natures of ours, if so be that consciousness still remains, will have a greatly enlarged vision of human affairs and their issues." How small will some of the questions that agitate us now, appear to us then! How unworthy of man will then appear all the petty jealousies and bitter strifes that now estrange hearts and lives! Our dreams of greatness, our mad struggle for wealth or fame—all our vain ambitions—how infinitely small and contemptible will they be found to be, when we shall view them from the realm of the absolute and the eternal?

How mean and worthless a thing is human life, if it secures nothing which shall be kept and valued by us one hundred years from now! But within that time, all the wealth, the honor, the pleasure, the glory of the world—things for which most men are striving—will have faded from before the eyes that now gaze upon them, as the bright-hued rain-bow fades from the summer sky. Fellow traveller are you building for eternity? Of all the labors of your hands and brain, what will remain, one hundred years from now? Faith and hope, and love—these shall abide forever, and the immortal deeds which are born of them shall constitute a part of your eternal treasures. Seek then for immortal wealth. Build against the ravages of time. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

In yonder bright and starry land,
Beside the crystal sea,
There stands the great white throne of God,
From all eternity.
Before it bows the angelic host,
And loud their voices raise,
In hon'ring Him, who sits enthroned,
With endless notes of praise.

One everlasting song they sing,
To him all honor be;
Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry,
All praise be unto thee.
Riches and wisdom, strength and power,
Unto our God be given,
Holy, holy, Almighty Lord,
And endless praise in Heaven.

Behold the Savior on the throne,
Who like a lamb was slain;
And round Him countless myriads stand,
Singing in ceaseless strain.
One everlasting song they sing
It trembles over the sea;
Worthy the Lamb who died for us,
All praise be unto Thee.

The arched domes re-echo back
The everlasting song;
Unto our Lord all honor now,
And endless praise belong.
May we, too, catch the ling'ring notes
The Savior died for me;
And loud re-echo back the song
Through all eternity.

THE DYING SINNER.

Oh! there is a pang that thrills the very heart with sorrow whenever we think of the sinner's death. And as we oft have stood beside the dying bed of those doomed to destruction, we could not but feel a pang of anguish at the bitter wails on life's stormy billows. Oh! kind Heaven, shed a tear of pity over the lost ones of Earth. We have one in mind now whose death we propose to describe. His summer of life had glided swiftly away. He had passed across Time's continent, and stood on life's last shore. His mind was filled with vain regrets. There was a wildness in his thoughts, a dread, a torturing fear that swallowed up his very life in wretchedness, more dreadful than words could express. "Oh! if I had my years to live over again," he mournfully uttered, as his life was ebbing fast away. He then became somewhat delirious. His frame was bathed in the sweats of death; and his eyes half open, rolled with wild affright in phrenzy. Despair seemed indented on his haggard cheeks; and his cries for mercy were enough to pierce a savage demon's heart. He looked for a moment onward with a fixed gaze; and appeared to see the very arch fiend of hell with gnashing teeth, horrid mien and eyes flaming with vengeance. He shrieked with horror saying, "I cannot, I cannot face it!" He turned his eyes to us exclaiming," Can't you help me? must I go to hell? "We burst in tears of sympathy and cried, my God! Heaven look in pity now? He then sprung forward, apparently conscious that the gates of the Golden City were barred against him forever. He sobbed, and in a

low quivering moan, followed with an audible cry, he screamed in tones for mercy, but screamed in vain. His spirit was raging round in the broken wreck of mortality, shrieking for help, but help never came. With wild anguish and dismay, he seemed also to see the winding sheat, the coffin, and the grave yawning to receive his casket; and the worms anxiously waiting to feed upon his cold clods of corruption. He again screamed with his utmost strength, and said, "I cannot face it. Oh! Oh! must I go to hell?"

He continually grew worse, and his mind became more frantic. He was hastening on to Judgement. Torment awaited him on every hand. The great fires of hell, were to him evidently flaming up in the distance, and he shrunk back and shrieked again," I dare not die." Thus with a shuddering groan—a horror which seemed too great for utterance, he passed away to meet his God.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The hope of enjoying happiness in that land immortal and unfading, is a source of unbounded consolation to the dying Christian. Ofttimes it has been our privilege to stand by the bedside of the dying, and to witness scenes of holy triumph which no pen can adequately describe. One scene of joy where the king of Terrors was transformed into a smiling angel of light, we will endeavor, though it must be but faintly, to portray. His hopes of Earth were like the fading grace of inspiring autumn, vanishing and dying away one by one till all is gone. We were with him when the pallor of death was passing gently over his features; while the shadows of time were flitting away and the glories of Eternity bursting in upon his wondering vision. The placid serenity of his countenance changed by degrees, and became radiant with resplendent glory. He was strongly incited by desire, and animated with the blissful hope as he passed swiftly through the swellings of Jordan, and the things of earth gradually faded from his view. He was indeed sweetly fanned by the last flutter of the sinking breeze, and his brow was sprinkled with the dew of Heaven. His spirit was wrestling with dissolving nature, struggling to be free, and shrieking to take its final flight. Hark! they whisper, come, come, away. Who? who is calling? God in mercy calls me, responds the dying Christian. I

come, I come, continued he. Be patient, we replied, it will soon be over. Oh ! I am patient—I am patient—I know—I know it will soon be over—I am ready—Yes, we answered, Jesus is with you. He has gilded the grave with the light of Heaven, He has passed into the tomb and conquered our greatest foe. Thank God, was faintly uttered amid dying sighs, and dying groans. God be with you we still repeated, and he sweetly died in the triumphs of the Gospel, with the firm hope of a glorious resurrection.

The grass will soon grow over his new made grave, and the rose will bloom with fragrant beauty. Years may roll around, but the eye of God will mark the spot green with the everlasting verdure of faith. We have the assurance that the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise incorruptible. Therefore may the riches of divine grace be the consolation of all those who mourn ; and may the Shepherd of Israel walk with us all through the cold flood ; and ultimately save us in that home Over Yonder.

Where amid the shining numbers,
Cares and trials all are o'er ;
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall meet to part no more.

THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH.

They shall never perish—never—
Said the Savior of mankind ;
They who liveth and believeth
In me life eternal find.
They'll not taste of death, said Jesus
Those that will in me believe,
I will be their guide and keeper,
If they will my words receive.

They shall never perish,—never—
O what precious words of love ;
They revive our drooping spirits
On the road to Heav'n above.
Oft they bring sweet consolation
To the weary heart oppress'd ;
Pointing to a happy meeting
Mid the holy and the blest.

They shall never perish,—never—
Though they pass into the grave ;
For the Savior, Death has conquered,
He has triumphed, man to save.
Long had Death defied his victim,
And but little hope remained
Till the Savior came in person,
And then, what was lost, regained.

They shall never perish,—never—
Light irradiates the grave;
It cheers up the fainting spirit.
Christ has calmed the troubled wave.
He has answered the great question,
Shall we ever live again?
And He said to those who loved Him,
Here, your labor 's not in vain.

They shall never perish,—never—
Do these things you'll never fail;
I am with you, I will guide you,
Glorious words that will avail.
All our fears are dissipated,
When we do the Savior's will,
We can safely rest in Jesus,
For his words, He will fulfill.

They shall never perish,—never—
Glory to our God on high;
Keep, O keep us, O kind Savior,
Satan then, we can defy.
Come what will we're safe forever,
Trials, cares or failing health;
If our trust is in the Savior
We'll not fear the monster Death.

They shall never perish,—never—
Christ has sealed it with His blood;
And His promises are lasting,
Tis the promise of our God.
Glory be to Him forever,
He's our trust, our Friend so dear;
Thank Him for those words of comfort,
They shall never perish here.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Nothing ought to be received or admitted as true without good authority; and it is quite probable that some may object to this subject being here discussed, regarding it as a step towards apostacy and mere sensationalism. Others again may consider it at variance with the Gospel contending that it is not wholesome food for the soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. We shall not however, stop to discuss the correctness, or the feasibility, of our undertaking the handling of this theme at the present time. Suffice it to say, that it is quite astonishing that so few people will pause to consider and weigh carefully what they hear. Humanity, generally speaking, follow in a great measure the footsteps of their parents. Ask an individual, why he is in politics a Reformer, or

Conservative, and he will generally say it was the way in which he was brought up. Again, if the parents have believed and advocated a particular school of medicine, the children are apt to follow their example. In regard to Christianity, it is especially very much the case. Whatever is instilled in the minds of childhood usually remain, notwithstanding it may lie dormant for awhile and apparently fade from the memory, yet it is destined to revive again.

The ancients believed that the earth was flat, and if they went far enough they would reach the jumping off place. It is only about two hundred years ago that Galaleo was imprisoned for asserting the fact that the earth turned round on its axis. The origin of the belief that there existed a man in the moon extends to the most remote ages of antiquity. The ancients had many fabulous notions, and they worshipped many gods. When Paul and Barnabas were preaching at Lystra we are told that Paul cured a lame man, and the people were so much astonished that they shouted in the speech of Lycaonia *The Gods are come down in the likeness of men*! When Paul stood on Mars' Hill he exclaimed, *Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious, for as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To The Unknown God.* And when Paul was shipwrecked in the Mediterranean on an Island then called Melita, now Malta, on account of his shaking off of his hand a venomous serpent without injury, the barbarians regarded him to be a God. But Paul was ever ready to declare the whole counsel of God; and in his letter to Timothy, he exhorted him to refuse profane and old wives's fables, or in other words, to disregard them. You will also please notice how he spoke to Elymas, the sorcerer who had bewitched the people, seeking to turn them away from the faith. He says "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?

The Apostle Peter declares in his first letter that they had not followed cunningly devised fables when they made known the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty. Now the question may arise, what is a fable? We answer, it is an idle and groundless story. The heathens had fables innumerable concerning the rise and exploits of their gods. The most famous was Hercules, the Theban. He performed twelve great exploits. 1. He subdued the Nemean lion in his den, and clothed

himself in his skin. 2. He slew the Lernean Hydra with a hundred hissing heads, and dipped his arrows in the gall of the monster to render their wounds incurable. 3. He took alive the stag with golden horns and brazen feet, which was famous for its incredible swiftness, after pursuing it for twelve months, and presented it unhurt to Eurystheus. 4. He took alive the Erimanthean boar, and killed the Centaurs which opposed him. 5. He cleansed the stables of Augias, where three thousand oxen had been confined for many years. 6. He killed the carniverous birds which ravaged the country of Arcadia and fed on human flesh. 7. He took alive and brought into Peloponnesus, the wild bull of Crete, which no mortal durst look upon. 8. He obtained for Eurystheus the mares of Dioimdes which lived on human flesh, after having given their owner to be first eaten by them. 9. He obtained the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, a formidale nation of warlike females. 10. He killed the monster Geryon king of Gades and brought away his numerous flocks which fed upon human flesh. 11. He obtained the Golden Apples from the garden of Hesperides, which were watched by a dragon. 12. He finally brought up to the earth the three headed dog, Cerberus, who guarded the entrance to the infernal regions. Well now it should be borne in mind that The Man in the Moon, like the labors of Hercules, is only a fable. It is true people often imagine they see him, and some have actually contended that they have seen him piling brush. Now if there were a Man in the Moon, with the naked eye, it would be unreasonable to suppose that we could see him inasmuch as the mean distance of the Moon from the Earth is two hundred and forty thousand miles. The same side of the Moon is always presented to the Earth; the reason of this, is doubtless owing to the fact, that the center of gravity is not in the center of the Moon, as it revolves on its axis only once in its revolution around the Earth, it continually presents the same side to us, consequently there would be only one day and night in each revolution of the moon around the Earth; or the day and night would be nearly fifteen days long.

In viewing the moon with the naked eye, the surface appears diversified with dark and bright spots, which on being examined with a telescope, are discovered to be mountains and valleys. The whole surface of the moon is covered with these spots, which is evident from the fact that the line of separation between the illumi-

nated and dark hemispheres is at all times extremely rugged and uneven. The mountains on or near this line cast behind them long dark shadows, like the mountains on the earth when the sun is rising. The moon is a much more mountainous body than the earth, and the mountains are vastly higher compared with its size than those on the earth. One of the mountains named Tycho situated in the south east part of the moon is apparently a volcanic crater. According to the measurement of Maedler, the height of ten of the principle mountains is from three miles and a half to four and three quarters. The mountains of the moon do not run in ranges like those of the earth. These facts substantially prove the mountains of the moon to be of volcanic origin. There are no large bodies of water on the moon, especially on the side visible to us. The moon has very little atmosphere, and indeed it has none of sufficient density to refract the rays of light in their passage through it. From this it follows that there are no clouds floating around the moon, and indeed if there were any, they would at times be visible to us; but it is supposed that it presents the same appearance now that it did two thousand years ago. As yet there has no discovery been made of any change of seasons, neither has there been found any trace of vegetation, therefore everything appears desolate and unfit for the support of either animal or vegetable life. We conclude then from the physical constitution of the moon that it is not inhabited, at least by beings constituted like ourselves. Nevertheless it should be borne in mind that He who called the moon into existence could easily constitute beings fitted to inhabit its surface and enjoy life similar to what we do here on the earth. There can however be no conclusive evidence that the moon is not inhabited, notwithstanding the unfitness and the barrenness of its surface and the absence of clouds, rain and snow. Should we reason from analogy we would conclude that it is inhabited. And it may very properly be asked, if the moon is not a habitable body for what purpose was it created? This is a question that is more easily asked than answered. In referring to the first chapter of the book of Genesis we are told that God created two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. Again we are referred to this matter by one of the inspired penmen, and we are told that God created the moon and stars to rule the night. The moon is the nearest body to the earth of all the celestial bodies, and is a constant attendant upon it at all times, and forms a most

beautiful appendage to our globe. When the sun is gently sinking behind the western hills, the moon lights up her lamp in the azure firmament and diffuses a mild radiance over the landscape of the world. She pours her luster on the spacious cities and lofty mountains, glittering on the ocean and the beautiful landscape, and opening up a prospect wide as the eye can reach which would otherwise be involved in the deepest gloom. The prophet tells us, "She is the beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars, an ornament giving light in the high place of the Lord." Thus the moon is ever and anon giving us joy, serving as a magnificent lamp to guide our footsteps. While the apparent revolutions of the sun mark out the year, and the course of the seasons, the revolution of the moon round the heavens marks out our months, and by regularly changing its figure at the four quarters of its course, subdivides the months into regular periods of weeks, and thus exhibits to all the nations of the earth a watchlight or signal, which every week presents a form entirely new for marking out the shorter periods of duration. It being so near the earth and the consequent increase of its gravitating power it produces currents in the atmosphere, which direct the course of the winds and purify the air. It raises the waters of the ocean, and perpetuates the regular return of ebb and flow by which the water is preserved from filth and putrefaction. It extends its sway over the human frame, and our health in a great measure depends upon its influence. There are terrestrial scenes presented in moonlight which in point of solemnity, grandeur and picturesque beauty, to a poetic imagination, far surpass in interest all the brilliancy and splendor of noonday.

The heathens have generally worshipped the moon under the name of Queen of Heaven, Venus, Urania, Succothbenoth, Ashtorath, Diana, Hecate, &c. Great was Diana the goddess of the Ephesians. Then again the Church is likened to the moon. How comely, useful and illuminating to the world in the dark night of time. Outward prosperity and subjecting grace are also likened to the moon; they borrow all their glory and usefulness from the Sun of Righteousness. Isaiah 60, 20. This is truly the way with the moon. She is an opaque, or dark body, but reflects the light of the sun to us. She exerts a strong influence on the ebbing and flowing of the sea, and was the great marker of the time of the Jewish feasts.

The question may now be asked, what has the man in the moon

to do with our salvation? And again, did not Paul exhort Timothy to preach the word? Certainly he did; but did he not also exhort him to warn the brethren, and put them in remembrance that in the last days perilous times should come, and some would depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons. But refuse profane and old wives' fables. Now it should be borne in mind that profane fables, or babblings, are notions or speeches obscene, heathenish, and tend to bring reproach on the Christian religion. But just reflect for a few moments upon the fables and vain babblings which are so prevalent almost everywhere. Ponder this matter a little, and we think you will see a picture or two of the man in the moon. We know some have curiously interrogated us to give them a picture, not only of himself, but also of his wife and children. Now if such will be a little patient we shall endeavor to present a few pictures of the family, and would ask you not to be startled at the pictures drawn. Doubtless you have all seen individuals turn up their cups at the table, and hear remarks something like this: There is a bird up there, you are going to hear some good news; There's a horse and carriage, you're going off on a journey. There's a crowd of people and there's going to be some great doings. Or you are going to get married before long, I see your beaux there. Now this is truly one picture of the man in the moon. While preaching in Jordan and Clinton, an old fortune teller passed through Beamsville and some paid as high as a dollar, and a dollar and a half to see what was in reality nothing more than the picture of the man in the moon. We will now present you the same picture for nothing. He told some who were silly enough to be duped by him that they were going to hear bad news—some of their friends were going to die soon. He told them also how many children they had, and how many they were going to have. Others again were told that they were going to get married and therefore they received a description of the color of the eyes and hair, the complexion, &c. He told likewise how many years they were going to live and whether they were going to get rich or not. We have often known intelligent people just simple enough to be led away by such fables. And we have often been astonished to see professing Christians go several miles to have their fortunes told, in other words to see the man in the moon.

The moon to this day is venerated more than any of the heavenly

bodies. Hence, many dread to see it over their left shoulders, on account of thinking it a sign of bad luck. Therefore you will often see them manifest great care to prevent themselves from seeing it over the left shoulder. Now this is, indeed, another picture of the man in the moon. Some time since a preacher of the Gospel told us that he could tell something of a person if he only knew the day of the month in which they were born; by reading in the book of Proverbs. He told us, if we rightly remember, that ours was this: There are two things which I cannot answer, yea three things which I know not. Now, it is very obvious that all such are pictures of the man in the moon, and the more enlightened and the better people live in this world, the less will they believe in such silly fables. Many think it a sign of bad luck if they on leaving a place forget something and have to return. At such times you will hear it remarked, "You are going to have bad luck. It is a bad sign to go back." Yes, and even if a knife, fork, or dish cloth happens to fall to the floor, or the old rooster comes up to the door and crows you will hear it ejaculated, There, we're going to have visitors to-day or something else is going to occur, or if the ears burn somebody is talking about you. What nonsense! what a picture is this of common occurrence. We hope some of you will take it home and hang it up where you can see it and every time you look at it remember *the man in the moon.*

We heard an individual a short time ago remark, that were it not Friday, he would begin a certain piece of work. Why not begin it on Friday? O, Friday is an unlucky day. Now this is not strictly *true.* It has been proven that Friday is not an unlucky day; and all such notions are in fact nothing but fables. Now these fables are spoken against by the Apostle Paul in his letter to Timothy. Luke tells us in the Acts of the Apostles of one Simon, a sorcerer, who had bewitched the people. Now it is quite astonishing how many people are bewitched with fables and false notions. It pervades all society, and even finds its way into religious circles and produces at times a sort of fanaticism. We do most certainly believe that there is a certain amount of fanaticism existing in nearly every denomination of Christians on the face of the earth. You will notice it at times in the countenance, manifested in the long face. At other times you may observe it in the hair hanging down over the forehead; or in the style of the dress, as though style con-

stituted the religion of Jesus. Others again if they see anything different from what they usually have seen, why it is just awful, for they know not how to travel except in the rut of their predecessors. Why, at times the sound of an organ in Church would drive them from the house, and cause them to whine for a week. Why, even a silver communion set has shocked some people's faith in Christ, and made them to shrug up their shoulders in wild dismay. And, indeed, singing in some of the churches has, at times produced the same result, and they fancy they see you going on the lightning express towards Rome. Such people strain out a gnat and swallow a camel in corresponding deeds, and if they will stop to look at themselves—or rather at their notions of the fitness of things, they will see in themselves correctly delineated, the man in the moon.

It is natural for people to ride a hobby, and all these hobbies are like the man in the moon. Some people think that if they believe certain facts, why, *they* are sound—sound to the core—sound in the faith. We asked a lady one day, if her husband was a church member. "O yes, he's been baptized," was the reply. Just as if baptism was the principle thing in making a church member. Baptism is all right in its place, but there is something more to be done beside being baptized.

"I am one of Bro. Benedict's pills," said an old gentleman from York State to us one evening at the Church in Jordan. One of Benedict's pills flashed through our mind. What! one of Benedict's pills; and while we stood in amazement he ejaculated, "Did you ever hear a child cry before it was born?" This he kept repeating, meaning to teach a very important lesson, as he thought, on baptism. What quackery! Too many such pills in the world. We have no faith in such pills. There are other pills like him and they are horror stricken if they see or hear anything different from their peculiar notions of medicine. Such people imagine that they hear some things that is not said, and see some things that does not exist. Now this is the way the man came to be in the Moon. And some have been simple enough to imagine that at times, they have actually seen him burning brush.

To further improve on the occasion, allow us to remark that there are those who will contend, and contend about the meaning of words to no profit, and if the term church is applied to the building in which they worship, or if reference is made to the organ, they are

horror stricken, and see you at once with the drum, the fiddle, the banjo, the papal chair and the "big toe." Consequently you will see them going around combating this is not right and that is not right, and they see a great *bugbear*, in other words ; they see the man in the moon. But time would fail to point all the various ways in which is manifested the fables, and fanaticisms, and false notions of life.

In taking a summary view of what we have said, we conclude that the probabilities relative to the moon being inhabited are extremely doubtful; while no man has ever yet been seen on its surface by any of the inhabitants of earth. The story is a fable like the others we have been endeavoring to expose ; and we hope the investigation of the subject has not been unprofitable, but that it may eventually lead to the examination of whatever you hear, for you will frequently discover that a great deal of it is only fabulous, mere gossipping, like the man in the moon.

A few words in answer to the question, *what has this subject to do with our Salvation?* and we are done. It is quite evident that it has something to do with it, inasmuch as it comes under the head of fables ; and is profitable for expanding the mind, and opens up new fields for investigation ; and furthermore enabling us to see that much in every day life comes under the list of fables equally as absurd as the notion, *the man in the moon.* Strive dear brethern and fellow pilgrims to search the scriptures, throwing all false theories to the moles and the bats, and by yielding obedience to the will of God, you will at last reach that land of peace and joy far beyond the moon. May God grant that such may be your desire and destiny.

CROWN MY BROW WITH FLOWERS.

Will you crown my brow with flowers,
When the darkness thickens round –
Round me mid life's shady bowers,
And my heart with joys abound?
Summer dreams, they fade so early,
Youthful days soon pass away;
And the shadows fall so gently,
Round my pathway, day by day.

Will you crown my brow with flowers,
When the damps of death are near?
And I feel that precious hours
Will so soon all disappear
When I'm in death's gloomy valley,
Sitting in the mist alone;
And the clouds are gath'ring sadly,
And you hear the dying groan?

Will you crown my brow with flowers,
When my eyelids close in death;
And the storm of ire lowers,
And I faintly gasp for breath?
Just beyond time's hoary mountain
Rises Canaan's fairest land,
Through which gleams the purling fountain
Over in that better land.

Will you crown my brow with flowers
As I in the casket lay;
And my spirit upward towers,
To that land so far away?
Just across death's swelling river,
Looms up Eden's lovely bowers,
There amid the glad forever,
Christ will crown with fadeless flowers.

O then crown my brow with flowers
Whilst I molder in the tomb;
When my grave is drenched with showers,
Let the voilets o'er it bloom.
When the lyre of life is silent,
And the angel spirits move;
Let the flowers with shining raiments
Crown the brow of one you love.

CHILDHOOD

Very happily has it been remarked that we spend a ten years breath before we apprehend or fear a death. An infant, sweet days of innocence. What hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows, what promises of good or ill, what a career of glory or of shame, are wrapped up in that little germ. As we gaze upon the child we wonder if the bud will open into the fragrant beauty of the rose, or is it destined to be nipped by an untimely frost. What sympathy fills the soul as we look upon the little child. We who have scarcely finished half our voyage know something of the trials that await the young adventurer on the journey through this vale of tears.

"Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove but toys."

Yet it is generally considered that the first ten years is the most important period of our lives for training. The plant is then tender and will yield to the influence which bends it in any direction. Great discretion is therefore needed to train the child wisely, to discern its natural capacity, and to furnish the mind with proper aliment and culture, to mould the character, the conduct, excite and quicken the mental powers, give a practical cast to the judgment, and above all to instill the principle of true piety.

The child is continually looking forward, living in the future, while on the contrary old age is ever looking backward, living in the past. He says, as he looks back, "When I was a boy." The boy exclaims, "When I am a man." The one thinks of what he once was, often saying that the world was better then than now. The other thinks of what he may be when he stands upon life's great drama. To the boy the years drag heavily on and he becomes restless for notoriety, and is even longing for manhood's prime. On the other hand, the old man looks upon the storms of a fleeting world, realizing day by day the solemn fact that he is rapidly passing away. For our own part we are standing almost where the shadows are lengthening. The ardent prophecies of our youthful days are nearly ended, if not realized. It requires long years for us to learn what sooner or later all must learn, viz.: that the things that are seen are temporal, while the things that are not seen are eternal.

The morning of life, as well as the evening, are dim and dewy, while noon alone is bright, high and strong. And thus it is in the mind of man, shadows are around our cradles when we come into the world, and shadows are around our graves when we pass hence to be no more. Fears and weakness are alike the attendants when we come upon the stage, and when we leave it. Between the two points our manhood lies, and therefore it is well to let the youth have its dreams of love and beauty in the years to come, and let age have their retrospections and their pensive memories of years departed, but nevertheless it is better for all who have high resolves and generous deeds to act in the living present.

We look around and we notice events continually transpiring — the past is gone, and the faithfulness of memory is all upon which we can rely, while the future is always dark and uncertain. We should therefore constantly enjoy the present and turn it to the best advantage. Every moment ought to be improved as it comes, for when

once gone, it has passed away forever. Forever! there is contained in this word something which inspires with profound awe, something solemn, grand and inconceivable. How can we imagine a series of years merging into eternity and never ending. It is impossible. All is darkness and uncertainty. Hope persistently points through the gloom to an object in the distance, which we are unable to see through any other medium than the eye of faith. It is a gate—a golden gate—which opens at times to receive poor way-worn travellers, ever emitting a glorious light, while the sound of exquisite music comes floating down the highway of life, and as the eye of faith grows stronger we perceive an inscription wrought in golden characters above the gate, which is *Heaven*. Let this, then, dear youth, be your beacon and watchword. Keep your eye steadily upon the prize at the end of the race. Look to Jesus and you will be enabled, from the cradle to the grave, to surmount every difficulty. Some years ago two men were passing across a field early in the morning, in autumn, while the white-frost was yet on the ground, and when they had reached the other side, they looked back upon the footprints which remained, and the one said to the other, what is the reason your path is so straight, while mine is so crooked? Because, said he, when we started I placed my eyes upon an object at this side of the field. Now this solved the mystery, and the rule holds good in the Christian's journey to the grave,—to life's last shore—the very edge of the unseen world.

Press on beloved youth in the path which leads to Heaven! Never despair. Let your motto be *nil desperandum*, and trusting in God you can bid defiance to the arch foe of humanity, and reach at last a better country. Then onward! Catch up the watchwords—*never fail*; but march onward in advance and lead on to victory. Never falter on the way home. Don't leave the old ship of Zion. No, no; don't leave it youthful pilgrims, as Paul said to those with him at the time they were shipwrecked. Yes, indeed, stay by the ship. How often we have thought of the words of Captain Lawrence, when he was expiring in the agonies of death, "Don't give up the ship." And when Commodore Perry afterwards was about to engage in deadly combat, he placed the dying words of Lawrence upon the flag which waved over the vessel, "*Dont give up the ship.*" This inspired the crew with greater energy, and after a hard contesthe dispatched to General Harrison, "We have met the

enemy, and they are ours." You, too, fired with the same energetic spirit may reach the goal at last to which you are now journeying. May God have mercy upon you and be with you day by day, constantly throwing his almighty arm around you, that after the storms of life are over, you can enjoy those heavenly mansions prepared for the redeemed in Heaven.

THY WILL O GOD, BE DONE.

Thy will O God, be done, and O,
Help us to watch and pray;
In joy or sorrow, pain or bliss,
'Twill aid us on our way.

The flesh may fail 'neath sorrow's stroke,
And all seem dark and drear;
And still amid the thickest gloom,
We surely need not fear.

Why should we fear the chast'ning rod,
Or shrink the cross to bear?
For good, all things together work
Throughout life's varied care.

Why should we utter a complaint ¿
Since Christ has led the way;
Or dare to plead our love of ease,
While we our God obey?

Will not the Judge of all the earth,
Care for his children dear?
Yes, we can trace his wise design
In guiding footsteps here.

And if in our unworthiness,
We meet the heavy blow;
Just let us pause, and ponder well
We reap what e're we sow.

Strike lightly Master, lightly strike,
Thou knowe'st our feeble frame;
And O we pray thee use the rod
In Mercy's loving name.

But still Thy will O God be done,
Though sorrow only sees
The sombre shaped, unmarked design
Which Thou, so oft decrees.

And as we daily journey on,
Until our race is run:
Our hearts will breath the old refrain—
Thy will O God be done.

FORGIVENESS.

It is the duty of all to forgive each other, as we wish to be forgiven. The emotions of our heart should be when bowed before the Lord in prayer,

> The mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

Let him who has never in his life done wrong be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let such as are conscious of frailties and crimes consider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others. Common failings are the strongest lessons of natural forbearance. Were this virtue unbroken among humanity, disorder and confusion, would indeed be strangers to human life. Injuries retaliated according to the exorbitant measures which passion prescribes would excite resentment in return, till the world would be rendered a field of blood, and desolation would follow in the train.

The lesson of forgiveness is beautifully taught by our Lord in the prayer which he gave his disciples : " Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." Can we then from the heart repeat the sentiment expressed in the foregoing lines and hold any unkind feeling towards others ? Most assuredly we cannot, and if we will not forgive those that trespass against us we need never expect to be forgiven. Never, no never !

Of all the passions which invade the human mind, revenge is the most dreadful. It appears quite strange when we remember that the evil spirits which inhabit the regions of misery are represented as delighting in cruelty and revenge. When we take this into consideration how all important it is to live in strict obedience to the will of Him, who is long suffering and slow to anger ; and who is unwilling that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Now it is quite obvious that revenge dwells in little minds and is the index of very little hearts. But a noble and magnanimous spirit is always superior to it. It never suffers from the injuries of men, those severe shocks which others feel. And the most excellent and honorable character which can adorn a man and a Christian is acquired by resisting the corrupt influence of the world, and strictly adhering to the laws and commandments of God.

Revenge poisons much of our enjoyment, introducing disorder into the heart. It is a great mistake to imagine that the pain of self

denial is confined to virtue. What distresses occur in the calm of life and virtue can be compared to those tortures which remorse of conscience inflicts on the wicked. To those severe humiliations arising from guilt combined with misfortune which sink them to the dust; to those violent agitations of shame and disappointment which sometimes drive them to the most fatal extremities, and make them abhor their very existence. How often in the midst of those disastrous situations into which their crimes have brought them, have they with bitter regret looked back to the day on which they first forsook the right ways of the Lord. Oh! then hear for eternity, *banish revenge from the heart*, and forgive as you expect to be forgiven.

ABIDE WITH US.

Abide with us, O kind Savior!
Do not leave us here alone;
As the darkness settless round us
Do thou take us for Thine own.
Keep us ever—keep us near Thee,
Close to Thy dear bleeding side,
That amid the storms and dangers
We may then in Thee abide.

Abide with us, O kind Savior!
For our courage oft will fail,
As we ride o'er troubled waters,
And earth's hardships here bewail.
O we need thy help to comfort,
Other helpers they will flee;
And Thou helper of the helpless,
May we then abide with Thee.

Abide with us, O kind Savior!
For we need Thee every day;
Every passing hour we need Thee
For to cheer us on the way.
When bowed down with care and sorrow,
And oppresed, on every side,
And our hearts are filled with anguish,
May we then with Thee abide.

Abide with us, O kind Savior!
Do Thou ever present be;
Let no thoughts of earth's enjoyment,
E'er intrude apart from Thee.
In our dreams of earthly glory,
Do Thou in much mercy guide;
And in quiet hours of pleasure,
Wilt Thou still with us abide.

Abide with us, O kind Savior!
Time is passing fast away;
Swift to its close, life is ebbing,
Soon will end our earthly stay.
For the pleasures here are fleeting,
Change and death on all we see;
O Thou on whom there is no change,
May we still abide with Thee.

Abide with us, not a moment,
A brief hour, nor e'en a day;
But as Thou didst with disciples,
In those days now passed away.
Thou wert then so condescending,
So familiar, patient, free,
Always the lone heart consoling,
May we thus, abide with Thee.

Abide with us, O kind Saviour!
Stay with healing in Thy wings;
Full of tender love and pity,
Lord of lords and King of kings.
Give Thy grace, give us that blessing,
Midst life's trials, though it be;
And through all the clouds and sunshine,
We will still abide with Thee.

Abide with us, O kind Saviour!
Hear us when we're bowed in prayer;
Let each hope of Heav'n we cherish'
Burn with thoughts of living there.
And then when we read the scriptures,
And there learn our only plea,
Dearest Savior! precious Jesus!
May we then abide with Thee.

Yes bide with us, kind Saviour!
Then we'll triumph over death;
Earth's vain shadows all will vanish,
Mid our last expiring breath.
Death and grave, we then shall conquer,
For their sting withdrawn shall be;
And we'll sing the glorious anthem,
Evermore, we'll bide with Thee.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Is there an hour more holy or more sacred than the hour of prayer? Truly has it been said, that prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our cares, and the calm of our tempest, prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness,

And while thus engaged in prayer what golden visions of the future gilded with hope's brilliant flame are then enjoyed. O, what ecstatic joy is realized amid the soft mellow light of the golden altar, and the sweet incense of morning and evening prayer. Our souls are then bathed in the radiant light of a blissful home, where the cares and sorrows are for a time forgotten. It is true that in our intercourse with the world, and in our daily vocation in life, our hearts oftimes are filled with anguish, and we feel that life is hard and toilsome. But the lessons which we receive at the hour of prayer enables us to gather strength, and bear our burdens with meekness and resignation. Our hearts are then filled with benevolence and love, which like a river of good gushes from a pure fountain flowing freely forth spreading beauty and blessedness to all around. God honors every soul who daily lives in close communion with him, while angels hover round their path, and devils tremble in their presence.

Oh ! how sad that so few pay sufficient attention to the hour of prayer when it so much calms and sooths the troubled spirit, throwing a radiance soft and pure over all our actions. At such a time there is truly to the Christian a sweetness in the unbreathing things of nature, while a holy influence gently rests upan the heart. It comes fresh from the hands of nature, and glows from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, enabling us to rejoice amid life's trials, lifting the spirit within us above the clouds, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our own place of probation, breaking, link after link, the chain which binds us to materiality, and opens our imagination to a world of beauty and holiness.

At the hour of prayer we receive also the blessed assurance of enjoying the society of the just made perfect, beyond the grave. And is there anything of more importance than the Christian hope ? or has sweeter associations connected with it ? Wherever we gaze we notice its influence. And no one can enjoy this fresh blooming hope as they certainly should without attending daily to the hour of prayer. How it sheds its balmy influence over the silence and loneliness of the human heart, builds up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revives again and again the drooping flowers of its desolate affections, in the hopes of forgiveness and heralds of love. O yes it raises the sinking heart, and restores the courage which begins to droop ; and every time we feel the magic influence of her rays we bless the God of Heaven who hears and answers prayer.

In the language of the poet.

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Which calls us from a world of care."

Truly has it been thus expressed, and we feel the force and significance of the language in a higher degree when we take into consideration the influence of the Holy Spirit during the sweet hour of prayer ministering to the wants of humanity, visiting the abodes of misery; wiping the tear from sorrows eye; chasing away the anguish of despair, and sweetening the cup of affliction with the all soothing, and syren song of happiness. It enables us to overlook the failings of each other; and also to make due allowance for the weakness of poor humanity. And we well know, that often a kind word, a gentle look, an encouraging smile may save a person from the abyss of dispair. And it is very certain, too, that the influence of prayer sweetens the disposition, and therefore renders the individual more agreeable and happy. What pleasure is thus derived from the remembrance of kind acts? What a luxury, even the remembrance of kind words? A gentle look, a tender tone of the voice, a warm pressure of the hands, an affectionate *Good Night*, or a parting *God be with you*, have often revived our drooping spirits, and cheered us on our journey home.

We should never be satisfied with present attainments, for we are continually in need of going on to perfection, and hence we are told to "pray without ceasing," and to "pray everywhere." And, indeed all that men can desire, all that nature can receive to prepare the soul for never ending joys, God has promised to those that obey him. And it is likewise very evident that the best patriots, ministers, poets and eloquent men have derived their sublime powers, either directly or indirectly, from the holy influence of prayer. Its power is felt in the cottage of the poor man and abides with him and his children, often making them contented in the midst of privations. Its power is likewise manifested admidst the blandishments of refined society like a purifying, enobling and redeeming angel. It adds dignity to the noble, gives wisdom to the wise and new grace to the lovely. O, what a precious boon to man cheering him on in the way to blessed immortality. Is there then, indeed, anything that can throw an equal charm over the world as beneficial to humanity as a prayerful and a religious life? Is there anything too, that has equal power to enlighten the darkest

hours, or assuage the severest woes? As the silent dews of night fall gently and silently upon the flowers, reviving their drooping leaves, so does fervent prayer in hours of affliction revive our spirits, give solace to the wounded heart, thus affording that blessed assurance that gives us strength for all our trials, that takes from misery its bitterness, and strips affliction of its sting. In such an hour our souls are filled with love to God, and we pour out our hearts best gratitude; and offer up ourselves to Him who is, indeed, worthy to receive glory and honor and power inasmuch as He has created all things, and for His pleasnre they are and were created.

Love is truly the divine essence of our being. And in time of prayer it flows into the soul and is truly our life. As the sun of the natural world warms the flowers into life and beauty, so does the spirit of man receive the warmth which animates it into life and action. In that blest hour all the finer feelings of the soul are brought out, the dross removed and man becomes fit for the enjoyment of a better country. Surely we all need a refuge in distress, a shelter from the stormy blast, and an eternal home. And indeed whenever we are fleeing for refuge we go to God in prayer. And O, how soul cheering and soul elevating it is when we gain a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. O how it sooths us in our journeying through life to know that we have a Heavenly Father to whom we can pray, and in whom we can trust, and unbosom all our sorrows. Though our hearts may be bleeding when we go to God in prayer, he pours in the balm of consolation, and we are sure to find relief. O, how thankful we ought to be for that comfort and consolation which we receive in prayer, and for the great power that it gives to enlighten the darkest hours of life, and assuage the severest woes into the valleys of cares and shadows, and light us through a thorny path on earth, and at the close of life, lights us to Heaven.

The beauty of a religious life is one of the greatest recommendations of a life of prayer. It affords peace to all those who engage in it with a pure heart. It teaches us wisdom which will always render us beloved and respected, and which will contribute to our present comfort as well as to our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is a meek and quiet spirit; and it inculcates nothing but love and simplicity of affection. It breathes nothing but the purest delight; and it causes the praying one to shine in adversity. It gives us that

meek and gentle spirit that leads us to another, and a better world. Its magic influence calms the ruffled sea of life, and makes them glide peacefully away. It soothes the mind in its last hours, removes the sting of death and gives assurance of the passport of the soul to an endless life of happiness and bliss. And generally when the individual is dying he wishes some one to engage with him in prayer. At the hour of midnight we have been called up from calm and quiet repose to go to the bed of the dying and offer up a prayer. And it very often happens that the voice that has never before been heard in petitioning before the throne of God, now for the first time is heard to plead for mercy. At such a time the dying one wishes the prayers of the sympathetic, those that are accustomed to pray, and ever and anon going on errands of mercy, visiting the poor and the needy, and those that are afflicted bound down in sorrow and bereft of those that are bound to them by the strongest ties of affection. We shall never forget one night while engaged in watching round the dying bed of a young man, a very important lesson of sympathy which was at that time indelibly inscribed on the dial plate of our heart. We had been boys together and strong ties of affection had bound us very closely to each other. It was his wish that we should be present at the dying hour, to offer him up in the arms of faith and prayer. During that solemn night he wished a number to leave the room on account of their being as he supposed, devoid of sympathy and without natural affection. We have often thought people generally, are just like this young man, when the death hour comes they want the prayers of those they love, that can in tears of sympathy offer them up to the God of Heaven, that they may be enabled to bid farewell to earth—mount the wings of light and live forever. These considerations should prompt us to live a prayerful life. And furthermore to set apart a portion of every day to attend to this important duty; and then we will always be ready to meet any trial, tribulation or fiery ordeal through which we so often are called to pass, and with renewed vigor we will journey on till we meet in that blest harbor where the good will dwell forever. Press on then fellow pilgrims. There is no time to loose. Death and judgment are just before us. Heaven hangs upon our faithfulness; and when our trembling souls are forever into the presence of God, we will hear the welcome applaudit, "Well done"; while our voices will mingle with the anthems of angels forever.

RAISE THE STANDARD HIGHER.

Brethren raise the standard higher,
Holiness of heart your aim;
And to better things aspire
Than a mere professor's name.

Always be a zealous Christian,
Earnest, active, kind and true;
Imitate the Lord's example
In what e'er you say or do.

Never be a drone, but labor
With a will, both bold and strong;
For if you would gain the harbor,
You must fight against the wrong.

Do not always be repining,
Onward let your motto be;
And your courage still increasing,
Till the land of bliss you see.

Let your thoughts be pure and holy;
Always speak the truth in love;
And your actions kind and godly,
Then you'll gain a home above.

Step by step, you'll get up higher,
Nearer to the pattern giv'n.
Faith in God, and tireless doing
Will secure a home in Heav'n.

Oh! then raise the standard higher;
Let perfection be your aim;
And to holier things aspire
Than a mere professor's name.

REMINISCENCES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

The day was swiftly passing by, and drawing to a close. All nature seemed to wear a smile radiant with beauty and loveliness. The sun was calmly sinking behind the Western hills while earth and sky were tinged with all the richness and variety of colors. The queen of night, fair Cynthia, had risen with resplendent glory and lent her charming loveliness to decorate the wide spreading landscape as she bathed herself in the golden light of evanishing day.

We had retired from the bustle, and busy scenes of life, and

strolled away in the deep shades of the wildwood to recline beneath the auburn branches ; and as the gentle breeze moved sweetly on we listened to the music of the pines—to the deep sighing of the forest trees, echoing in the deep blue vault above. And as we listened we thought of former years—the days of infancy and childhood when our hearts beat with the fondest emotions of joy and bliss, and almost wished that we were a child again.

On the wings of imagination we went back to other days and other years, and in fancy's wide domain, we enjoyed many a sportive glee again. We sat as we were wont to do in childhood years, and playfully watched the golden sunbeams as they sweetly fell through the opening glades of forest trees, upon the green and mossy limbs like bars of gold, resting upon the ground beneath sparkling and dazzling as the long graceful boughs waved to and frow, clapping their hands under the joyous influence of an autumn's eve.

And as we calmly looked abroad we saw the moon as she was silently pursuing her course through the heavens, walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations ; she was still sending down her rills of light through the deep shades of the tall waving elms and the ancient, venerable oaks as they stood before us in stately majesty. We listened for a while again, and now heard the fluttering of the auburn leaves falling gently by our side. And as we listened to the rustling of the leaves, we thought of the land-locked play ground of our former years ; and O, what feelings of deep awe came over us, mingled with the recollections of the days when we enjoyed the soul's calm and gentle sunshine. We endeavored, for a moment, to banish these solemn emotions. But the mystic air of an enchanted spot was calmly resting upon the soul ; and again, in our fancy's ideal, we wandered along the sparkling rills and babbling brooks to find a place to construct our dams, build our flutter-mills, and watch the bubbles dash into the eddies, spining round most beautifully in wild fantastic glee.

O, what a welcome hour ! O, what blissful moments thus passed sweetly away. We were transported back to the scenes of our early life, and it called up sweet, but long-forgotten memories. And O, how we lingered lovingly around that holy, hallowed spot and thought of the dear old folks at home. We were again in the fond embrace of parental affection, and the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over. Along with our brothers and sisters we

were engaged in leaping over the green earth—chasing the butterflies, and running along the glittering streams. The storms of life, however severe, can never obliterate those fond reminiscences shadowed over in by-gone sunny days. They are sweet recollections that must ever entwine around the joyous homes of our childhood, and will remain throughout our earthly pilgrimage. And when the splendors of the Golden City shall burst in upon our enraptured souls, and we hear the thrilling commendation of the Eternal King, "Well done, "then we shall realize the joys of an endless home forever. May such our portion be, and we shall one day meet and never, never part.

DON'T FORGET YOUR AGED PARENTS.

Don't forget your aged parents,
Love them as in days of yore,
When they gently led you onward,
Pointing to the Golden Shore.

Sad to know that now they're failing,
Their forms frail and bent with years;
And amid earth's cares and sorrows
Often falls the briny tears.

How they used to teach you wisdom,
Teach you that which was the truth;
What they learned, and how they studied,
In the happy days of youth.

In their old age, dont forget them,
With their locks all silvered o'er,
And their bodies so enfeebled,
Why not love them more and more?

Though they may sometimes be childish
Burdened with life's cares and woes;
Never mind but show them kindness,
Do not be their dreaded foes.

Don't forget your tender father,
Inasmuch as he is old;
With his cheeks so thin and careworn,
Ready for the grave so cold.

Let your words be kind and gentle,
Every act an act of love;
Let his last days be the brightest
Till he gains that world above.

Don't forget your loving mother,
For she was your dearest friend;
Who oft-times imparted counsel.
And on whom, you might depend.

Oft she gave you sweet instruction,
Teaching you the cross to bear;
Then to bow before your Maker,
Offering up your earliest prayer.

Don't forget your dear old parents,
Daily love them more and more;
While they're sailing towards the harbor,
Bound for Canaan's lovely shore.

GENTLENESS.

We ought always to view our characters with an impartial eye; and to learn from our feelings to give that indulgence which, in our turn, we claim, It is a lack of this which fills the world with so much pride and severity. We are rigorous of offence as if we had never offended, unfeeling of distress as if we knew not what it was to suffer. Let us suspend our violence for a moment on every occasion when causes of discord occur. And we certainly ought continually to anticipate that period of coolness which of itself will soon arrive. Let us reflect how little we have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life we are certain of throwing away. How very easily and from the smallest chink, too, the bitter waters of strife are let forth, but their course cannot be forseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from their poisonous effect who first allows them to flow.

Most assuredly we ought to be gentle and kind to all, even to the froward. Though we are surrounded with care and anxiety we should nevertheless be gentle, remembering there is no condition in life free from them. And indeed this fact ought to be indelibly stamped upon the mind, that the anxiety which belongs to a sinful course is far greater than what attends a course of well doing. If we are weary of the labors of virtue we may be well assured that the world whenever we try the exchange, will lay upon us a much heavier load.

We always love the gentleness which flows from a Christian heart. It calms our rising fears, and raises us above the storms of a fallen

world. Christ has left us his glorious example to follow. Shall we not, then, follow it? And then we shall for ever enjoy the true riches—the unsearchable riches—the pure gold tried in the fire, in that world of endless happiness. Nothing there will transpire to mar our peace and felicity. Pleasure will there succeed pleasure, and discontent and sorrow will have no admission. The voice of gentleness, of love and harmony will lull us in the shady groves, which are indeed, more beautiful than those of Java. We will there breathe the fragrance of those vine-clad bowers, those flowers bedecked with gems of azure, sweeter, by far, than the odor which floats from the Aromatic Groves of the East. There amid those celestial bowers we will repose upon the beds of Paradise, far softer than the down of the cygnets of the Ganges. Nay, and even more, for our enraptured strains of melody and harmony will echo immortal joys forever.

Oh! how much real enjoyment we loose by not being more gentle and kind to those with whom we associate. How much discord in the family would be prevented if the spirit of gentleness were daily inculcated. And furthermore how much peace is lost to society by disregarding this very important element in our natures. Every day we must expect the cloud to arise, but by living a kind and gentle life we will rise superior to the little cares, factions and disputes of mankind, and in the final day treasure the end of innocence.

A WEDDING ADDRESS,

Read at the marriage of J. H. Smith, of Colorado, U. S. A., to Rossetta, daughter of Mr. C. Prudhomme, of Beamsville, Ontario, March 13th, 1877.

We have gathered here in gladness;
All our hearts now beat with joy;
And we smile with deep emotion,
While gay themes our tongues employ.

Friends, this is, indeed, *your wedding*—
Day of merriment and mirth:
May your pleasures be abiding
While you sojourn here on earth.

Early dreams, you dreamed so fondly,
You enjoy them now with pride;
And the one each loved most dearly,
Mutually stands by your side.

Mrs. S :

Of this day, you've oft been thinking,
When dressed in your bridal robe ;
How you'd cling to your protector,
E'en though he pass'd round the globe.

Mr. S.:

Now you've pledged yourself to keep her,
She is worthy of your care:
May no grief your prospects shadow,
But life's richest blessings share.

God be with you now and ever,
Where e'er you may make your home :
May we meet in sweet re-union
In the sunny days to come.

And then when your time is ended,
And your trials all are o'er,
May we meet again in gladness
On that lovely GOLDEN SHORE.

MINISTERING SPIRITS SENT FORTH.

There is considerable said in the Bible concerning the angels. They are spoken of in various places and employed upon different missions, yet always as in intimate connection with the inhabitants of this world, and engaged in its affairs.

Angels are not seen by us, neither do they minister to us as they did to God's ancient people. Isaiah says, "Angels are oft hovering around," and who knows but what they are around us continually ; for we are told that they are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." And when we are driven by the rough waves over the stream of time, and the heart grows faint and sick at the anguish of human woes, may we not then indulge the fancy that we can almost hear their little foot-falls upon the wind as they hurry to and fro upon errands of mercy.

Nothing very explicit is told us in reference to their nature, whether they are spiritual beings only, or whether they have any subtle and ethereal form belonging to them. Wherever mention is made of them by the inspired writers and, where they have been palpable to the senses of man, their forms have been beyond conception, bright and glorious. The Apostle speaks of our body, after the resurrection as a spiritual body, so nearly will it ap-

proximate to spirit; and we are told by our Savior that in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.

In reference to their moral character and intellectual nature we are informed that they are beings superior to ourselves. Or, in other words we draw the conclusion from the inspired writings that they form a rank between man and his maker. Our Savour in referring to them uses the very significant and comprehensive title, "holy angels."

The Bible frequently speaks of their rank and order together with the innumerable multitude which no man can number, surpassing all our powers of computation. The Apostle Paul in writing to the Hebrews says. "But ye are come unto Mt. Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." What a stupendous thought, and still they keep perfect order in all of their employments on earth, and their worship in heaven.

Angels have been present and have borne an important part in all the grand affairs, and on every occasion in which the greatest and grandest events have transpired in connection with the affairs of sublunary things. When the worlds were formed and all matter became obedient to His requirements; when the foundations of the earth were laid and fastened; when the measures thereof were drawn and the line stretched upon it, when the corner stone was embedded, and the foundation thereof fastened by an almighty hand, then "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted with joy." They beheld the developments of creation; the new developments of the maker's perfections, and exulted in the prospect of the wonderful race of beings to be made a little lower than the angels—a little lower than themselves; and if obedient to the claims of Jehovah, to be raised at last to dwell with them in heaven, in place of their former companions who had been cast out. Can we then wonder at their joy and delight, when the Creator himself surveyed his work on its completion with pleasure? Doubtless he inspired and accepted their rapturous harmony on that occasion. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is to come—Thou art worthy oh Lord to receive glory and honor and power for thou hast created all things and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

Again we learn that angels attended at the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai. "It was given by the disposition of angels," says the martyr Stephen, just before he was stoned to death. Paul, in his Letter to the Galatians, tells us that it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator. The Sovereign of Heaven made a solemn display of his pomp and majesty on that occasion to beget reverence, to inspire fear of punishments for rebellion, and hope of reward for obedience. Then, indeed, were his angels made spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire. What voices were then heard! What appearances were then presented! It was the word spoken by angels. And so terrible was the sight that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake. Who is like unto Thee, O, Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing wonders unto the children of men."

How frequently were the angels employed in attending the incarnate Saviour. They attended him in his previous descent in the early ages of mankind. They foretold his approaching actual assumption of our nature, and the birth of him who came as a messenger to prepare the way of the Lord. They announced to shepherds the event of his incarnation; warned his reputed father of his danger from Herod; strengthened Christ after his temptation in the wilderness; comforted him after his agony in the garden; graced his resurrection by their glorious appearance and glad annunciations, and attended him on his ascent, by his own proper might to the mediatorial throne, where, in obedience to the Divine mandate, they adored his Godhead in the humanity, and subjected themselves, with profound and delighted homage, to his will and order in that capacity.

We are also informed that angels will attend the Saviour at the Judgment. "The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels." How different his appearance then, from what it was on Earth! All these invincible hosts without number, and of infinite variety, will appear as his vassals, or servants. And though they will not assist in raising the dead, which is his work alone, he will empower them to gather them, when raised, to his presence in the air, as well as all those of his followers who will be translated without dying, and finally all the tribes of the ungodly. They shall place them in their respective classes, and after the judgment, drive down the rebellious to punishment, and ascend with the righteous where they will dwell forever together in the same heavenly King-

dom. "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. The godly are the wheat which will be gathered into the garner, while the chaff which is the ungodly will be cast into the fire."

Prior to this, however, they have many offices to perform on behalf of the inhabitants of this world while dwellers upon earth, and in their passage to another state. They are sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. We need their aid. We are encompassed by invisible foes. We wrestle not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this dark world, against spiriritual wickedness in high places, the regions of the air above us, where we are told Satan's seat is, "Prince of the power of the air." Now can they approach us unseen to hurt us—to inject into our minds, by outward circumstances, evil thoughts and desires without our God and Savior supplying us with such means of defence as will be more effectual than all which earth could afford? He does. And exposed and dangerous as our situation is, our defence is more than equal to it. More are they in number, as well as in wisdom and energy, who are for us than all they who can be against us. It is as when the King of Syria sent horses and chariots to seize Elisha, but the servant of the man of God, when his eyes were opened, saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. The very title of One who is above all angels, in this connection, is assuring and suggestive. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them!" We have great reason to believe that the ministry of angels is specially secured for the heirs of salvation in the hour of death.

O, you that are not followers of Christ, what will you do in that hour? Human friends you may have, in abundance, but what are they as helpers when we stand at life's outer gate, and go where none of them can accompany us? Oh! to be, at that dread moment, out of Christ, with no kind angel near to waft our spirits home, but with evil ones waiting till the final sigh proclaims us their victim, and delivers us into their power. Oh, let us strive to be ready, that when our change shall come, angels will hover round our bed to waft our spirits home.

WHAT IS LIFE?

O! what is life?—'Tis like the dew,
How soon from earth it upward flies:
Or like a taper's golden hue,
It shines awhile, and then it dies.

O! what is life?—'Tis like the leaves
Which burst forth in bright early spring;
And O, how oft our spirit grieves
O'er sorrows their departure bring.

O! what is life?—'Tis like a flower
That blooms awhile, then dies away;
It came to cheer life's passing hour,
But O how brief, how short its stay.

O! what is life?—'Tis like a flash—
A meteor in the distant sky;
It came—it shone—'tis gone—'tis passed,
And so death comes, and thus we die.

O! what is life?—while here on earth;
Surrounded by both heat and cold;
Sometimes in sorrow, then in mirth,
Fettered and cramped by mortal mould.

Yes, what is life? Our spirits mourn
To think that 'oft, tis wasted here;
While on the wings of time we're borne
From all our friends and kindred dear.

It has been said, and justly too,
That, *life is what we make it now*,
Whatever we on earth pursue,
Is deeply marked upon our brow.

But though we perish here in time,
And always reap what e'er we sow;
There is above a better clime,
Where all the good at last shall go.

O let us strive for to prepare
To live forevermore above;
Where free from sorrow, pain and care,
We'll dwell in endless light and love.

There shall we fully realize
What life is to the child of God;
When filled with wonder and surprise
We tread those burnished streets abroad.

That *life* shall never, never end,
To christian pilgrims it is giv'n;
A long eternity to spend
In that blest home above in Heav'n.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Tribute to the Memory of Our Lamented Father, William Burr, Esq. Born in Watertown, N. Y., Oct. 21st. 1806. Died in Hillier, Ont. March 19th, 1877.

Beloved Father, thou art gone,
No more to meet, or greet us here;
But yet again, we hope to meet
In yonder bright, celestial sphere.

Dear Father, thou from earth hast passed,
Thy pilgrimage below is run;
Still with submissive hearts we breathe
And cry, O God Thy will be done.

But then 'tis hard to give thee up,
And lay thee in the ground so cold;
Tis hard to part and say, farewell,
And leave thee in the grave to mould.

For thou hast been so kind and true,
Our guardian in our tender years,
And when we think what thou hast done,
Our eyes are filled with briny tears.

How very hard thou hast always toiled,
To lay up yearly stores of wealth;
And for thy childrens' comfort here,
Thou didst not even spare thy health.

Dear Father, we will miss thee here—
We'll miss thee in our childhood home;
But we'll not miss thee Over There,
In that celestial world to come.

Dear Mother, too, she'll miss thee oft,
No more to lean upon thy breast,
Or journey with thee side by side
To that resplendent land of rest.

When the mild ev'ning's twilight hour,
Succeeds the fair, the lovely day;
And the loud hum of a busy world,
In death-like silence pass away.

And when the sun is going down
So gently in the far off West;
When sombre shadows gather round,
And wearied nature sinks to rest.

We'll miss thy well known footsteps then,
Which we so oft were wont to hear;
And thy familiar sounding voice,
Will never more salute our ear.

And o'er thy narrow, lowly bed
Where angel forms may sweetly roam;
Renew our vows with thee to meet
Within our Heavenly Father's home.

O yearning of our lonely hearts
To always dwell with thee above;
While on their tablets are engraved.
Your many deeds and acts of love.

Dear Father, tears are falling fast,
How can we say, A LAST FAREWELL!
How can we lay thee down beneath.
The damp cold earth with worms, to dwell!

Savior! thy richest blessings send,
And to our hearts some comfort bring;
O, wipe away the falling tears,
And take us 'neath thy shelt'ring wing.

But thou'rt not lost, we'll meet again,
And grasp thee warmly by the hand,
Beyond this world of care and pain,
Just over in the Morning Land.

We'll wipe our eyes, our anguish veil,
And hope and trust thou'lt live above;
And join loved ones beyond the Tide,
In that bright world of joy and love.

Farewell, some day, dear Father, dear—
We'll meet, no more to say, *Farewell!*
With hearts so sad—so full of grief
We cry, Farewell, father! Farewell!

MODERATION OF OUR DESIRES.

The active mind of man seldom or never is satisfied with its present condition, however prosperous it may be. Although originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher sphere of enjoyment, yet it finds itself, in every situation of fortune, straitened and confined; sensible of deficiency in this state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the aspiring wish after something beyond what is enjoyed at present. Hence, the restlessness which so universally prevails among mankind; that disgust of pleasure which they have tried, that passion of novelty, that ambition of rising to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves a distant idea. All of which may be considered as indications of a

certain native original greatness in the soul, swelling beyond the limits of the present condition, and pointing to the higher objects for which it was made. Happy indeed if these latent remains of our primitive state, served to direct our wishes towards their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true happiness.

Here in this dark and bewildered state the aspiring tendency of our nature often unfortunately takes an opposite direction, and feeds a very misplaced ambition. The flattering appearances which here so often present themselves flowing out of the distinction which fortune confers; the advantages and pleasures which we imagine the world to be capable of bestowing actually fill up the ultimate desires of most men. Now these are truly the objects which engross their solitary musings, stimulate their active labors; warm and heave the breasts of the young with enthusiasm; animate the industry of the middle aged, and keep alive the passions of the old until the very close of life. There is certainly nothing unlawful in our wishing to be freed from whatever is disagreeable and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when these wishes are not tempered by reason, they are in danger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Desires and wishes are the first springs of action. When they become exorbitant the whole character is likely to be tainted. If we suffer our fancy to create to itself worlds of ideal happiness we shall discompose the peace and order of our minds and foment many hurtful passions. Here then, let MODERATION begin her reign, by bringing within reasonable bounds, the wishes that we form. As soon af they become extravagant, let us check them by proper reflection on the fallacious nature of those objects which the world hangs out to allure desire. We do, certainly, dishonor the dignity of our souls by allowing our wishes to terminate in nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatness and happiness.

Our imagination so frequently roves in a land of shadows. Unreal forms very often deceive us. It is no more than a phantom—an illusion of happiness which often conceals much real misery. We often think that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction towards which our own wishes aspire. Alas! how frequently has experience shown that where peace and happiness were supposed to reign, discord and contention destroy the happiness of the whole family. Now it is very evident, that with all that is splendid and shining in the world, it is decreed that there should be

mixed with it many deep shades of woe. On the elevated situations of fortune the great calamities of life chiefly fall. The storm spends its violence, and there the thunder breaks, while safe and unhurt the inhabitants of the vale remain below. Retreat then, from those vain and pernicious excursions of extravagant desire. Satisfy yourselves with what is rational and attainable. Always train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happiness. Then will your pathway through life be rendered more easy. And if you guide your conduct by the word of God, crowns of glory will be yours to enjoy forever.

A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS.

On the anniversary of Mr. Marshall Burt's thirty-eighth birthday.

Brother we have met to-day
For to celebrate your birth;
Members of one family,
Bound together here on earth.
Oft we've met in days agone,
With our hearts so full of mirth;
And to-day we're filled with joy,
In sweet memory of your worth.

Prosperous have been your days,
While your years have been enjoyed,
And throughout life's devious ways
You have all your time employed.
Therefore joy and gratitude
Can but animate your soul,
And increase your fortitude
For to reach the distant gaol.

Thirty-eight of your years have fled;
But then you have spent them well,
And with hopes beyond the dead,
Yonder you expect to dwell.
But before that time shall come,
Length of days and friends be yours:
Peace and joy within the home
Always happiness insures.

And when days and months are fled,
And your journey here is run;
When your loved ones all are dead,
And their work on earth is done,
Then when time with us is past,
And our trials here are o'er,
May we meet in Heaven at last,
There to dwell for evermore.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness may be defined *self-enjoyment*; it is founded upon rectitude of conduct, and is certainly the universal desire of us all. Like the weary deer panting after brooks of living water, so is man continually panting after true happiness. From the cradle to the grave he is ever looking forward to obtain this precious boon. Every pursuit in which he is engaged is prosecuted with an aim that in the end it will bring true enjoyment. Oft will he peril his life on the ocean's boisterous waves, and delve deep in the hidden treasures of earth, hoping to purchase true happiness unalloyed. Others, again, seek it in fame's alluring temple, in the path which leads to honor and renown. But in whatsoever channel it is sought, it is very evident that all would indeed like to be happy if they only knew how—happy not only in time, but also in eternity. There is truly a void in the human breast, a constant longing after the precious boon—happiness. But the history of our race abundantly proves that it is the virtuous alone that can enjoy it. And, notwithstanding the great amount of labor so lavishly bestowed in order to obtain it, it is quite probable that there are unnumbered multitudes that only view it in the distance. Ask the poor aged sinner if he ever obtained that happiness which his poor soul so fondly desired and craved in youth, and who sought for it so earnestly in manhood and also in declining years. The answer will invariably be given in the negative. For,

> "This world can never give
> The bliss for which we sigh."

And when nearly every source of pleasure is exhausted; when the poor pilgrim is about crossing the swellings of Jordan, 'tis then he exclaims with Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." He looks back over his past history and is led to mourn over the cares and disappointments of life. How they have robbed him of so much enjoyment and brought down his gray hairs in sorrow to the tomb.

But why should we despair? The Lord has designed that we should enjoy happiness even in this life. To this end he has created every thing pleasing to the eye. All that we see combine to show that God was not unmindful of us; but has filled the earth with music soft and harmonious, to cheer us on amid the trials and cares inci-

dental to our pilgrimage here below. Yes, and he has also designed that we should enjoy still greater happiness. Society has been given to comfort us during the lonely hours of life. God found it was not good for man to be alone. And notwithstanding our primeval happiness was lost at the transgression, He sent his only Son to earth to make reconciliation for our iniquity. Nay, more, He has given to us the Bible, which, by way of eminence may be called, the book of books. It is, indeed, our chart, by which we can ride secure the mightiest wave that ever rolled upon the vast sea of time. It is, truly, the harbinger of truth, pure and unmixed with aught that can alloy, that can satisfy the soul, give a sense of its security, and dissipate the fear and terror which hover around the bed of death. But is it not passing strange that the word HAPPINESS does not occur even once in the Sacred Scriptures? But then its equivalent, GOOD, is made use of about one hundred and seventy times. And it is, indeed, very evident that the more we examine the Bible and the nearer we live to the requirements of Him who spoke as never man spoke, and whose words are more precious than silver and gold, the greater will be our happiness on earth and also beyond the grave.

Our Savior in His memorable address upon the Mount, said "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." That is those that are pure in mind, motive or principle; and who live a holy life in obedience to the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blamelessly. These are the ones that are happy to whom the Lord has promised not to impute sin. Christ died that poor humanity might be happy. He shed His blood on Calvary, offering himself a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. His blood is now as it were on the mercy seat and God offers salvation to all those that will accept Christ as their Savior by doing whatsoever He has required at their hands. The Apostle Peter tells us that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed. And therefore, on account of His wondrous love to us, He has required us to love him with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our souls, and with all our strength. And therefore it is quite obvious that the yielding obedience to His will is what makes us happy—happy in time and also in eternity. For true happiness consists in virtue, and virtue and piety should be our highest interest. God gives us talents and they are to be exercised; capacities and they are to be gratified.

It is quite certain then that we receive our first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards we are transplanted into a more friendly climate where they may spread and flourish to all eternity. There is not in our opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than that of perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries with it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, more, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creatures forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares, anxieties and sorrows of life; and indeed its share of them frequently bears melancholy proportion to its exaltation. Now, it is truly evident that none but the virtuous, the temperate, those that are regular in their habits know how to enjoy prosperity. Thus will the righteous man flourish like a tree planted by the rivers of water, he brings forth also his fruit in its season, and that fruit he brings forth is not for himself alone. He flourishes not like a tree in some solitary desert, which scatters its blossoms to the wind, and communicates neither fruit nor shade to any living thing; but like a tree in the midst of an inhabited country, which to some affords friendly shelter, to others fruit, which is not only admired by all for its beauty, but blessed by the traveller for its shade, and by the hungry for the substance it has given.

Now the question may very appropriately be asked, Why do not more participate in the enjoyment of true happiness? We answer, it is because they do not seek for it in the proper channel. They view it only in the distance, not realizing that true happiness consists only in living in strict adherence to the laws of Him who presides upon the circle of the heavens; and who has done all things necessary for our happiness here below, and for our eternal felicity beyond the grave. You may perchance wonder why we have used the word *true* so often before the word *happiness*. We have done it for this reason. Happiness is applied to almost every kind of enjoyment; and we wished to use it only in a more elevated application, as

being fully prepared to enjoy that rest which remains for the people of God. Those that are thus happy, view them as they lie on their dying couches, and hear them joyfully exclaim,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are."

Then contrast their condition with the wicked, those that have enjoyed the pleasures of sin throughout their life time. Visit them as they are about leaving this world, and hear them sigh, and weep, and groan over an ill spent life. But hark! draw near and listen to their bitter lamentations, "O, that I had my life to live over again! O, that I was prepared to meet death! O, that I was happy and prepared for Heaven! But now I'm lost to all eternity." Is it at all to be wondered at then, that the Psalmist David should have said that he would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Oh! fellow-pilgrims, we ask you to ponder the path which you tread. Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit its acceptance, when to the rest of humanity it is the fruit of a long cultivation, and the acquisition of much labor and care. Deceive not yourselves with arrogant hopes, but cultivate true happiness by cultivating the heart; for it gives to the mind vigor, it adds weight to the character, it breathes generous sentiments, and it inspires an undaunted spirit. Therfore we desire to exhort you to strive to obtain true happiness. Oh! search well your thoughts, words, deeds and aims, comparing them with the oracles of Divine truth, that you may see wherein you stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. Let each one ask the question, *Am I prepared for death?* Am I happy? Remember that our lifetime on earth is only a journey—a journey to the great Unknown. Yet if this world was our home, we might content ourselves to seek for ease and pleasure here, but it is only a land through which we are passing. We rest not here, but rest in Heaven by obeying Him,

"Who was, and is, and evermore shall be."

Then "happiness, our being's end and aim," is secured in the Golden City. O, haste thy coming sweet days of peaceful rest! Then shall we listen to those notes of joyous ecstacy that shall roll on forever, without a dying cadence. To accomplish this we should begin early in childhood, for youth is the time to lay the foundation of happiness. The nature is then pliant and soft. Habits have not established

their dominion. And you know virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood, and such manhood too, of itself, which passes into respectable and tranquil old age. Alas! how little do the youth know the dangers that await them. It is, indeed, very certain that neither human wisdom nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which occur in after life. By the shoals of temptation how frequently have the most virtuous been overthrown. But we recommend ourselves to God as our last refuge. At that hour how vain is every sublunary happiness. Wealth, honor, empire, wisdom, all are useless sounds, and empty as the bubbles of the deep. When standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God can afford us pleasure, and the nearer we approach the shore, we will only love Him the more. This is truly wonderful to tell; but it is, nevertheless true. Whatever promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion inspires composure of spirit, mildness and benignity of temper, cherishes the pleasing emotions, and thus carries on the life of a pious christian in a smooth and placid tenor to that land beyond the sea.

To thee, O God! we owe the highest improvements of our natures, and the real enjoyment of our life. It is *devotion* that elevates the soul, and affords that rest and support requisite to maintain us amid the turmoils of this life. Yes, for it composes the thoughts, calms the passions and exalts the heart. In its presence worldly distinctions cease, and under its influence worldly sorrows are soon forgotten. It is, of a truth, the balm of the wounded heart. We exhort you then to seek a good character, a well trained mind, and that purest of all earthly treasures, the hope of Heaven. The consciousness of divine approbation, and support, and a steady hope of future happiness, communicates a peace and joy, to which all delights of the world bear no resemblance. In view of such happiness well might the weary saint grow restless, and long for those everlasting unions when Christ should come again. Well might too, the care worn pilgrim anxiously look beyond in the dim vista of the future for the light of the approaching millenium to be seen flashing along the horizon. In view of such happiness well might the bones of God's children that sleep in the dust grow restless and sigh for that great day when Christ shall come again. What hallelujahs would

fill the sky—the very vault of heaven would echo with the praises of Jehovah, and in the valleys and upon the mountain tops would the exultant shout of the saved go up, Welcome, welcome Son of God! But hark! listen to the enrapturing strains of seraphs about the throne, mingled with the ten thousand millions of the redeemed and sanctified spirits, while voices sweet with melody would yet be heard coming up from earth, seas and skies, joining with the myriads of Heaven, and shouting with joyous rapture, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Oh, then, shall we not be ready? Shall other voices fill the earth, air and sky with songs of gladness and ours be heard only in bitter groans, sighs and vain regrets? God forbid that such should be our fate and endless destiny.

In conclusion we wish to impress upon your minds that wealth cannot purchase true enjoyment, for riches often takes wings and soars away. We would ask any reflective mind whether it is gold that can purchase the *true happiness*? whether it is riches that can obtain for us that serenity of mind which is the result of a life of prudence and rectitude; and above all whether this will procure or elicit intrinsic love, the precious gift of Heaven? Oh! that God would enable us to take into consideration, *the chief end of man*, and live with eternity in view and with the sweet prospect of enjoying true happiness forever in Heaven.

GOD WILL NOT FORGET THE WORLD.

Christian, when the storm is gathering
Dark and dreary round your way;
And your drooping heart is longing
For the brilliant light of day,—
Just be patient mid your sorrow,—
Think of Him whose sacred word
Brings joy for the coming morrow;
God will not forget the world.

If you cannot pierce the darkness,
That may round your pathway lie,
You can put your trust in Jesus,
It will vanish by and by.
Soon your trials will be over,
And the heavenly joys untold
Will, indeed, be yours forever;
God will not forget the world.

Should the bitter dregs of anguish
Oft times to your lips be giv'n,
Still they're blessings you should cherish
For to bear you home to Heav'n.
Then be steadfast, never failing;
Onward march with truth unfurled;
Ever trusting, ever loving;
God will not forget the world.

If your anxious heart would weary
Over cares and trials great;
If your troubled heart would query
As regards your future state;
Why such hardships and such losses
In preparing for your Lord?
Never mind, but bear your crosses;
God will not forget the world.

Soon you'll hear the trumpet sounding
To awake the slumbering dead;
Jesus coming, saints ascending,
And you'll meet the Christ your head;
Meet him with the saints in glory
As you tread those streets of gold,
In that land of ancient story;
God will not forget the world.

Cheer up, Christian, day is coming,
Bright as summer's noontide ray;
When shall dawn the glorious morning
Of a bright eternal day.
Press on in the line of duty,
Calmly march and boldly stand,
For your home's in FADELESS BEAUTY
Just across the GOLDEN STRAND.

HUMAN LIFE.

The life of humanity from the cradel to the grave is full of changes, sometimes we are all joy and happiness and then again for a time a cloud overshadows us. But such is life, a mixture of sunshine and clouds. We need not wish for all sunshine, for such is useless in our position on earth. But it has been very truly remarked that life is what we make it. With some people everything is seen through a jaundiced medium. Nothing affords the satisfaction that it should. Grumbling is truly the spirit of discontent and is the great destroyer of happiness, while on the other hand a cheerful disposition always affords enjoyment and doeth good like medicine.

If we look on with a hopeful aspect it turns a smiling countenance, if we regard it with a settled melancholy, it frowns back with gloomy despair. However, we know that this is the shadeless shadow of existence; and our fancies are always revelling in an ideal world. [O, where would the exercise of strong faith be if there were no clouds, no darkness, no storms, no heart burnings?] And even these vile bodies effect the immortal part. But thank God, though they damp feelings, they cannot shake principles; and one day they shall be fashioned like Christ's glorious body. Let us wait and hope this glorious ultimatum of our warfare. Souls will take an impress from their surroundings train and guide them as you will. We will always be far more happy if we make the best of the circumstances under which we are placed and do not let false views of life, or an unworthy pride prevent us from enjoying all the blessings possible in our situation, and furthermore to learn in whatsoever situation we are placed, to be contented. God has promised to succor his servants in all their weaknes and to deliver them from every snare; but O, how difficult it is for us to realize the verity of the promises. Few of the human family are so lost to the desire of happiness here and beyond as to be willing

> To die like a dull worm to rot;
> And e'en in death to be forgot.

O, heedless one pause and reflect that each day's doings and their consequences are not gone when the day that gave them birth is past. We are sowing each hour the seed from which we are to reap eternally. The sinful thoughts and unholy passions which prompt unrighteous deeds, will undoubtedly glow in burning characters of living fire bofore your reluctant gaze, while unnumbered ages will speed onward. O, what is the use then to stop and play with a thornbush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruit. Happy, indeed, is he who looks upon the bright side of life; and who avoids the thorns, thickets and sloughs until the christian growth is such that if he cannot improve them, he will pass them by unnoticed.

WE'RE GOING HOME.

We're going home, we're going home,
Weary and tired we travel on,
And we shall never falter more
Till we a crown of life have won.
We're going home a happy band;
And we'll forget our trials here,
When we shall reach that better land
In yonder bright and glorious sphere.

We daily tread the ways of life
Encompassed here, with pain and care;
And oft grow faint amid the strife,
With trials that are hard to bear.
But soon our sorrows will be o'er,
Our trials, too will pass away,
And we shall dwell forevermore.
Throughout that long eternal day.

MIRACLES.

A miracle is a deviation from the regular laws of Nature. It has by many been said that *Miracles* are contrary to *the laws of Nature.* To this we deny. We lift our hands by willing it, and it overcomes the law of Nature; and when we don't act upon it, our arm falls to our side. It is a law of attraction that all bodies fall to the earth. Yet we can overcome that law and not interfere with it or set it aside. So likewise God can overcome the laws of nature without interfering or *setting them aside.* It does not follow, when we raise our hands from our sides at pleasure, that we are setting aside the laws of nature, and so in reference to *miracles.* Now the whole system of religion is a system of miracles; and the object of a miracle is to benefit mankind. Even the prophecies are a variety of miracles. And while history is a record of past events, prophecy is a record of events to come. It therefore may justly be termed *prophetic history.*

Miracles have been divided into three parts, viz: popular, philosophic and theological miracles. A popular miracle is a progeny, or something quite extraordinary or wonderful. A philosophic miracle is one that happens in nature, that is not ordinary. A theological miracle is a miracle in the highest sense of the term in which God interferes with the laws of nature. Infidels have endeavored to set aside the force and influence of miracles so far as to establish their own system. For they well know if miracles can be proved *to be true*, then it is also proved that *the Bible is a revelation from God.*

LONGINGS.

Our heart is longing day by day
For that bright home above;
Its distant vales and mountains fair,
Our longing passions move.

Our thirsting spirit longs to breathe,
The living freshness there;
And fain would now our wearied feet
Find rest from pain and care.

And when the storms are gathering round,
And lightnings fiercely play;
And all the powers of Heaven seem
To join in wild affray.

'Tis then we long for brighter worlds,
Where stormy days are o'er;
Beyond the sunset's georgeous gate,
Where they will rise no more.

When friends are snatched from our embrace
And all seems dark and drear;
When thorns and briars throng our way,
And there seems nought to cheer.

O then we long for fairer climes,
Where all is harmony;
Where peace and joy forever reigns,
Throughout Eternity.

Our longing spirit even now,
Would catch a gleaming ray
Beyond the mellowed blaze of morn,
Beyond the lurid close of day.

Fain would we pierce the rifting clouds,
That float across the sky;
And bask mid palaces of gold,
And on green pastures lie.

A little while, we'll long no more,
Indeed 'twill not be long;
And when our longings all are o'er,
We'll join in endless song.

O God! our longing spirit take,
O keep it safely here;
And when we shall from earth go hence,
O take it Over There.

OUR LOVED ONES PASSING AWAY.

Yes, our loved ones, day by day, are going down the stream of time, some of whom have already reached the end of their pilgrimage and are now sleeping in death's cold embrace. We all doubtless have our graves consecrated for the receptacle of our revered and venerated dead, for death only is a fate which none can miss. Oft we linger about the cold white stones, keeping the lonely watch over the remains of those we have so dearly loved, and view the green grass growing over the mounds that hide forever from our sight the forms of those who have so often met our own. Oh ! is there anything on earth more sacred than a sanctified grave? We think of those mouldering back to dust. How we loved them. How the tears like dew drops trickled down our cheeks when we bade them farewell for the last time. But why should we weep in sorrow when God in safety bears them through the pearly gates? We know in that home above the inhabitants sweep their harps of gold and join in singing their songs triumphant.

But then, how natural to weep for our loved ones when they leave us for climes which are to mortal eyes unknown. Some go in life's bright and joyous morning, some at noon, and some at the setting sun. Thus the stars of our hope, our ambition, our prayers, whose light ever shine before us, how soon their places are left empty, cold and dark. Those of them that have bowed to the mild scepter of Prince Immanuel, and having held fast the profession of their faith without wavering, have gone from a world of misery across time's rough and rugged continent, through the cold stream of the Jordan to the land of blessedness and peace. A little while and we too shall follow them. Day after day we journey upward in life's mountain path, set on either side with wild entangled briars and thorns. Hand over hand we grasp, we climb and long to be set free. Our pilgrim feet are often torn by flinty rocks; but upward we still wend our way. Tired and weary we oftimes sigh and weep, desiring to be at rest. A thousand fears come thronging o'er us, lest we should ultimately fail. Would to God we were safe even now beyond this world of anguish, where all toil and danger would be past and God's own hand would wipe away our tears at last; and there amid the angelic host welcome us home to

that land where the glorified ever shall dwell, and the songs of triumph and the Glory to God in the Highest will be a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

ONWARD, BRETHREN.

Onward, onward fellow pilgrims,
There is here no time to loose,
Life each day is growing shorter
And the good we all should choose,—
Choose the good, the bad rejecting,
As we, on Time's ocean ride
Daily striving to gain the harbor,
In that port beyond the tide.

Oh! how many now are resting,
When there's so much to be done;
Precious souls to be instructed,
All the paths of death to shun.
Onward, ever onward brethren,
O why tarry 'long the way?
Those that John saw in his vision,
They had journeyed day by day.

Well they knew that work was needed,
Something noble should be done;
That delays were always dang'rous,
They who would obtain must run,—
You must run the race with patience,
Trusting in the Christian's God;
Fearing not life's bitter trials,
Bravely passing 'neath the rod.

You should not weary here, nor falter,
Bound for Canaan's lovely shore;
Jesus, He will guide you safely,
He will aid you evermore.
O how poor, how frail and trembling,
Tossed upon the tide of woe;
But the Savior, whispers, *Onward!*
Strength He'll give you while below.

Onward then, dear pilgrims onward,
Though your way be rough and drear;
Angels oft are gath'ring round you,
And you, therefore, need not fear,
You must pass through storms and trials,
And through many dangers here
Which on every hand surround you,
But the Lord is always near,—

Yes, He's always near His children,
He is ever by their side;
That amid the stormy billows,
They will safely o'er them glide.
And when all is dark and dreary,
And your trials, you bewail;
Jesus whispers, *I am with you,*
Trust in me you'll never fail.

Onward then, yes, ever onward,
A strong, valiant hearted band;
And by daily persevering,
You will reach that BETTER LAND.
Reach that land without a tempest,
And no longer heave a sigh;
Safely in that blissful harbor,
Where the good will never die.

AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPETH.

Awake! awake! you that are at ease in Zion. Arouse from your state of lethargy! Long have you been blind to the dangers around you; and it is now high time for you to awake out of sleep. Open your eyes and you will quickly observe that danger is nigh, even at your door. You are indeed in a perilous condition, and we wish to aid in sounding the alarm, that possibly you may arise from your slumbering and turn to the living God, who will have mercy, and to our God who will abundantly pardon. There is now no time to loose. Soon you may be doomed to an eternal death. Do you hear it? Yes you hear it; but will you arise? Oh! how can you perish forever? Unless you arise there is no hope of your ever gaining an immortal crown. Unless you respond to the call, there is truly no prospect of your ever escaping the arch enemy of man, nor yet the torments of an endless hell.

Pause if you please and think candidly, remembering to put off your soul's salvation is dangerous work. Life's hour glass will soon run out, and if asleep your soul will be lost! Oh, ye careless and unconcerned, beware! You may, it is true, expect some day to awake, but such scenes generally occur at the dying hour. The charms of earth then gradually fade away, and the poor pilgrim rushes into the dark exclaiming, "It's too late! I'M LOST! I'M LOST!!" Should such a fate be yours, it were better for you if you

had never been born. How much better then to awake in early life and lean upon the kind arm of God.

All, all has been done for your happiness here and your enjoyment beyond earth's sorrows; done, too, by the Son of God, "It is finished." Consequently look to the cross. Behold the dying Lamb! Observe what he has done to save you, and then awake, arise and Christ shall give you rest. Yes, He will save you and give you an incorruptible inheritance among the saints in light. Why then delay? Why put off your eternal interest till an uncertain period? Oh! answer these questions in the fear of the Lord and come to the wise conclusion to be up and doing, that you may ultimately be numbered with those that have come up out of great tribulations, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What happiness will then fill your bosom, and what love will animate your souls continually in being fully assured of coming forth from the embrace of the grave at the glorious sunrise of the resurrection morning.

Rouse, then! rouse! rouse to action!
Arm you for the pending strife.

And when fully equipped, and engaged in christian warfare, we would add the following beautiful words of a christian poet:

Fight on, you conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
To endless day.

THE CROSS.

Jesus the Christ
For sinners slain;
Now our High Priest,
Who lives again.
He spilt his blood
On Calvary's Mount
That He salvation to all might give;
To open up a crystal fount
That weary ones might drink and live;
Might live beyond the narrow tomb—
Beyond this world of pain and gloom,
For us He bore so many frowns.

For us He wore
A crown of thorns,
For us He bled,
Suffered and cried,
For us He plead,
Was crucified.
For us He endured
The shameful cross,
When from each pore
He suffered loss.
The blood ran down,
A crystal fount,
All gathered round
Him on the Mount.
But soon they fled,
And He alone
Was with the dead.
His work was done.
Yet now He lives,
He dwells in love,
No more to die,
He reigns above.
Thus has He shown
The way to heav'n.
To bear the cross
Life will be given.
Come then and bow
Before the Lord,
Have faith in Him,
Obey His word,
And you a crown
Of life shall wear,
Beyond the reach of pain and care;
And there the Lamb of God adore,
And dwell with Him for evermore.

SELF EXAMINATION.

"Let a man examine himself," is the language of the inspired volume. It is one of the injunctions which we would do well to observe in our pilgrimage through life, and it is quite certain were it oftener observed, we would see more of our fellow beings walking circumspectly and attending to every ordinance of the Lord's house. Now we may feel as though we were living in conformity to the requirments of the Lord, notwithstanding we may be daily wandering from the path of duty and rectitude. It appears to be so difficult to persuade ourselves, or even to be persuaded by others, to do our whole duty. This is one reason we see so many on their death beds trying to gain at that critical period an abundant en-

trance into that ever rich and luxuriant land where all is joy, peace and happiness. They are then brought, as it were, to their senses, and enabled to see themselves in their true light by undergoing a rigid examination. Thus it is that afflictions prove beneficial to us by enabling us to prepare for an eternity of bliss beyond the grave.

Self examination consists in studying and examining ourselves in the light of God's word. Were this more frequently attended to, there would be far more christian's in the world; for an individual may be regarded as an acceptable member of the Church, and he may feel as though his life conformed in all essential matters with the requirements of the gospel, while in the light of truth he is but too idle and unfruitful in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. Hence, we see the great importance of adopting a regular course for examining ourselves in order that we may be pure, holy and undefiled, and ready to enjoy the society of the celestial country.

The more we are engaged in examining ourselves and comparing our works with the word of God, the greater will be the opportunities for doing good; and we will be greatly enabled to live in obedience to all the commandments of God. Would it not be well to make out our reports at the close of every day, always keeping a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Then we would always be in readiness for the dying hour, with our lamps trimmed and burning, having on the wedding garments, with our robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

By examining ourselves we will be greatly enabled to progress in the divine life. But we should remember that we are not to compare ourselves with others, even though they may be good men. Not unfrequently we have heard the following remark: "Why, what is the use of being so strict? Mr.————is a good man, and he is not so particular." To all such we say that the word of God which shall judge us in the last day, is the standard and the only standard by which we are to examine ourselves and reform our lives. We are required to look into the perfect law of liberty, and continue therein. Then, and not till then, have we the promise of being blessed in our deeds.

It requires a great deal of energy and a considerable amount of attention paid to the Bible in order for a christian to know himself. We should also certainly pay more regard to the duty of watchfulness and self examination. We would then have a greater

desire to study the Scriptures, and thereby be enabled to be more faithful and devoted to the service of Christ. Too many professed christians study the Scripture but little, and very many who do study them, do not do it to show themselves approved unto God. They appear to have a desire simply to learn doctrines and defend certain principles. Alas, for such!

Therefore we exhort you to daily read the Scriptures, and at the same time by comparing your actions with its sacred truths, you can easily perceive whether you are living as you ought, in order to obtain that rich reward promised to the redeemed. For instance, when we read the Apostolic injunction, "Pray without ceasing," we should ask ourselves the question, "Do we always pray?" Again we are required to be watchful in everything, to give thanks, to speak the truth in love, to lay aside all malice, hypocrisies, enveyings, backbiting, eavil speaking, &c. How very important then that we examine our thoughts, our words, our deeds and our aims to know whether we are living in strict conformity to the will of Him "who was, and is, and ever more shall be."

Soon our days will be numbered—soon our work will be ended. And soon too we will stand an examination before the judge of quick and dead. What solemnity pervades our inmost soul to think of this? How careful we ought to be, to so fit and prepare ourselves here by frequent and thorough examinations that when brought before the God of Heaven and Earth for a final examination, we may be enabled to stand the test and receive the prize, a crown of glory to be enjoyed forever.

HOW SOON WE FADE AND DIE.

And is this all of life? How soon we fade and die.
  And then our fond hopes disappear;
How tender is the tie, how soon we all do lie
  With those that we revere.

The deep, dark clouds, how vast! God's purposes divine,
  Though living faith can only see
The light across the sky. Beyond the just design
  What He does now decree.

Oh! how past finding out, are all the ways of Him
  With whom we daily have to do,
And oh His mighty hand, how oft our eyes are dim
  When'er we sigh adieu.

But then He will not break the bruised shaken reed,
For He well knows our feeble frame;
And hence He always gives the chastisement we need,
In mercy's loving name,

Will not the righteous judge of all the earth do right?
He only takes the ones He gave;
And all His children's tears are precious in his sight,
And He has power to save.

He justly saves his own from all the countless snares
In life's unbounded cares and ills;
And thus in wisdom guides, and always kindly bears
With all our stubborn wills.

How many spirits here have found a heavenly home,
Where dwells the sanctified and blest;
A better home beyond the fleeting things of time
And an eternal rest.

It seems we all must weep and drench our heart with tears,
But then He'll give to us relief;
And we will go to Him, for we've no slavish fears,
He'll banish all our grief.

BEYOND THE JORDAN.

With what thrilling emotions do we contemplate the mighty conquest of our Savior over death, hell and the grave, inasmuch as we are only pilgrims upon the earth expecting some day to pass over the Jordan. In view of this our joys on earth are only transitory. No wonder Solomon should have said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit" in addition to the words of Job, "Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadows, and continueth not."

How our hearts, then, should swell with emotions of gratitude when we think of the glorious—the gracious plan of redemption. When we think of Him who gave His Son to die for man, and who for blackest human guilt, brings forth smiling peace and immortality. Rejoice, O, my soul, rejoice in the wonders of His love: for everlasting, eternal praise is due unto Him who made a perfect redemption for man by obtaining a glorious victory over temptations, death, hell and the grave to procure for him eternal felicity.

In sailing down the stream of time we see in the distant future the swelling flood of Jordan, and as it comes nearer and nearer to

our view we hear the solemn words in mournful tones repeated, "I was born to be sad"; notwithstanding we are assured that just beyond the Jordan lies the Heavenly Land, the Holy City, the New Jerusalem. A most glowing description is given of that far famed country by the Apostle John in which we are informed that none but the pure and holy can enter that blessed abode—those only whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. How all-important, then, that we should be living in conformity to the will of God. We all ought to be happy, and be continualy living in halcyon tranquility. The storms of boisterous mirth—the wild shout of revelry—the tumult of excitement are not designed to be permanent; and like a beggared monarch, the devotee of pleasure, after a night of gaiety and debauch, feels the vacuum, mourns over joys that are fled, and lives only in anticipating their return. Christianity is not chained to lordly palaces, to massive plate, to delicious wines, to sumptuous banquets. Like the sweet violet, it loves the shady bank, and vies there in loveliness with the blue heavens that smile above it. The cottage is oft the seat of tranquil joy when the palace is reft with the pick-axe of discord, political controversy or ambition.

Every day we should be endeavoring to qualify ourselves for the eternal world. Our daily study should be to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly, and to be guided by the light of revelation. In the language of Dr. Guthrie "I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveller on his way in that valley through which we've all to pass. Commend me, therefore to the light which illumes the last hour of life—commend me to the light that can irradiate the face of death—commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the lights thereof.

Let each of us now pause and reflect for a moment over our past lives, going through a rigid examination, comparing our actions with the immortal truths that adorn the sacred page, that we may know whether we are prepared to cross the Jordan and enjoy the heavenly society which occupy the county lying beyond its cold stream.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks are to fly upwards."

"Yet there are few of us who do not dream of a time when, relieved from annoyance, burden and grievance, we may repose on a bed of roses with nothing to do but to enjoy the delight of living. The husbandman thinks when his acres are clear of mortgages, or are raised to a certain degree of fertility, or are brought near the great centres of commerce by new lines of railroads that his days of struggle will be over. His wife, burdened with the care of young children, anticipates the time when they will be helps instead of hindrances; the boy looks forward to the freedom and dignity of manhood, and the girl to the blessedness of being a young lady in society, or the center of another home; and thus through all grades and classes of society, "man never is but always to be blessed."

The very conditions of our lives on this planet are those of conconflict toil and struggle. Man was placed here to subdue the earth, but, in addition to that, he has since to subdue himself, which of the two, is by far the most difficult task; and this earth will never be the Heaven we fancy, until, to a greater or less extent, each individual has accomplished for himself these two prime objects. To aid us in achieving this mighty work we have science, philosophy, religion and we need them all; the first to give intelligent direction to our physical toil, the second to anable us to bear patiently the difficulties and annoyances which beset us while thus toiling, and the last to assure us that all the dicipline of life is for our good, and will sooner or later be recompensed with due reward.

However secure from trouble the lives of the rich and great may seem, they are really infested with as much annoyance and as many cares as those of lower degree. Now the sooner we make up our minds to accept the evil with the good, to walk over snow and mud and dust as on June lawns, and under stormy clouds and skies, as though they glowed with radiant light, through thorny paths as along flower bordered parterres, the better for us and the higher is the plane along which we travel. The dust and the storm and the thorns need not keep eternal sunshine from resting on the soul; nay, they may be the ministries which shall lift the spirit above the fleeting, the sordid, the material, into that "region mild, of calm and serene air, where bright aerial spirits live insphered." While our hands are busied with the toils of daily life, our eyes blinded with its dust, our feet bleeding by reason of the roughness of the way, and we stagger along overweighted with burdens that press us

to the very dust, the soul may make its own Heaven and triumph over every evil, transforming it by celestial alchemy into only good.

Doubtless "happiness is our being's end and aim," but that happiness which deserves the name is wrought only through hardship, toil, and struggle. But there are many things calculated to cheer the Christian onward to the very verge of the Jordan. And though while standing on its brink horror may pass through every avenue of his system, yet he remembers that Jesus, the blessed Savior has gone on before, and has promised to be with all those who put their trust in Him.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are."
"And as Christ our Saviour rose
So all His followers must."

"But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and lewd persons, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." We have often thought while reading these and similar passages of scripture, how utterly impossible it would be for those who have no taste for Christian society here to enjoy the society of the just made perfect. Instead of its being a place of enjoyment to them it would certainly be a place of torment. It is these characters which sing the words.

"I'm very sad, no joy for me."

While on the other hand the christian can rejoice in the hour of tribulation, disease and death, having the full assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

The occupation of the inhabitants beyond tho Jordan has been a subject of much controversy. One man's opinion is about as good as another's on such subjects, and it would appear that the only safe ground to occupy, is to keep close to the bible on bible ground. If it were absolutely necessary to our happiness it would most certainly be revealed. God knows what is best for us, and consequently it is better to have a "thus saith the Lord" for every position we occupy. Let us then listen to John the Apostle: "After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands and they cried out with a loud voice saying: This salvation be ascribed to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne and about the elders, and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God saying: Amen; blessings, and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving, and honor, and power. and might be unto our God throughout all ages, amen." Further than this we are not informed, consequently we will be compelled to leave it here and disregard all speculations. How many pages too have been written about the intermediate state and the location of heaven, much of which have tended to bewilder rather than enlighten the understanding. Our highest object should be to live to enjoy the society of the redeemed beyond the grave. We have no reason to fear that the future world will not be right, inasmuch as it has been planned by infinite wisdom and goodness. But we have greater reason to fear that we shall never be ready to enjoy that blessed abode unless we obey the commands of God, which will certainly fit and prepare us for such a great and glorious event.

Oh! how comforting to all God's children to know that their Saviour, who is revealed to them in the Gospel, has gone to prepare, and has prepared, mansions in the skies for all those who love him. What a glorious, soul-stirring, heart-cheering thought to the awakened sinner, inasmuch as he, too, is privileged to comply with God's requisitions, and thus be enabled after death to arise from the crumbling urn, come forth robed in white, mount up to God as on eagle's wings, and run over the hills of paradise! Hallelujah! Crossing the Jordan is but the threshold of eternity—the portals of Heaven.

In conclusion, we exhort you to labor to this end, ever making preparation to cross the stream. Do not delay. You cannot be too sure in being prepared for so solemn an event. Then in the last day you will mingle your voices with the exultant shouts of the saved, forever and ever.

ON THE SCORE OF LOVING MEMORIES.

To Mr. and Mrs. Matthias Konkle, jr., of Beamsville, Ont.

The loveliest tints of earth and sky
May in our childhood dreams appear;
Fond joy allures the happy eye,
And music captivates the ear.

Pleasures fill up the transient hours,
But these will always have an end,
And sorrows too, sometimes are ours
And then how sweet to have a friend.

Just such a friend as you have been,
Who've cheered my heart when pierced with pain,
How very few like you I've seen
Survive the fickleness of men.

At times we little prize the worth
Of friends, the world seems bright and fair,
And then we think that mother earth
Will give us pain with little care.

In youth what do we know of life?
Our hearts are filled with hope and joy,
But soon we find this world has strife
Which oft our happiness destroy.

We all have had a summer friend
Who cheered us in a summer day;
But upon such how few depend
When trials throng our pilgrim way.

Yes, when the days of sorrow come,
And earth does ill repay us here,
'Tis then we look beyond the tomb,
Beyond the reach of pain or fear.

And now with pleasure I recall
The happy days I spent with you,
And sigh that e're my lot did fall
To part with friends so kind and true.

But then I look beyond this world,
Where we shall dwell in perfect peace,
Among the pure and sanctified
In that bright home of joy and bliss.

Till then, may you and I press on,
And never falter by the way,
And when a crown of life we've won
We'll then enjoy *that happy day*.

GOD.

The term *God* literally signifies *The Good*; but in its fullest sense, in all probability, it means an Infinite, Absolute Spirit or person—the Self-existent Infinite, Absolute, Intelligent cause of all being—an Eternal, Self-existent, Infinite, Absolute Person, Spirit or Mind, who controls, governs and sustains all being, and who is infinite in

his being, perfections and attributes. The correct idea of God would undoubtedly be a correct idea of such a being. However, it is supposed by some that as these words *God* and *good* are written exactly alike in the Anglo-Saxon, that this name was applied to the Supreme Being on account of his goodness, especially as he is the one that is eternally good. Hence, the expressions of the Savior, "He alone is good."

It was said of Simonides, the poet and philosoper, that he was one time asked *what God was*, by Dionysius, the great tryant of Sicily. He desired one day to consider it previous to making his reply. But when the day was expired he desired two days, and afterwards instead of returning the answer, demanded still twice as much time to consider it. We furthermore learn that the more he thought of Him who created the heavens and the earth, and who is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, the farther he wandered from arriving at any just conception or conclusion concerning the Almighty. This was doubtless, owing to the fact that he viewed him merely by the light of reason and philosophy. Nevertheless, when this is correctly done, we find in Him all the pefection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion whatever of any kind of spiritual perfection, but what we discover in our own souls, we consequently, join infinitude to each kind of these pefections, and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God.

There are indeed various theories at the present day concerning the Almighty. But it is very evident that all infidel notions and theories conflicting with the inspired volume have only tended to bewilder them than enlighten the intellect. How absurd and disgusting are the conclusions of Darwin respecting man's origin to one who is familiar with the divine historian. And how simple too is the theory of Buffon and other savans of the same school, by which they attempt to account for the origin of the earth, to those who are acquainted with the writings of those men of God who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Now deep as they have delved in the mysteries of nature, clearly as they have pretended to understand her laws, there is much that they have not yet learned, much that they cannot comprehend. Linking together the scattered facts which they have observed, they try to weld them into a chain of laws by which life evolves itself from matter, and through a series of natural and inevitable changes develope into the countless forms which we

now see. They assert that the universe was at first a vast chaos of gaseous matter, but that by the workings of the laws of repulsion and attraction it resolved itself into spheres which went whirling into orbits, and that by the natural chemical transformations to which all matter is subject, they solidified themselves into worlds. Furthermore these self-important scientists also assert that where the ultimate atoms of certain gases are brought into contact, life is the result, a very low and imperfect form of vegetable life which they term protoplasm, but life nevertheless, and this weak atom of life having been formed, growth is the result; and from that growth by those processes which they profess to have discovered, have been developed all the forms of animal and vegetable life.

Now a question of very great moment arises. *Who created those indestructable gaseous elements from which scientists claim that the whole universe has been evolved?* Now it is very certain that no one unaided by the light of revelation can solve satisfactorily this great problem. And then again we might submit other questions. *Is it easier to suppose matter possessed of infinite wisdom, and governing itself by laws in which all the combined wisdom of man can find no fault than to believe in an omniscient God?* We do most certainly believe that it is far easier to accept the truth that God exists. But then how many times we are told of the workings of natural laws. But in the very nature of things does it not follow that the term *law* presupposes a *law giver*, a being who has the power to make and execute laws? Most assuredly it does. What then is that powerful force? for it is but one and the same force, though known under the various names of attraction, repulsion and gravitation, which keeps this vast machinery in working order. Why it is the will of God holding every particle of matter in the universe in its proper place. Philosophers may indeed arm themselves with all the combined wisdom of mortals, and guided by all the light which science can shed, grope as far as they may into the silence and darkness of that mysterious beginning, but then the only answer that they will ever hear will be the words echoing down from the heights of infinity, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The Psalmist in speaking to Him says:

> "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
> And whither shall I flee from Thy presence?
> If I ascend the heavens, Thou art there;
> If I make my bed in the abyss,

Behold Thou art there;
And if I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the extreme parts of the ocean,
There also thy hand shall lead me
And Thy right hand shall hold me."

But the Psalmist is here viewing Him in the light of revelation, as the One boundless in wisdom, in majesty and power. But then, had God our Creator no beginning? Of all the deep thoughts that have entered into the mind of man since creation's dawn, there is none so grand as this. An eternal God, from everlasting to everlasting. A Creator who was never created. In fact however far we stretch our imagination there was a time when all things began, and consequently of necessity there must have been a Creator. Yet how strange that so many claiming to be philosophers cast aside revelation as an imposition because they cannot fathom this mystery; and declare that the Universe created itself by the working of natural laws. Oh! preposterous vanity! Well might the Psalmist say, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." And shall we, too, say the same because our frail minds cannot grasp the problems of infinity? No, never!

But where can we find a history of the creation if not in the Volume of Inspiration? It is nowhere else to be found for the learning of the East is dumb, yet the Bible speaks to us, and tells us of the birth of time—how something out of nothing was produced—how light sprang out of darkness, and order from confusion came—how earth, air and seas were peopled with their several hosts—how man received the breath of life, and stood erect, the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals. From this we are led to conclude that there is no end to the greatness of God, who, in the language of the Prophet, "is glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing wonders." The most exalted creature he has made is not capable of comprehending it; and when we raise our conception of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to extend, even then we shall fail, for the Lord is terrible and marvelous in His power. How, then, shall we be able to magnify him, inasmuch as He is great above all His works? When we glorify the Lord we may exalt Him as much as we can, and even then will He far exceed; for He has spoken the most sublime oracle that was ever announced to the world,as recorded by the Prophet, "I Am that I Am."

God is our Creator, and when we view him as such we need not

wonder that the Psalmist should have said, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Now as man has fallen, it is very evident that God is not only the author of our existence, but he is likewise the author of religion as revealed to us in the Bible. We know that the question has sometimes been asked, *By whom was religion revealed?* Was it by the magicians of Egypt, the Maji of Persia, Budha of India, Confucius of China, Socrates of Greece, Mahommed of Arabia, or was it by Jesus of Palestine? However old the world may be, its recorded religions are before us, and have been telling upon its destiny for thousands of years. Is there one God and one religion? or one God and many religions. Look over the history of Egypt, of the Hindoos, the Chinese; of Persia, Greece, Rome and Arabia, and see what are the fruits of their religions. Is there any religion to-day lifting up the race? If so, who is its author? The answer must come back from every informed and candid man, *It* is *Jesus*. He is the Prince of Peace and Prince of the most high God. And by faith in him and in his word, we are enable to hear the morning stars sing together and all the sons of God shout for joy. We see the grand panorama of the drama of Creation, move off at the first fiat of Jehovah. Orb after orb dances forth from the plastic hand of the Creator. Worlds and systems of worlds move off in perfect order, singing as they go: "The hand that formed us is Divine." Oh! what a morning that must have been when the voice of God was heard saying, "*Let* there be light," and light, with its curiously blended colors, flashed along the sky, and the very words as they echoed broke the stillness of eternity.

It is indeed very evident from all that we see that the touches of a Divine pencil may be clearly traced, dipped as it is in the celestial colors, in the structure of man and in the whole realm of creation. We learn from both nature and revelation, that the Lord is infinitely good and transcendently glorious. The Jews it is said held this name in such great reverence that they would not allow it to enter into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of the name GOD without any hesitation or reverence in the common frivolous conversation from day to day. It is enough to make the heart to shudder to be in the presence of those who indulge in profane swearing—taking the name of God in vain. It would be an affront to reason in a great mersure to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very men-

tion of it exposes itself sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature is not wholly extinguished, for He is the rock and all his ways are perfect. He is the God of truth without iniquity and his ways are judgment. He is truly glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing wonders. The heavens declare His glory and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork.

O, Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight:
Thou only God—there is no God beside.
Being above all beings; Mighty One
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fills existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God and know no more.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation—all
Spring forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life—all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wast, and shall be, glorious, great,
Light giving—life sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath,
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee:
And as the spangles in the starry ray
Shine round the silver snows, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

Thou art directing, guiding all Thou art!
Direct our understanding then to Thee;
Control our spirit—guide our wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still we are something fashioned by Thy hand;
We hold a middle rank twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

Thou Spirit of our spirit, and our Lord:
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled us with an immortal soul—to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
The heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source—to Thee—Its Author, there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
Though worthless our conceptions are of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God ! thus alone our lowly thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good.
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the soul is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

ALONE BUT NOT ALONE.

The day has past and gone. Darkness has thrown her gloomy mantle on all around. Not a star is visible throughout the vault of heaven, and we are alone. Oh ! how full of fears and sadness, too, are those hours of solitude. Notwithstanding, oftimes it is sweet to retire from the busy scenes of life for quiet meditation, and commune with God. There we can school our hearts aright, and profit by our retirement. We can think of the days that have forever flown, and of everything that we have done which will be revealed in the day of eternity when the books are opened and all secrets revealed.

Alone ! yes, alone ! No one is near to offer a cheering word. We are not alone. No, for the Father is with us. He who is omnipresent has promised to be with all those who put their trust in Him. Happy, then, are they who can in truth say, *we are never alone.* How wretched and miserable are those who can look towards heaven without feeling that God sees and owns them as his dutiful children.

Alone ! no, not alone ! for God our Maker accompanies us not only in prosperity, but also in adversity. He continually directs our wandering footsteps, and leads us along the shady bowers of righteousness. There we can bathe in the pure waters of peace, and drink deep draughts from the crystal fount that can never be drained. We listen for a moment in the stillness of the night. All is quiet as death—not a stir. But hark ! do you not hear those gentle whispers ? It is the voice of the Savior, " My peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you." Again, do you not hear a fluttering voice close at hand ? Aye ! these are the angels hovering around. They are God's ministering spirits. They often soothe our aching hearts, causing us to exclaim in holy rapture, Alleluia ! *We are not alone, for the Father is with us.*

YOUTH.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN WHILE AT THE FRIENDS' SEMINARY.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to mould aright our ways,
And learn with care His precious word
While yet we're in our childhood days.

Is the time for to prepare
Ourselves for active service here;
And labor on with patient care
Till we can reach that heav'nly sphere.

And may our paths be ever straight
While in this world we onward move.
And we'll enjoy the Lord's estate
When we shall reach that home above.

O let us never here forget
But always we should bear in mind,
That just as the young twig is bent
So is the aged tree inclined.

Remember snares are on our track,
Youth cannot very long remain,
And though we may yet wish it back,
It ne'er will come to us again.

Then let us strive, for time flies fast,
To fit ourselves for manhoods prime,
And when our days on earth are past
We'll then enjoy a happy clime.

There on the ever shining shore,
Where all the saints of God shall rest,
We'll shout and sing glad anthems o'er
And dwell forever 'mong the blest.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

The Apostle John says: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is; And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." And the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Church at Ephesus says, "Even as ye are called in *one hope* of your calling." And in his letter to the church at Rome, he remarks that tribulations worketh patience, and patience experience, and ex-

perience *hope*, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy spirit which is given unto us." From these quotations it is evident that the Christian who bows to the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, and walks in obedience to his commandments and ordinances blamelessly, has a *hope* that is worth more to him than all the gold of Ophir, or the cedars of Lebanon. And they who possess this hope shine brighter than the richest diamonds that ever glistened in christendom, for she is ever brightening their paths with her effulgent beams that lead to the celestial realms of bliss—the saints sweet home in Heaven.

O, Hope, celestial visitant, imparting to the young half their happiness and vivacity, and to old age a blessed assurance of a home beyond the regions of earth in the great hereafter. If hope were taken away, a blank would be left which it would be impossible to fill. And one would indeed think that the aged after having witnessed so many wishes unrealized, and expectations blasted, would no more listen to the syren song of pleasure; but on the contrary even the dying man still clings to this eternal principle. And then, as the lamp blazes brightest when gleaming its last, so the spark of hope flies heavenward and is rekindled upon the altar of eternity.

Hope is truly the connecting link between the past and the future; carries her consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon; smiles serenely on the bed of sickness, sustains in every period of life, and sheds its grateful radiance around the pillow of the dying. It blooms in every season of existence. and like the evergreen it preserves its verdure throughout the year. How bright and beautiful is that hope that meets the shadowy future, without fear, which come to us amid storms and darkness to tell us we have a friend in our dear Redeemer. Well might the Apostle Paul declare that she is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered; even Jesus made an high priest forever. Yes, truly she is an anchor of the soul by which we can ride secure the stormy waves of time, buoying us up in the hour of tribulation, disease and death, continually illuminating our labyrinthic march to the world of celestial spirits. And when the dark waves of the sea of Gallilee rush upon us and threaten to engulf us, and dash our little bark upon the towering billows, she still points us onward to a haven of sweet

repose. Then as the storms increase, and the convulsive and tumultuous swells with convolving motions roll, she with her twin sister Faith stands with magic wand pointing like the Roman James looking backward and forward.

Faith looks back to the days of old, when the prophets of God saw in their visions of the future, the dear Savior in peerles majesty and excellency forsake his Father's courts to save a lost and ruined world. Yes, filled with condescending love, He visited our earth that we might be saved from death and hell and enjoy at last a home, a rich inheritance in that land of the blest. Hope always looks forward to the future—to the days of unbroken sunshine, where the redeemed of the Lord will dwell forever.

But, then, *what is hope?* Or, are there many hopes? We answer, there is but one hope, and this hope is the Chrsitian's hope, But again, *what is the Christian's hope?* Why it is the hope of immortality and eternal life. Or in the language of the Apostle Paul, "The hope of the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Hope is composed of desire and expectation. The Christian anticipates the day and looks forward with ecstatic joy, animated by the influence of the exalted passion, whose inspiration makes glad the aching, sorrowing, bleeding, heart-stricken one, and points him on to hallowed bliss, unsullied and undimmed amid the skies.

Hope, has very justly been termed by the Apostle Paul, the "helmet of salvation." And in his letter to the Ephesians, he exhorts them to take it in their warfare against the arch enemy of souls, who goes around like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. And when gloom, impenetrable gloom, confines us in its spell, when earthly securities seem to fail, and streams of sublunary bliss dry up, this heavenly attribute revives us by the way, and with its effulgent beams divine, lights up the path which leads on to the Eternal City. But before the Christian reaches his destination—reaches his happy home on high—he has great trials to undergo, as it is through tribulations he enters the everlasting kingdom of God. And it is trials and tribulations that fit and prepare the Christian, and thus make him pure for the enjoyment of the Holy City. Tribulations are indispensably necessary in the acquirement of high Christian attainments. They work patience, patience experience, and experience hope.

The Patriarchs possessed this noble attribute and died in the hope

of heaven. The Jews also possessed it. Daniel's piercing glance beheld the ancient of days, and even Job caught a glimpse of the future glory in the golden age of humanity. He asked the very important question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Now, no question would be more natural to ask than this one, because our eternal felicity hinges here, and we rejoice in the prospect of that grand inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled and unfading, beyond the shadows of death.

But again, what is the ground of the Christian's hope? This is truly a very important question, and one of immense value. Paul tells us, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and you are yet in your sins." From this you will please observe that the resurrection of Christ—his mighty conquest over death, hell, and the grave—is the foundation of the Christian's hope. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." The righteous, we are told, have hope in his death. But the hope of the wicked is confined to earth—it is confined to this life and perishes at the approach of death—at the very brink of the grave. Paul tells us, "If we have hope only in this life, we are of all men most miserable." True, the hope of meeting friends, the hope of better days are dear to the soul, but the hope of immortality is an angelic friend, ever consoling the care-worn pilgrim onward to the climes above.

Hope is sometimes used as synonymous with the term *wish*. We hear, not unfrequently, individuals say that they hope to be saved. But it is truly a faint hope and soon perishes down the dark lane of life. Then it is that

Hope withering flies, and mercy sighs *farewell*!

How very soon the strong hopes of youth die away. Yes, and when life's meridian is reached the vigor of manhood quickly decays while the hopes of old age soon depart and leave the poor pilgrim to journey along through the dark portals of death. Thus one by one our earthly hopes die away and soon eternity comes. O, how solemn the thought! Like hail stones the days drop from the clouds of time to fall cold and dreary into the fathomless past. Each day is a life—a history. The hopes of the morning are very often tears by night—the air castles of Monday are frequently graves by Saturday night. Alas! too oft. Alas that such should be the

case! Still we know that God gives us everything necessary to our comfort here; but above all the golden Christian's hope. All our earthly hopes desert us—soon they pass away. But the Christian's hope, twin sister of immortality, is ours to enjoy throughout life's fleeting journey, to bear us dry and happy through the dark waters of the Jordan. Blessed, then, be the Christian's hope, and blessed be the rights which call us to her sacred altar.

The Christian's hope is the main spring of the Christian's life. She has achieved some of the mightiest conquests and put forth some of the most heroic efforts to save the perishing lost ones of earth. Oh! have you no hope dear brother? Seek for the precious boon. Beckon her to your side. She will repay your pains. Life is, indeed, hard enough at best—but hope—God be praised—will lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its raging billows. Part with all beside, but keep your hope, the anchor of the soul.

Hope is certainly beautiful—beautiful beyond the powers of imagination. She is always telling us that we were born for immortality, and destined to the highest and noblest happiness. She tells us that yonder in the distant future are scenes more wondrous still, suspended on the very verge of time; when Jesus in the clouds of heaven, with myriads of his angels shall make his second flight to earth to invite his ransomed people home. Then, and not till then, will the Christian fully realize his blessed, undying hope. Yes, and even when he is dying, hope will lift her fingers to the portals of the sky, breathing unspeakable words of the glory and the grandeur of that land of undying pleasure where the Christian filled with the glorious hope, shall arise triumphant, "amid the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," to join with that innumerable multitude of all kindreds, tribes and tongues that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, shall enter those pearly gates, and there abide forever. Press on, then, dear brother, press on with the golden anchor hope, daily striving to gain the desired port. Look to the Saviour. Put your trust in Jesus. Walk in wisdom's ways. Yield not to temptation. Look away to the last days of time—to the judgment, and on to your eternal home. Such indeed is the Christian's hope.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving Remembrance of our kind and affectionate mother, Mrs. Martha Potter, wife of Mr. Peter Valleau, who died February 10th, 1879.

Too soon hast thou left us, fond mother,
And deep sorrow has filled us with pain;
Yet brightness looms up in our pathway
As we think of our meeting again.

We think of thy days of affliction,
Which so long thou didst patiently bear;
Thy kindness and meekness of spirit,
Which prepared thee to dwell Over There.

Our thoughts, they will ever and anon
Wander back to the home of our youth,
And see thee so cheerful and happy,
Beloved mother, in deed and in truth.

'Tis then that thy words of affection,—
They will find a place deep in our heart,
While in kindness and beauty unbroken,
They can never, no never depart.

And still in our ears your tones linger,
Ever floats on the air the sweet strain;
To such as obey the dear Savior,
They will meet Over Yonder again.

Yet can it thus be, O kind mother!
That thy place will be filled nevermore?
Thy voice remain silent forever?
That thy journey on earth will be o'er?

Yes, thy place will always be vacant,
And thy voice remain silent in death;
While thy spirit will dwell in the mansions,
Where our life is by no means a breath.

'Tis thus that our friends all do perish,
And molder in death and decay;
While all that we tenderly cherish,
Are continually passing away.

Soon the dawning of Spring we shall welcome,
But alas! its delights thou'lt not share;
The music of wild birds will echo,
But thou'lt know nought of earth or its care,

And when the plants open their leaflets,
And the violets bloom on thy bed;
Earth will then put on her carpet of green,
While thy form will repose with the dead.

For in the lone grave we laid sadly,
Thy cold, lifeless, yet beautiful clay ;
And left it to sleep till the dawning
Of that lovely millennial day.

O, our hearts will long for thee MOTHER,
Tis our loss but thy infinite gain ;
For in the blest home, thou hast entered,
There will neither be sorrow nor pain.

But though we now mourn thy departure,
Such a sudden transition away,
Yet rays of hope, beaming with gladness
Oft will cheer us along while we stay.

And O t'will console us Dear Mother,
For to know, thou wert reading God's word,
When the summons came for the exit,
Breaking asunder the frail silver cord.

Yet mid the strong ties that are broken,
Still our Faith shall unshaken remain ;
Whilst Hope with unwavering finger,
Ever points to our meeting again.

We now bid thee adieu ! *Loving Mother*,
And sigh as we pronounce the *farewell* ;
For Father, how oft he will miss thee,
Whilst longer on earth he shall dwell.

All join in the last farewell, Mother ;
And then echo wafts back the refrain,
In the promise our Savior has given
Of a meeting in Heaven again.

THE PEN OF HEAVEN.

How awfully solemn, and O how it thrills the very soul to think of that pen that inscribed all our acts performed while here on earth, in that great record, contained in the very archives of heaven ! It would certainly appear from our actions that we seldom thought of the fact, that for every idle word, we shall be required to give an account to God in the day of judgment. And not only for every idle word, but also for every deed, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Would to God that we were all duly impressed with this solemn fact. What a great check and what a great stimulus it would be in guarding us from the evils of this life, thus enabling us with renewed vigor to march onward and upward to that land where saints shall dwell in blissful communion, and where their glory

shall be undimmed by the flight of time to shine forth with redoubled splendor.

It is truly evident from the inspired volume that we shall at some future day meet all that we have done in this life, both good and bad. In this respect, the pen of heaven differs from our own pens. We place upon record our good deeds, leaving the bad to pass into oblivion. But a time is coming when all of them shall be revealed. The graves will give up their dead, and those who have long slumbered beneath the briny deep shall come forth, while from the tombs of oblivion, the past will give up all that it holds in keeping, to be witness for or against us. O how it strikes us with awe when we think that there is such a pen writing all that we say or do! No wonder then that we should so often pray for the Lord to blot out all our sins from the book of remembrance, and remember them against us no more. But would it not be well for us oft to bear this in mind? Surely it would prompt us to do better. It would be a strong curb in keeping our wandering footsteps in the path of virtue, and consequently would make our journey through this vale of tears much more agreeable by causing us to avoid the thousand snares, hidden paths, and cataracts which obstruct our way to the Spirit Land. But to get a faint idea of the record that is daily kept against us, let us for one day at least write all that we say, or do, and in the evening, by reading it, we will find that we have said and done things beneath the dignity of a Christian. It will be a good lesson for us and will enable us to go on to perfection, that we may ultimately cross the Jordan in peace and safety, and finally be welcomed home amid the anthem of angels and the music of the heavenly choir.

CHILDREN MAKE YOUR PARENTS HAPPY.

Children make your parents happy,
Cheer them ever on the way;
Cheer them with sweet words of comfort,
While they with you longer stay.
Their hearts here oft-times are heavy,
Burdened with a load of grief;
While they weary amid life's trials,
Which you oft can give relief.

Children make your parents happy,
Aid them in their daily care;
Let not pleasures here deter you,
From performing, well your share.
O remember, yes, remember,
That obedience cheers the heart.
While an act of disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children make your parents happy,
Think how hard they toiled for you;
How they labored for your comfort,
And were always kind and true.
Soon they'll leave you, yes they'll leave you;
For their brows as marked with care;
See how they are always deepening;
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children make your parents happy,
Soon their journey will be run;
Then fond mem'ries you will cherish,
When labor here is done.
O the joy, the peace, the comfort,
Springing up within the heart;
When you've made your parents happy,
Having kindly done your part.

Then daily strive to make them happy
O begin at once, I pray;
Render quick and sweet obedience,
Please them do in every way,
Never will you find, dear children,
Long as you shall dwell on earth
Friends more true, more kind or faithful,
Than the ones who gave you birth.

THE DEAD CHILD.

"Death flies on every passing breeze,
And lurks on every flower."

Oh! how frequently he lays his cold merciless hand on the brow of prattling childhood, blooming with the smiles of Heaven, and radiant with the sunniest charms of angelic loveliness. 'Tis then the kind heart throbs with tender emotions and melts in sympathy. The yearnings of love, in reality, cannot be stifled, notwithstanding all its little world of thoughts, that were so delightful, are gone forever. Sweet beautiful child! How lovely it was in all its artless helplessness and innocence; and then how worthy to be loved. And now that it is dead, who can help loving it still? Few things, indeed,

appear so beautiful as a darling child in its shroud. The little round cherub face, its soft velvety cheek, now nestling so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless that little lonely voyager has passed safely under the dark shadow, and through the dark valley of death. No hatred, no suspicion, no hypocrisy, no care for the morrow ever darkened that angelic brow.

In performing the memorial services of children we have usually noticed that but little sympathy is shown. The common expression is, *The child is better off.* Still when we behold the new made graves and see the coffins gently and quietly lowered we feel constrained to say that they have escaped a world of trouble. And when ever we repeat the words, *Dust to dust; ashes to ashes,* we always remember that the Grave is swallowed up in victory, and Death has lost its sting. A hollow voice from within proclaims the blissful tidings, *We'll meet on some glad day.* Oh! how our countenance beams with heavenly light, as we think of that land where life is unfading, and where supernal joys and celestial peace shall abound forever. Oh! what a flood of joy rushes into our mind when we contemplate the full fruition of that clime where death shall find no victims and the grave no tenantry.

The death of a child is truly death in its sublimest and purest image. We are awed in its presence as we view the halo of glory in the serenity of its countenance, resting fully assured that it has gone into the presence of an all-wise Creator. Death has stamped upon it the seal of immortality, thus rendering imperishable,

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The children that are thus rendered immortal are the only ones that remain, as it were, children. All the rest of the family grow up and battle with the stern realities of life; but these remain pure as the angels, and sweetly bloom year after year across the Golden Strand in that home where kindred and friends will meet and mingle forever in the anthems of the redeemed.

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS MAZETTA LAWS, OF PELHAM, ONT., DIED MARCH 10TH, 1877, AGE 21 YEARS.

O dear Mazetta, you have gone,
Your cares and sorrows here are o'er;
You have laid by your cumbrous cells,
And we shall see you here no more.

The clouds that love the golden tints
Of life's bright, joyous morning ray;
How soon they vanished from the skies,
And with them you have passed away.

And o'er your peaceful, silent dust,
The lovely flowers shall sweetly bloom,
While angels oft will gather round
And safely watch your lonely tomb.

Parents wipe off the falling tears,
And O remember all must die;
A little while—'twill not be long,
When in the grave you too will lie.

Brothers weeping for the loved one,
That lies before you low in death,
Think of the changeless hereafter,
Where life is not a fleeting breath.

Sisters bowed down with sorrow, too,
Arise, cheer up, and banish grief;
For though you all are thus bereft,
The Lord will bring to you relief.

Willie, for you we drop a tear,
To see you in deep mourning clad;
And look upon your tender form,
So very frail, so pale, so sad.

O God! to all a blessing send,
And to each mourner, comfort give,
Just wipe the tears that trickle down,
That they may flee to thee and live.

Perchance, dear Friends, you'll meet and greet,
MAZETTA LAWS in Heav'n above;
Beyond the far off starry sky,
In that bright world of joy and love.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

Paul in his letter to the Hebrews says, "Therefore leaving the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection." Now the word *perfection* is here used in a relative and not in an absolute sense. The general idea is that a person to be perfect must be pure and holy as the angels, or in other words, entirely free from sin. But such is not the case, for angelic perfection is not attainable here while subject to the turmoils of this life. Consequently this has led many to believe that there are no Christians now-a-days, unless they are in regions of country where they are wholly unacquainted. Such, indeed is the world's estimate of christian perfection.

The Apostle Paul speaks of those that have lately been introduced into Christ's Kingdom as being babes desiring the sincere milk of the word, and are not able to use the strong meat. Now observe the figure used, and see how they are to arrive at the stature of *a perfect man in the Lord.* A child, for instance, when it arrives at the age of manhood is a perfect man, as far as the physical organization or growth of the body is concerned. So it is with the babes in Christ, when they arrive at the state of manhood in the gospel, they have likewise arrived at the state of christian perfection.

It is doubtless quite certain that the majority of the babes in Christ never arrive to a state of perfection. It is also certain, on the other hand, that vast multitudes of children die before they arrive at the age of manhood. Now why is this the case? The reason is very obvious from the fact that disease is prevalent everywhere. Wherever we go; wherever we dwell we are continually subject to disease. Death is always before us and sooner or later claims us as one of his victims.

But religious growth, or going on unto perfection, differs widely from physical growth, inasmuch as a child grows to be a man as the years roll around; and at the age of twenty-one years all children are said to enter upon their majority in life. Hence they are now out of their minority and are no longer considered children. But such is not the case with babes in Christ. Their growth does not depend upon the elapse of time so much as it does upon their faithfulness in discharging the duties of a christian life. By so doing they will continually bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and at all

times will be growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But many professing to be Christians never think of growing. It seems such a thought never enters their minds. We have oft sat and listened to their christian experience; and they would continually refer to the time when they were converted, or born into the Kingdom. Then they were so happy; and could shout, Glory! glory be to God! Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb! Now such Christians very much resemble some insects, on account of their being the largest when born, and certainly it is very evident their standard of perfection is very low indeed.

We very much fear there are very many professing Christians that are living in such a manner as to prevent them from ever arriving at that period when they ought to enjoy christian perfection. Hence, their worldliness and mechanical worship. Such individuals have too much head religion, and not enough heart religion. You will please excuse these terms as they do not convey the proper ideas unless taken in their general acceptation. But the thought we wish to impress upon your minds, is the necessity of showing by your examples, in all your pursuits in life, that you are walking in strict accordance with all the requirements of God, and continually living in close communion with Him from day to day, from week to week, from year to year, until your pilgrimage is ended, and consequently your labor done, and ready to receive the wreaths that crown the victor's brow.

Especially do we desire to exhort you to press on to this happy state. Remember that *prayer* is indispensible to high christian attainments. Without it we can do nothing worthy of the approval of God. We must pray in our closets and examine ourselves daily, and see how our actions accord with the teachings of the Bible. And in addition to this we must be ever clothed with humility, and by patience and perseverence we will at last arrive at the period in our lives when we may be justly called *perfect* in the Lord.

But oh! the miasma of this world. It destroys thousands and tens of thousands. It affects all more or less, rendering us feeble and oft in a declining state. But by applying to the Great Physician the malady can be cured. Yet it must be done in time. The quicker the better, for delays are dangerous. We know not what the morrow may bring forth. And disease, when once seated is hard to be

removed. Oh ! remember this and make application in time, for through negligence we see so many sickly, and consequently have not grown any for years. They are mere dwarfs, and seldom try to be cured that they may go on to perfection.

Oh ! let each of us examine ourselves and see whether we are in health and vigor. Let us also notice on every Lord's day, how much we have grown during the week. This will enable us to note our progress, and certainly at the end of each year by taking a retrospective view of the past, we will be able to make a correct estimate in regard to our true standing, and by squaring ourselves, and settling up all accounts with our Physician, we will be enabled to spend a *Happy New Year.* If any of you have never adopted this course we wish you to try it for one year, and when the year is expired, if you are as small a Christian as you were at the beginning and have made no progress in the divine life and are still as unhealthy, looking as pale, and so deathly, and are becoming so feeble that you are going into the decline, we can only say that your disease is of that nature that medicine is of no use, consequently you can never be cured, you have waited too long. The balm of Gilead was not applied at the proper time. You have been given over to a hardness of heart and a reprobate mind. It is truly a fearful thing to neglect the statutes of the Lord.

We remarked in the beginning that very many considered that an individual in order to be a christian must possess angelic perfection, and hence, entirely free from sin. Now for fear of being misunderstood we wish to remark that according to the Apostle John, there are none without sin. And if we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. Yet not unfrequently we hear individuals remark that they have been sanctified, and are now living without sin. This has given rise to non-professors doubting the Christian integrity of those professing entire sanctification. Nay more, they make the assertion that there are no Christians at all to be found. This is truly lamentable.

Our Saviour said to his disciples, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect. Now to get a correct idea of our Saviour's words you will please bear in mind that there are many who want to do just as little work as they possibly can for the Lord. They want to see how little they can do and get to heaven. Hence you will hear them say this is essential, that it is non essen

tial. But it is very obvious to our mind that there is nothing that the Lord has commanded but what is essential to our happiness here and our eternal happiness beyond the grave. Paul tells us that all scripture given by inspiration is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that a man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

There is no state of perfection that we can attain to here, but what there may be still higher degrees of perfection attainable. Onward is the voice of all nature—it is, indeed, the voice of Omnipotence. You will now notice the force of our Savior's remark, Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect. Not that we shall ever, or can ever attain to that high state of perfection; but that we may be daily laboring to this end. One of the apostle's exhortation was that we should continually grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ We therefore conclude that it is the imperative duty of every member of the church to be laboring to enjoy the highest state of christian perfection attainable in this life. Our all should be laid upon the altar in order that Christ may sanctify the gift, and cleans us from all sin. And though we are not at all times without sin, yet the Apostle informs us that we have an advocate Christ Jesus, and consequently can present our petitions to the Father through Him; and He has promised to hear us if we ask in *faith*, and in accordance with *His will*. Our prayer to God is that we may be enabled, as followers of Christ the Lord, to do His will—to do all things to His honor and glory and ultimately we shall arrive at that state of christian perfection that the Lord has required of us in order to enjoy the society of the just made perfect. Let this then be our reliance, we will serve the Lord with all diligence every day, and confess before Him all our sins, and when the final moment comes we will trust the mercy of God for the forgiveness of all short comings, and close our eyes in peace. Then we shall meet the pure and holy of every age, of every clime and tongue, and mingle our voices with theirs in the songs of praise that tremble on the Jasper Sea as it ascends from the hearts of ten thousand times ten thousand of the redeemed of earth, throughout the years of eternity.

I AM THINKING.

To Mrs. Naomi Burr Valleau.

I am thinking, yes, I'm thinking
Of the days when I was young;
When the friends I loved were near me,
And our home with music rung.
Yes, I'm thinking now Dear Sister!
Of the days that's passed and gone,
When we gathered round the fireside
After the days work was done.

O what mem'ries now are thronging,
Rushing in upon my mind,
When I pause to think of moments
Which flew past us like the wind.
In those hours we were not dreaming,
Time would make such rapid change;
Or throw o'er our path a shadow
Which Hope cherished in her range.

But those days have all departed,
Youthful friends, they quickly fled;
While some who were then so cheerful,
Are now mould'ring with the dead,
Father then on life's great drama,
Striving to act well his part;
Since has passed from the home circle,
Gone where dwells the pure in heart.

Mother, O how old she's growing,
Care sits on her furrowed brow;
Early hopes they have receded—
They were dearer then than now.
And though it may cause us sorrow,
We know that she's passing away;
Soon she'll go to meet dear father,
Where there'll be perpetual day.

And the family group is scattered;
Soon we'll pass into the tomb;
And there slumber midst corruption,
In that dark and dismal gloom.
O, 'tis sad to think of parting,
Leaving friends and kindred dear;
But 'tis sweet to think of meeting
In a brighter, holier sphere.

Till then, press on, O my sister!
Jesus, He will guide your way,
Lead you to a better country
Where you'll rest in endless day.
Then when all of us are lying
Low in death's cold, narrow home;
Where there will be no more dying,
May our spirits sweetly roam.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Paul tells us that all Scripture given by inspiration is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. The Apostle Peter tells us that the word of the Lord endureth forever. And again we learn that the testimony of the Lord is perfect converting the soul. And indeed, upon every page the Scriptures show strong marks of design, and their great superiority is indelibly inscribed by the sacred penmen. We shall now notice some of those strong marks of design and superiority.

The superiority of its productions. It is remakable for its biography, portraying, as it does, the character, and giving accounts of the origin and destiny of those great and glorious personages. Where is the character that can be compared with that of Moses, in all his gentleness, in all his meeknes? Where can you find one to be compared to the immortal Job? Or in short, where will you find or meet with individuals so pure and holy, so great and noble as were all the holy apostles and prophets? But there is still a nobler character, the model of models, which none can ever equal. We mean the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, think of His labors, think of His toils and sufferings, and then think of His death, and of the grand object he had in view. Most certainly all will admit that no biography of the present day can equal the biography of the Bible.

How men degrade themselves when they forsake their true mercies and belie their own nature! What fools they become when they adopt sense instead of faith—instead of the Scriptures their safest guide, and rely upon reason rather than revelation, on those subjects which lie beyond our earthly horizon.

If man is only an animal, simply flesh and blood—mere organized matter—in what is he greater than the race of animated creation? Can he worm himself into the earth as a serpent? Has he the sting of the adder? Has he the industry and foresight of the ant? Can he build such houses as the bee and fill them with such sweets? Can he sing with the lark, and singing as he soars, fill

"All the earth and air,
With his voice as loud
As when night is bear,
From one lonely cloud.
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed."

Has he the cunning and the handicraft of the beaver? Can he spin such silken threads and weave such gossamer veils as the spider? Does he understand geometry as the wasp? or can he throw such a circle as warms the breast of the wren? Has he the eye of the eagle, the meekness of the dove, or can he snuff up the battle from afar like the wild horse of the desert? Has he the tread of the elephant, the endurance of a camel, the patience of the ox? Can he draw out leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord? Can he put an hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications to thee? Will he speak soft words to thee? Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more.

Now those that have studied Latin and Greek classics well know their tendency. These classics contain facts of gods and real men; yet we find no characters, real or imaginary, that are worthy to be compared with the characters delineated in the Sacred Scriptures. For instance when we read of a man like Moses, we too want to be meek. When we read of a man like Enoch, we desire also to be pure. And when we read of a man like Job, we are constrained to be more patient. Such hallowed influences are thus exerted upon us when we read the biography of the Sacred Scriptures. Yet it tells us also of their imperfections. We read of the sin of David, Sampson, &c., &c. They speak to us in a warning voice to be careful in departing from the laws of God. They tell us of the fearful curse of the wicked and are ever with a warning voice thundering it in our ears. Here then we observe the excellency and superiority of the Sacred Scriptures.

Again we notice its literature is superior. The writings of Livy, Pliny, Washington Irving, Milton, Homer, &c., have been handed down to us. Yet all of these are inferior to the productions of the Scriptures. Its poetry is superior, its wisdom is superior. Where can you find poetry that for sublimity of imagery, or beauty of sentiment, is so remarkable as the Hebrew. Isaiah sang in such celestial strains as would become a seraph or a cherub in its loftiest, holiest, sweetest song. The poetry of the Scriptures chooses for its theme every thing that is grand and inspiring in the universe. It

plays with suns and with systems, and takes up the isles as a very little thing. It weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and throws its measuring line around all things. Its voice is upon the waters, it rides upon the winds, its pavillion, the dark clouds. Never did the spirit of song mount up to so lofty a height, or achieve such wonders, as when it received the divine afflatus upon Zion's hill. To their God inspiring poetry, nothing was too high or too low as the subject matter of their song. The grass of the field and the flower of the grass; the heath in the desert and the whirling balls, light as the gossamer thread, together with the oaks of Bashan, the ceders of Lebanon, and the forests of Carmal, alike are the materials of its splendid web, through which the golden thread of inspiration is woven, telling of the hand that fashioned it, claiming it as its own.

The logic of the Scriptures surpasses that of the present day. No man can study better logic. Who has ever been more logical than Paul, so remarkable for erudition. Its Rhetoric too, is vastly superior. It certainly is far ahead of Whately, and its beauty and correctness of style far surpasses that of Dr. Blair. Is it not necessary, therefore, for an individual to be saturated with its logic and erudition? Most certainly it is, and the superiority of the Sacred Scriptures is a mark of God upon it. And the language of the Apostle Paul is very happily expressed when he says, they are profitable for doctrine, for correction, for instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

We will now notice the great comprehensiveness of the Scriptures. God has spoken that man may hear, and hearing may be benefitted. He has also spoken that man may understand and live acccording to his precepts. For this it must be plain and comprehensive. Some may doubt this and ask the question. "If it be so plain why are there so many divisions? It is true the Scriptures condemn division. Indeed they know nothing of it but to condemn it. Men who are professing godliness differ, not so much in regard to what the Scriptures contain, as they do in regard to what they do not contain. Do they differ in regard to its being the word of God? No. Do they differ about the law given by Moses on Mt. Sinai? No. Do they differ concerning the promise made to Abraham? No. Do they differ in regard to Christ being the son of Mary? By no

means. Do they differ in regard to his marvelous sayings, his sufferings, his death and resurrection, and finally his ascent to those heavenly mansions? Not at all. Do they differ about the inspiration of the apostles? Not even this. Well then, what do they disagree about? Something that is not so much as mentioned in the Scriptures. They differ in reference to total depravity, the mode of baptism, &c., which are strangers to the word of God. Why not, then, study the Scriptures and throw away every thing that is not therein contained? It is plain—the way to heaven is so plain that a way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err while upon the road leading to everlasting bliss.

Nature is a very plain system, yet in it there are mysteries which none of the philosophers will probably be ever able satisfactorily to explain. For instance, the origin of meteors. How plants grow, &c. Yet nature is a plain system generally. Will you then say because there are mysteries in the Scriptures, they are not from God? For certainly there are fewer mysteries in the Scriptures than in nature. God has truly spoken plainly and this plainness is indeed another mark of God upon the Scriptures. And now as all Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, how all-important that we should daily read and study them. For they contain the written experience of all men who think and feel, the every day sentiments which find their home in all pure, earnest-minded men. They keep nothing back that has enstamped upon it the impress of truth. They utter every cry from that of the infant on the breast to the shout of the conqueror on the field of carnage. They describe every phase of character, from him who walketh in the counsel of the ungodly, to him who sits in the seat of the scornful,—to him that delights himself in the law of the Lord—to him that bringeth forth his fruit in due season. May God grant to give us grace that we may be enabled to study the Scriptures and fit and prepare ourselves for Heaven.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is quite obvious that the heart and moral affections require to be educated as well as the head. The one is certainly just as important as the other. But it is too often the case that the affections

are wholly neglected by giving all the attention to the cultivation of the intellect, in the acquirement of knowledge. We do not now, nor did we ever, believe in extremes—cultivating one and omitting to improve the other. The education of both are indispensably necessary, and consequently should be begun together in childhood, when the heart is tender, and the mind as respects knowledge, a *carte blanche*. But generally this is not the case, learning being substituted for wisdom, and therefore the heart is not right, notwithstanding the head may be very much enlightened. How vastly different it is now from what it was in the days of Solomon. The fear of the Lord was then considered the beginning of wisdom, but now it is only a secondary consideration.

The cultivation of the affections, as well as the cultivation of the intellect, is of great importance to the Christian. In the Bible, the term *heart*, bears about the same meaning that *intellect*, or *mind*, bears in common usage; while the term *bowels* in Scripture, has about the same meaning conveyed by the word *heart*, in common usage. It is therefore in the common acceptation of the terms that they are here employed. And we wish it distinctly understood that we would not for a moment take the position that the *mind*, has little or nothing to do in forming the Christian. On the contrary, we believe that it has much to do; nevertheless, we consider it absurd for any one to think of living the life of a Christian without the heart also being cultivated and disciplined according to the requirements of Him,

Who was, and is, and is to come.

To this end we should live in close communion with the Lord Jesus, always continuing upon the watch-tower, in order to obtain strength sufficient for our day and generation. It is in prayer that all the finer feelings of the heart are brought out, strengthened and improved. We then partake of the character of the blessed Saviour rejoicing in the prospect of enjoying unbounded felicity beyond the grave.

With such prospects before us, would it not indeed be well for us to examine ourselves to see whether our hearts are such as become the redeemed of the Lord? Remember the dying hour will soon arrive, when it will be necessary that all of us should be ready to pass the gates of death into the mansions of peace where our Elder Bro-

ther reigns. O, how sweet the thought that we are permitted to meet each other in glory, by preparing our hearts for that solemn change that awaits us, even though our frail bodies repose in the crumbling urn, till the glorious sunrise of the resurrection morning.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the death of our Infant Son, P. V. Burr, died August 28th, 1872.

Baby! thou art gone dear baby,
Peaceful in thy slumbers lay;
Gently to the grave we bore thee,
Laid thee from our sight away.

Darling! thou art gone forever,
Nevermore thy cry we'll hear;
Gone to happy homes above us,
Far from sorrow, pain or fear.

Long e'er sin could mar thy beauty,
Or oppress thy heart with care;
Jesus came, and thou didst leave us,
For to dwell with Him o'er there.

Still we know that God in wisdom
Took thy angel spirit home;
Took thee from this world of sorrow
From the evils yet to come.

Now thy little hands will beckon,
Beckon from the distant skies;
And long as we here shall tarry
Oft we'll wipe our weeping eyes.

Darling! many times we'll miss thee,
While we on this earth shall dwell;
But amid life's cares and trials,
We will sigh, farewell! *farewell!*

The ancients buried their children, it is said, at the dawn of day, because they thought that Aurora loved them and took them to her arms. At the present time, how natural it is for us to associate their smiles, their dreams, and even their very being with those of seraphs. Yet, notwithstanding, if fond care could save them from the jaws of death we would, certainly, forever shield them from the destroyer's power. But our efforts are abortive, for the Angel Reaper is abroad at all times, and the fairest flowers are often the first to fade, wither and die away.

It was near the hour of midday—the sun had just passed across the meridian, and we gathered round our darling cherub who had for a short time folded his angelic wings upon his mother's tender breast; but who now tired of earth seemed anxious to lay aside his cumbrous cells and soar away to Heaven, there to adorn the house of many mansions. Oh, how every fibre of our being was called out in sympathy with the little sufferer. And as we eagerly watched the progress of the disease, what unutterable anguish filled our hearts to see him writhing in pain, struggling with the cruel monster Death. We sought hard, but sought in vain to catch one gleam of hope in those sweet eyes which had been accustomed to look into ours with those innocent pleadings and smiles of joy. But O, how soon those lids were closed forever, and his freed spirit found its wings and noiselessly beating the air about him flew away—far away to the angel's home. Then, O, how the fountains of love so freely gushing from the deepest well-springs of our nature suddenly turned into the bitter waters of grief, and with a sorrowful moan we uttered, FAREWELL ?

Farewell, Dear Child ! alas ! farewell !
Thy cry on earth no more we'll hear ;
With angels thou are gone to dwell
Beyond the reach of pain or fear.

In pensive sadness we tenderly lingered by the side of that marble form beautifully wrapped in its little shroud. The sweet smile no longer played over his soft velvety cheeks, for his lovely brow was cold in death. Oh ! it was with sorrowful hearts we saw all that was left of that fair child placed in a tiny casket and carried out. How slowly we followed him to the little cemetry resting at the brow of the hill. On reaching his Charnel house, the burial services were performed, and the little sleeper was quietly lowered and laid in his final resting place. And there as we stood beside the cold dark and dreary grave how our hearts yearned for the little love we had lost. The very breathings of our affections whispered, rest in thy narrow home sweet child ; rest evermore, enveloped as thou art in the thick clods of earth, whilst thy pure spirit has flown away with angels, borne upward on their wings of light to that land beyond the tide. But we often think of that sweet pale face lying under that little mound of earth, and see the marble stone that gleams in night standing as a faithful sentinel over his lonely grave. Oh ! yes, and how often too do we see it beaten by the midnight dreary rain, or

chilled beneath the moon. Ah ! what a dark dismal couch for our darling pet, whom we would have shielded from the gentle breeze that would scarcely have stirred the sweet violet on his tomb. However it is a consoling reflection when we contemplate that the flown angel no longer needs a a parent's care. Oh ! how sweet the thought; his heart will vibrate forever with the melodies of song; his tiny hands e'en now are beckoning from the skies and will be among the first to welcome us to that eternal home.

Fair Child, thou'rt gone for evermore,
To moulder in thy dreamless bed,
But thy freed spirit's on that shore
E'en though thou sleepest with the dead.

And well we know that Christ, our Lord
Conveys our little angels home;
He saves them from the downward road,
From all the evils yet to come.

Soon, too, we'll leave this world of woe,
And go where we shall weep no more;
Soon we will leave all things below,
Bound for the ever shining shore.

Soon shall our weary soul find rest,
From bitter sorrow, grief and pain;
Soon shall we mingle with the blest
Where we shall never part again.

Once more, farewell! Dear Darling Boy,
For we on earth must longer dwell,
While songs of joy thy lips employ,
We'll shout a long—a last farewell.

TO-MORROW NEVER COMES.

It has been said, and very truly too, that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. There is scarcely any one but what expect to become a Christian some day, but at present are not quite ready and consequently would rather put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, not thinking that

"To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

Present time only is ours. We have no promise of to-morrow. Our Savior says, "Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation." What a heart rending thought that so many are perishing by not attending at once to their eternal interest. There is but

one time fixed for turning to the Savior and that is to-day. Delays are extremely dangerous, inasmuch as we know not how soon before we shall be in the eternal world.

> "The future is hid, the past has flown,
> And the present moment is all we own."

Day after day pass away, and how often, we hear it remarked by those out of Christ that *they expect to be saved*; some day or other they intend to become children of God, and heirs of the kingdom. But the faint hope which they now possess, how frequently it is dashed to earth, and the glowing fancies of the mind are crushed. The golden chain is broken and death, with all his horror, compels them to submit to the impulses of frail humanity. How terrible then, it must be to find themselves irretrievably lost to all eternity.

O, Sinner, Sinner! take warning while you are in health and vigor, continually remembering the well authenticated fact that we have no promise of to-morrow. By so doing you will always be prepared for death, and that eternity to which we are all fast hastening. Then, when Christ shall again make His appearance and take His ransomed people home, you will be among the glorified company that shall inherit all things in that great city, described by the Apostle John as having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. There shall we rest with Him on those blissful shores where sun shall set no more, and where life shall never end.

EVENING MEDITATION.

How gently falls the eventide,
The darkness thickly gathers round;
And as we ponder o'er the past
With pleasant scenes our thoughts abound.

We look around, the night is here,
The day has swiftly passed away;
And now we muse and meditate
And think o'er what we've done to-day.

O, yes, and then we bow in prayer,
And kneel to one who loves to hear
Our earnest pleadings all with care,
And never disregards a tear.

And though we've nothing new to tell
We know He will not wearied be;
Our cares and sorrows He can feel,
And each and every conflict see.

He sees the morning and the night,
With all the joy, the pain, the loss;
The tangled path, the golden light,
The hourly thorn, the daily cross.

'Tis sweet to think that Jesus knows
The burden of an aching heart,
That on His breast we can repose,
And He will soothe the cruel smart.

O yes, 'tis sweet to meditate,
When nightly shadows settle round;
And lift our hearts to God in prayer,
In whom, alone true peace is found,

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O, how the Christian longs to be with God, the everlasting Father who has so loved the world as to give His only Begotten Son to save a world lying in wickedness. And is it at all to be wondered at that the Psalmist David after a long and eventful career should have been led to exclaim. that "in the presence of God there is fullness of joy." But the phrase, *the presence of God*, is used in different ways and admits of various modifications.

God is omnipresent. The Psalmist in speaking to Him says:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit,
And whither shall I flee from thy presence;
If I ascend the heavens, Thou art there;
If I make my bed in the abyss, behold thou art there;
If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the extreme parts of the ocean,
There also thy hand shall lead us
And thy right hand shall hold us."

Adam and Eve enjoyed the presence of God in the garden of Eden. He there talked with them face to face. And after sin entered they endeavored to hide from Him, but the Lord again met, reproved, rebuked and drove them from his presence. How lamentable it is to reflect upon man's happiness in Eden contrasted with it now. Oh! could we enjoy His presence as did our first parents, and dwell in that delightful garden. But in vain.

God has blessed his followers in all ages of the world. He as

ever been present with them. He was the Patriarchs when they erected the altar and offered up sacrifices. The Jews also enjoyed his presence. Moses went up into the Mount and talked with God as a friend talks with friend, until his very face shone with the glory which he had caught from the face of Jehovah. And the High Priest communed with God upon the mercy seat. God was with the Jews in the tabernacle and afterwards in the temple. Here the Lord promised to meet and bless them. He dwelt between the cherubims, and the Jews enjoyed the privilege of appearing in His presence—yet it was only through the High Priest. But the Lord has not been with them for more than eighteen hundred years. His presence is now manifested to the Christian. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them," is the language of the Son of God. And the Apostle says, "Ye are the temple of the living God, and are builded together for an habitation of God, through the spirit." Now the nearer we draw to God the nearer He will draw to us, and the more shall we enjoy his presence by participating in His glorious nature and superlative excellence.

Now, as pilgrims and strangers here, we all wish to enjoy "fullness of joy," and David the sweet psalmist of Israel says it is "in the presence of God." How soul cheering it is, then, to come into His presence, to bow before him and hold communion with Him, whom to know is life eternal, and whom to love is to enjoy His presence forever. This is truly as near Him as mortal man ever gets in this life. And it is this vital nearness to God, that makes prayer acceptable to Him, and profitable to us all. If we pray to God as to a being a million of miles away, who may prehaps hear us, if not gone off upon a journey, why our prayers will be infrequent, cold and formal. But when we feel that we are in the very presence of Him who has created us, and who doth still nourish and sustain us, that we stand face to face with Him, why our prayers will be free from a sickly sentimentalism, and will be direct, earnest and prevailing. This is truly communion with God, and such as the angels themselves behold with delight, while they can but imperfectly understand the happiness known only to the saints of God.

It is necessary that man should be pure and holy in order to enjoy God's presence. One of the petitions of David, the Royal Psalmist of Israel, was, that the Lord would create within him a clean

heart. It was evidently the desire of his heart, for he says "Then shall I be upright." And Christ, when addressing his diciples up on the Mount says, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." From this it is quite certain that our hearts must be kept pure and holy, continually looking unto God for his guidance and protection, that ultimately we may drink from the eternal fount and live forever.

How many profess to be Christians because they are right in theory. Alas for such! My soul shrinks within me. We need more deep toned, self-denying and self devoted piety, and less theorizing. This must be done in order to let our light shine that the world may know that we are Christians in deed and in truth. If this were the case there would be a very different aspect in the increase of the Church. An hundred fold more would be flocking to the Savior rejoicing in the sweet anticipation of the happiness and holinesss of Heaven. Would to God that the change was even now realized. Yet can there not be something more done than what is now being accomplished to hasten the day when even all shall know the Lord? O, Time, outstretch thy wings and fly away! Then shall we land upon the banks beyond the stream," where all the ship's company meet,

> Who sailed with the master beneath,
> With shouting each other they greet,
> And triumph at sorrow and death;
> The voyage of life at an end,
> The mortal affliction is past,
> The age that in Heaven they spend,
> Forever and ever shall last."

But the Christian is also permitted to enjoy after death the presence of God. The Apostle Paul exclaims, "I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better." And again, "We are always confident knowing that while we are absent from the body we are present with the Lord; we are confident and willing rather to be absent from the body and be present with the Lord." What joy arises in our minds when we contemplate the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory in the presence of God.

And even then the grand climax is not reached until the saints shall arise at the last day and be received into the presence of Jehovah to go no more out forever. Truly blessed then, are the dead that die in the Lord, for they that sleep in Jesus will God bring

forth with Him, and at His right hand there is fullness of joy. There was joy in Eden's lovely bowers when Adam and Eve were ushered from the hand of their Maker. And notwithstanding their fallen condition they afterwards rejoiced in the hope of a better country. The Jews also partook of Heaven's precious blessings, and looked forward to the time with ecstacy of joy when they should be released and admitted into the presence of Jehovah to go no more out forever. The Christian, too, is filled with rejoicings in this life; but greater joy will be experienced in that bright world above where he shall realize the height and depth and the length and breadth of the fulness of joy.

Oh, then, why not endeavor day by day to walk in the fear of the Lord that it may be well with you in the morning of the resurrection? Consider and reflect for a moment upon the condition of those that are banished from the Lord and the glory of his power, contrasted with the enjoyment of the happy saints in heaven. This ought certainly to be enough to induce all mankind to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world, and hence secure an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

ASPIRATION.

Arise my trembling soul! arise
Above the cares of earth;
Above the fleeting things of time
To Him who gave thee birth.

Arise my fainting spirit, rise!
Aspire to worlds above;
Nor pause in all the mountain path,
But ever onward move.

Arise my longing spirit, rise,
Mount upward day by day,
Onward and upward, thou wilt reach
That land far hence away.

O do not fold thy angel wings
In passing through the skies;
But bid farewell to all on earth,
And onward, upward rise.

And then in sweeping through the gates
Mid scenes of heav'nly bliss;
What aspirations fill my soul
With hopes of happiness.

Then rise my longing soul, arise!
While yet thou mayest roam;
And bring me heav'nly visions bright,
To cheer my earthly home.

WORSHIP GOD.

The Apostle John says, "and of them which keep the sayings of this book; Worship God. Rev. XXII, 9. We shall in the first place notice the meaning of the word worship; secondly why we should worship God; and thirdly the benefits resulting from worshiping God. 1. The meaning of the word worship. It is truly of importance to know the meaning of all the terms which we employ to convey our ideas, and of much greater importance when these terms are used to reveal to us our duty to Him, who is the way, the truth, and the light.

Now *worship* is composed of two words, *worth* and *ship*. It originated along the Baltic Sea, in Germany. The people along this sea were not considered of much importance or consequence until they were *worth* a *ship*, that is they were not appreciated or esteemed. Hence, came the word, *worship*. Now, when this word occurs in the Bible or elsewhere by substituting the word, *appreciation*, we have the correct idea. In the Freemason's book they have the expression, "*worshipping the High Master*. When we speak of worshipping God, then, we mean that we appreciate, esteem, love and adore Him. And if we do this it is quite evident we will keep his commandments, and those commandments are not grievous. It seems to be as natural as life for man to worship something, even the heathen will bow down and worship the works of his own hands.

2. We will now consider a few of the reasons why we should worship God. *a*. He is our creator. He has created us in his own image for a noble purpose to glorify him on earth and praise him eternally. *b*. Isaiah and the Royal Psalmist of Israel both sang the loftiest praise to the most High, on account of His unbounded goodness and loving kindness to the children of men. The Psalmist says, Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises to our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely. Great is our Lord and of great power: His understanding is infinite. He covereth the heavens

with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth, and maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry. The Lord takes pleasure in them that fear him, and those that hope in his mercy. And then after considering still further the great goodness of the Lord, exclaims with great vehemence: "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights; praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him all his hosts; praise ye him sun and moon; praise ye him all ye stars of light. Praise him ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever; he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps. Fire and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle; flying fowl, and creeping things; kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth." And now the Psalmist in conclusion ends by saying, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." These then are a few of the resons why we should worship God. And it ought certainly to be the main object of our living in this world. Yet how diversified and varied are the objects of our lives, notwithstanding, we were all created for a noble purpose, viz: to glorify God on earth and make preparations to praise him eternally. Yet generally it would appear that we had forgotten the object of life and were only living to while away the time. This is truly heart rending, and God will bring us to an account in the day of retribution. Alas! that so many should live to no good purpose, without a definite aim or object, and accomplish nothing worthy to be remembered.

We will now proceed to notice the benefits resulting from worshipping God.

It is truly the highest ambition of mortal man to do the will of God—to worship him—to do all things which he has required at our hands, since it will ennoble and glorify our natures, elevating us to the Royal palace, and prepares us for a home in Heaven. Yet how very few appreciate the time allotted here, and consequently fail to live for anything better than the gratification of carnal desires.

Life is compared to a race, and we are required to so run that we

may obtain the prize when our pilgrimage is ended. Christ in his address upon the mount informed us that the way was straight and narrow—that few entered thereupon. What sadness fills the soul whenever we think of this melancholy fact! Alas! that so many should perish in the waywardness of life. Kind Heaven have mercy on poor depraved humanity! O, thou Father of our spirits, thou mighty conqueror before whom the everlasting hills did bow to pay homage, spare us the horrors of the future, where the furrows of time can never come to the heart of the disconsolate, and where memory blots out no record of the guilty past, and sin sinks the soul down into the mighty abyss of misery and everlasting woe. Surely then our last end will be peace, and crowns of glory will be ours to enjoy for ever and ever.

And we are not only benefitted in eternity, but also in time. Compare our Christian land to the heathen, and observe how diverse in their influence. Notice the poor Indian of North America and the benighted Hindoo of the East, wandering in wretchedness in the abysmal shades of misery and woe. But we find God worshiped and adored as the Supreme Being, superlatively great and transcendantly glorious, in the most enlightened nations of the earth. It prevents us in a thousand ways from falling into crime, and enables us to wend our way on to that port which we call Heaven. And another benefit that it confers upon us is, that it enables us *to count only the hours that are serene.* "*Horas non numsro nise serenas,*" are the words inscribed on a sun-dial near the city of Venice. O, that it was indelibly inscribed upon the dial plates of all our hearts. How delightful the thought and how joyous the feeling produced by counting only the hours which have conferred a benefit. It is no use nursing trouble. Thousands have done it to their everlasting ruin. It is high time to look upon the bright side and stop tormenting ourselves by fretting over the past, or bringing imaginary trouble from the future. If we take heed to this injunction, or rather motto, an everlasting benefit will be conferred; if we neglect this, our misery will be continually augmented. It is our firm conviction that in order to live a Christian life, it is truly necessary to "count only the hours that are serene." This must be observed, especially if we attend to the injunction of the apostle Paul, "Rejoice evermore." Not only in prosperity but likewise in adversity, remembering that all things work together for good to them that

love God. What a consoling reflection! How it dispels the cares and anxieties of life, and a flood of radiance bursts in upon the soul! Pleasing thought. As we look forward to the time when the last hour which the dial-plate shall count will expire amid the throbbings and convulsions of a universe, and the heavens shall pass away.

Another benefit which it still confers is the continual presence of God. God has promised to be with those that worship him in sinrity and in truth. He says, "*Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.*" Would it not be well then to continually remember this, and thereby enjoy his presence in the marts of business when engaged in the daily intercourse with our fellow beings. Surely we would then do to others as we would that they should do to us in like circumstances.

We exhort you furthermore to take the blessed Lord with you in your every day walk and conversation, inasmuch as he has said, for every idle word that we shall say, we will have to render an account to him in the day of judgment. We should also take Him with us in the social circle, and fail not to impress upon the minds of our associates His unbounded mercy and goodness to the children of men.

We should likewise take Him with us in visiting the poor, for God has said, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, to thy poor, to thy needy in the land." And furthermore we are assured that if we give to the poor we lend to the Lord.

We should too take Him with us at the bed side of the dying, pointing the poor stricken one to the blesssed Saviour as his solace in affliction, his rock and abiding place. And last, but not least, by worshipping God, he will be with us in all the journeyings of life, from the cradle to the grave. It will save us from a thousand snares and disappointments. It will adorn our natures and enable us to be ready at any moment to take our departure from earth, and all her joys and sorrows, pass through the vale of tears—the deep, deep vale of death and enjoy the rich reward of the redeemed, forever with the Lord. This will certainly repay us for all our labor in obeying His commandments, in keeping the sayings of the prophecy of this book, and in worshipping God. For surely he above all others, claims our respect, appreciation and adoration, inasmuch as He is the Creator, presiding upon Heaven's golden circle, ruling in the kingdoms of this world and has promised a crown of life in the

coming kingdom. O, that you and I may be so unspeakably happy as to be numbered with the citizens of that everlasting kingdom is our earnest prayer.

ARISE AND DO.

Arise and do ! Dear Friend, arise!
Nor pause to murmur, or complain ;
But labor on with watchful care,
And you'll a crown of glory gain,

Arise and do ! O Pilgrim rise !
Be ever on your tirless wing ;
Nor droop, nor faint while on the way,
To that bright world where cherubs sing.

Arise and do your being's work,
March onward to that clime above ;
Where angel spirits sweetly move,
And all is joy, and peace, and love.

Arise and do, nor dream the hours
Of this short, transient life away ;
But onward, ever onward move,
And waste no time, while here you stay.

Arise and do—just think how true,
The Doer, not the Dreamer gains
The prize laid up for those who wins
A crown where Christ in glory reigns.

Arise and do ! drink from the fount
A soul inspiring, cheering draught ;
For only from the Holy Mount,
Can such sweet nectar draughts be quaffed.

Arise and do ! Be on your your guard,
Nor linger here awhile to dream
Till you have gained a heavenly home,
Beyond death's rolling, fearful stream.

MAN POOR WITHOUT GOD.

How poor is man without God, even though he may possess wealth and the world may call him happy. He is poor ! notwithstanding he may perchance preside upon the throne, and sway the destiny of nations. The hope of immortality is not his to enjoy, inasmuch as it belongs only to the Christian; consequently, he is without hope

and laboring for that which perishes, and vanishes away like the mist and morning due before the glorious king of day.

Now, we ask you, is this wisdom? No, indeed, but folly in the extreme. Strange that the masses of humanity will spend the years allotted them in order to make preparation for the enjoyment of that better land, in the vain and frivolous pursuits of life. But what does wealth and honor all amount to in the dying hour, when we are about to throw off these cumbrous cells and give them over to corruption, earth, and worms? In the language of our Saviour "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He has nothing to give, for poverty and emptiness are indelibly inscribed all over the world's possessions. Hence, the necessity, the great necessity of being rich in faith and good works.

This is, indeed, wisdom, and the fear of the Lord is the beginning of it. It is the first step in the acquirement of that wealth which is inestimable, unspeakable. May we not address those, then, who are called by the world rich, but whose poor souls are famishing for want of the bread of life. Shortly death will have done its work and the opening graves will soon contain your tenements of clay. Therefore we exhort you to turn to the Lord and lay up treasures in heaven, that you may enjoy them throughout the ages endlessly.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the Death of Mr. Gilbert Trumpour, who Died at West Lake, Ont., June, 15th, 1876. Age 61 years and 5 Months.

How sad to find another one,
With whom we loved to meet,
And hold sweet converse, now has gone
Where friends no more will greet,—

We'll meet, nor greet no more in time,
Our friend and brother dear;
No more to grasp each other's hand,
And offer words of cheer.

Our hearts in sorrow mourn for him --
For him we knew so well;
To think that such a one should die,
No more on earth to dwell.

It even seems that yet we hear
The echo of his voice;
And see his mild gentle and form,
So full of life rejoice.

But he has passed away from earth,
To the bright morning Land,
Where the redeemed will always stay,
Across the Golden Strand.

His faith was always strong in God.
He had no fears of death;
He fain would lie beneath the sod,
And calmly yield his breath.

For many years he labored hard—
He labored for the grave;
While earnestly he journeyed on,
Rely'ng on Christ to save.

And when the cruel summons came,
And Death in deed, and truth;
He clung with loving tenderness
To her he loved in youth.

His wife, she shared in his last thoughts,
His last faint, ling'ring look;
The last slight pressure of the hand,
From her he gladly took.

O who that watched around his bed,
And saw him sweetly die;
Could wish him back again to tread,
This world of misery?

Dear Brother, now thy work is done,
Rest from your labor here;
The contest's o'er, the vict'ry's won,
Enter that holy sphere.

Farewell, dear Friend! Farewell! Farewell!
Thou art now safe at last;
No more to go through Death's cold flood,
All toil and danger past.

Then bear him gently to the tomb,
So tired, he needed rest;
God took him safely through the gloom
To dwell among the blest.

Our Friend! again we say, adieu!
We trust that all is well;
We hope in Heaven again to meet,
Where all the good shall dwell.

There in that happy, happy land,
We shall our God behold;
And never, never say, FAREWELL!
On streets of burnished gold.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Ah! sinner, did you ever think of this? Stop one moment and answer this question. If you only would, it seems to us you could not longer continue in sin. Did you ever think, when engaged in the frivolous pursuits of life, of that God that possesses an all-seeing eye? Did you not, when engaged in midnight revelry, reflect upon the fact that the eye of Jehovah rested upon you? Or had you failed to learn that whether upon the mountain or in the valley, awake or asleep, at toil or at rest, at the hour of midnight or in the beauty of noonday, "Thou God Seest me." Yes, He sees all your actions, and knows all your thoughts. What solemnity, then, should pervade your inmost soul! Should you not shrink from doing anything contrary to His will? Oh! remember that there is a day of reckoning, in which all will be judged according to their works. What, then, should be your conduct? Did you ever meditate upon your various acts while wandering in sin? We have submitted these questions for your consideration, trusting that you will answer them in the fear of the Lord. Our prayer to God is that He will have mercy upon you by sparing your unprofitable lives till it shall be your good pleasure to turn to him and live. Do not delay. Remember the pleasures of this world are fleeting, while the joys of Heaven are enduring. Then, when upon your dying pillow you can realize that God sees you, and has promised to be with you in the hour of death, to bear you safely to the never-ending, never-dying unfading mansions of bliss.

In a bright mansion far above the sky
A royal banquet for your coming waits.
To that far home on angels' wings to fly
When the Lord Jesus opens those pearly gates.
Then will the weary, homeless wanderer rest—
And dwell forever there, a welcome guest
In that bright home.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

No time to pray! How sad the thought,
So fraught with pleasure, care or pain;
That weary travellers should think,
They had nothing beyond to gain.

No time to pray! 'Tis strange indeed,
That Christian pilgrims here below,
Should have their hearts so clean, so pure,
To need no more in prayer to go.

No time to pray! "Time is too short,
Midst business' urgent, earnest call,"
But is this true? It cannot be
Since Christ the Lord has died for all.

We all have time to do His will;
We all have time in which to pray;
And we should ever humbly bow,
And give to God some part of day.

"Pray without ceasing" we are told,
It throws a charm around our home;
And bears us on amid life's cares
To brighter homes in worlds to come.

And never till we reach that clime
Will we be able for to know
How much we've lost by giving heed,
"*No time to pray while here below.*"

No time to hear? O this would pain,
The longing, anxious, bleeding heart;
To think that God His face would hide,
And ever more from us depart.

O, say no more, No time to pray!
But ever on God's word rely;
Take time to pray while here you live,
That you may be prepared to die.

DEATH.

Death is robbing us of the nearest, the dearest, and the fairest flowers of earth. Nevertheless he is only hiding God's jewels until the Lord shall gather them up as gems for his crown. The people of God, those that have done his will, shall one day swallow up death in victory; and doubtless, ere long that day of victory shall come. Soon the trumpet blast will rend the dark dominion of the cold and dreary grave. At his command, earth and ocean will give up their slumbering host; weakness will be changed to strength, corruption to incorruption, mortality to immortality. Then shall the parted meet the sorrowing and rejoice; and those who have suffered with Christ will be blest forever.

How very short is our lifetime here on earth. One by one we

quickly pass into eternity. O, how very soon our race is run, our pilgrimage is ended. A few years of sorrow and trial here on earth and then we humbly bow to death's stern decree. At all times how changeable, how uncertain is human life. How rapidly all its garlands fade and its glories fly away. Swift is the hand of time to work a blighting change on all to which the affections here may cling. Where now are our olden friends, around whom we dallied, and in whose fond embraces we lingered when childhood's thoughtless, sportive hours beguiled us? Where the mother's lips that kissed us, or the father's hands that led us onward? How very often must the earth from her dismal bosom answer: *I who gave them have reclaimed them.* Ask the aged of the brilliant hopes which shed such enchanting luster around them, when just merging from childhood into the highway of manhood, and your listening ear may catch only a tell-tale sigh, and we can answer you no better when we say, the gale of adversity swept over them, and like the midnight tapor, they went out and left them in the darkness of dispair. How soon, then, how very soon they are forgotten. Notwithstanding monuments may be reared to their memory, the ravages of time obliterates the inscriptions wrought in marble and the unknown dust mingles with that of mother earth. But one hand alone can mark the spot, one eye alone can see the waisted forms decayed. It is the dear Saviour. He has marked the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith. O, happy thought! notwithstanding the rubbish of earth now hides them from our view, their freed spirits have flown away—passed beyond the eternal gates into those shining realms, where the presence of God gives light, and the day wears not into night. O, what rapture must fill the soul when it beholds the grandeur of the eternal world. How sad were life without the consolation of the hope which gilds the grave with the light of heaven. How dark and rayless would be the death hour without the blessed assurance of the Gospel.

Our hearts swell with gratitude when we take into consideration that Christ has conquered the grave; and the sweet thought comes as bright angels of love and beauty. But still how powerful yet is the King of Terrors. From his stern decree there is no sure appeal. We all must die. Yes,

> "We all must die, yet think not death is light,
> Its gloomy night knew not one cheering ray;
> Till Christ in mercy changed that dreary night
> Into eternal day."

But O Death, thou hast no compassion. The mysteries of the universe are thine. Thy breath touches the leaves of the forest, and their green leaves fade, wither and die away. Nay more, the trees themselves, soon moulder back to dust. And *Man*, the masterpiece of Deity, dieth and wasteth away; Yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he? The past sends up no voice to tell us what thou art, while wreck and ruin and eternal silence, like a vast shadow, shrouds thy annals dark with gloom and terrible forebodings. We turn to Time, and ask him concerning thee, but Time is dumb and utters no response. The all-conquering tempest hurls cities into space, and rolling on with wanton power, swings wide the massive gate of clouds for egress to the dark winged wind, but when we ask, whence comes the power of death? we only hear the thunder of his mocking voice in answer to our spirits cry for knowledge. The flesh grows feeble. Time glides away, and when the hand of nature reaches up to grasp her own, the spark of Deity within claims kinship with eternal youth. Great Mother Nature may assert her empire over the marble form she carved from out her own breast, but when once she claims the handiwork which she has wrought, her power over the soul is lost forever, for the spirit feels no taint of the dissolving clay overshadowed by the wings of the Death-angel.

When death is passing by there is a fluttering of angel wings, and pride and pomp shrink far from sight, and the light that breaks above the eternal hills that skirt the glowing East, seems but an emblem of the sacred dust kindled by faith upon God's Holy Mount. From peak to peak, from ridge to ridge, this beacon light leaps forth until the dim dark mystery of death forgotten lies, while the passing soul catches the gleam of pearly gates beyond the mountain heights.

Watching one day beside a dying saint, we thought of that bright day when she would, in her bright and violet couch arise, and in her amber chariot float to earth. In her hand she held day's golden quiver, and as she bent the azure bow, quickly the sunlight arrows sped, and lo! the dark night died; and shadows hid themselves in dim old caves, in tangled copse and woody dells afar from sight. O, what is life frails transient hour? How short the step to lasting bliss or woe. How quickly we reach the bitter flood which rolls between the known and the unknown world, and whose changeless waves touch the margin of that lake where eddying in dark abyss

and whirling pools shipwrecked souls forever drift in climes unblest. O, how dark the chilly waves look to those unkept by faith in God, the Holy, Infinite and Just. But then,

"Is life a dream? Alas! too late
When its bright hours have flown;
We look with anguish at our fate,
And cry, God save thine own."

Pity us O Lord in our feebleness and sorrow. We are very frail, and these tenements of ours must soon mingle with the dust. Death with the sickle in hand plucks the fair flowers of earth. We are living in a world of change. There is nothing stable, nothing here permanent, Nature is always changing—never at rest, never one thing long. Perpetual motion is the great law of the universe. A ceaseless activity governs everything. This active principle of change brings in their several turns, Spring in all it freshness and beauty, Summer with its golden grain and ripened harvests, Autumn with the sighing winds and falling leaves, and Winter with its chilling blasts and bleacking snows. Thus we see all that is in the natural world is change. No object; however strong and enduring, but that yields to the corroding touch and influence of time and death.

FAITH AND TRUST.

The storm-clouds gather round our way,
And makes our life seem dark and drear;
Still, through the darkest hour of day
We'll trust in God and never fear.

'Tis sweet to look beyond this world
When darkness gathers round us here;
And with our banners then unfurled
March onward to that heavenly sphere.

Through all the thorny path He guides,
And leads us onward day by day;
Therefore we'll trust Him, for He feeds
Our hungry souls from day to day.

How pleasant, then, to know He's near
To save us from the snares of life;
Believing He's our friend so dear,
We'll trust in Him and never fear.

THE OUTWARD LIFE.

The Christian like St. Paul of olden time carries his letters of commendation in his countenance, known and read by all men. But the question with propriety may be asked, *Who is the Christian?* We answer, *It is he who has sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and whose inner and outer life corresponds to the requirements of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* It is quite evident that we cannot live in the spirit alone, inasmuch as we are inhabiting tabernacles of clay, neither can we live in the senses alone a Christian life. It is the blending of the two together, the actual and the ideal, which make life what it should be, healthful and happy, God has placed us here on the earth, having given us a body as well as a spirit. The body is subject to mortality and its passions are gross, notwithstanding it is the casket of the spirit. Hence, we are required to purify our caskets, and in so doing our outward lives will ever correspond to the dictates of the spirit. It was doubtless in view of this fact that the Apostle Paul prayed that the Lord would sanctify both body and spirit.

Now it is quite obvious that we can serve God as acceptably in doing good to others, by giving a helping hand to the needy, by speaking a kind word to the sorrowing, by administering a balm of consolation to the afflicted; and in short, in a thousand little acts of kindness, in the private intercourse of life as well as though we were actually engaged in devotional exercises at the house of prayer. Nevertheless, we do not for a moment wish to detract, or say aught against the true worship of God in the sanctuary, the closet, at home or abroad. Our object, on the contrary, is to impress the great necessity that in addition to praise and prayer, it is absolutely necessary to discharge every duty arising from the intimate relation which we bear to each other. Or in other words to strictly observe everything that God has required at our hands. Then we have the full assurance of resting in that happy world above, to enjoy a long eternity, forever with the Lord.

Press forward, then, for life is short,
Let nothing here thy course delay;
And thou shalt dwell in Heaven above,
Throughout that long, that endless day.

A PRAYER.

O, God! before thy throne I bow,
My heart in prayer goes up to Thee;
I need thy aid to help me now,
For Thou alone can succor me.

O, let me feel Thy presence near,
Close to Thy bleeding side I'll cling;
O, hear my prayer! Dear Saviour hear!
For Thou alone canst comfort bring.

O, save me now! kind Saviour bless
My poor, my hungry, thirsty soul;
Take from me all which here oppress
And lead me to that heav'nly goal.

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

The central idea of the Bible is Jesus. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. He is called the Bright and Morning Star who has arisen with healing in his beams to sit in darkness, never. Again, he is called the Sun of Righteousness, and has truly declared that he is the light of the world, which is certainly one of the grandest statements in the word of God. Nor is this all. He is compared to the rose of Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple tree bowing under its fruit, the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening the dry place, the moon and the morning star, Carmel by the sea, and Tabor among the mountains, the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing the landscape, the light God's shadow, the thunder His voice, the wind and the earthquake his footsteps, the lion spurning the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness—all such varied objects are made as if naturally designed from their creation to represent Him who is the chief among the ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely.

Jesus is the author of Christianity which was gradually developing itself for four thousand years. And immediately after the Fall we find the embryo of the Gospel, the very first promise of the Savior couched in these words, *The seed of the woman shall bruise the head*

of the serpent. He was, indeed, the burden of the prophets song—the light and glory of the beautiful and eloquent Psalms. He also constituted the theme of that memorable discourse delivered on the day of Penticost by the Apostle Peter. He was preached by the Apostles in Jerusalem, in Samaria, and throughout all Judea, as the Savior of the world.

His life and labors are truly wonderful. He spoke as man was never wont to speak. His words are more precious than silver or gold, inasmuch as eternity hangs upon them ; they connect us with that imperishable crown, and with the worm that never dies. They are the brilliant stars in the firmament of the soul which lead us up to the eternal throne. We learn more from Jesus than from any other source. Human teaching has it boundary and belongs to time, and to the earth, but the teaching of Jesus has no boundary and belong to Heaven and to eternity. He was the first on earth to teach humility, for no one had announced its importance before. He was also the first to teach mercy to the world. The Jews, Grecians and Romans had ideas of Justice, but mercy was unknown and untaught before Jesus. He it was that first taught men to pray "Our Father who art in Heaven," and his followers are called "Sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." He likewise taught love to our enemies, and gave the golden rule to the world. We live in an age of light and knowledge ; but who now is accomplishing what Jesus did ? Who has a voice like him, heard all over the world, and even in the silence of the tomb.

There are stronger proofs of his life and labors, death and resurrection, than there are of the lives and conquests of Alexander, Caesar and Hannibal. The Apostles gave their lives in proclaiming these facts and died in attestation of this truth. The facts are more clearly proved that Jesus was crucified under Pontius Pilate, that he was buried, and that he rose from the dead the third day, than that Caesar was assassinated by Brutus. In fact we find upon every bank note and upon every legal document, inscribed the day of our Lord.

All nature redolent with glory seems to be aglow with praise to Jesus. Poetry has culled her fairest flowers and wreathed her softest garlands to bind the bleeding brow of Immanuel. Music has strung its sweetest harps and breathed its noblest strains, and lent her loftiest charms to celebrate his fame. No name shines half so

bright in the galaxy of distinguished heroes, none half so sweet as the name of Jesus.

Eighteen hundred years after his death there is perhaps not an institution in all the face of the world of love and mercy which he cannot claim. Before Christ and beyond Christianity, where are the institutions of benevolence for the lame, the halt, the blind, the fatherless and the aged. Nothing before Christ—nothing in nations not Christian, nothing by infidels—no, nothing! Jesus said, "I will give you rest, and the weary and suffering repose."

He stands alone in contrast with the great of earth. He towers so high above them all that it requires far greater labor to make him human than divine. He was born in poverty, surrounded with the selfishness and bigotry of the age, yet he taught the widest philanthropy of earth. Uneducated, he uttered the wisest sayings recorded on the rolls of time. While he never wrote but a single sentence of which we have any knowledge, and that was in the sand, yet his words are recorded in the books of all civilized nations and engraved on the monuments and tombs of earth.

Learning may bring her abundant records, rich with the spoils of every age, gathered from every land, and gleaned from every source. Philosophy and science may bring their abstruse researches, and wondrous revelations. Literature with the toils of her pen and the labors of her pencil, are little more than idle tales, when compared to the joys which flow from living in accordance with the teachings of Jesus. The vast researches of the philosophers and the learning of ages may cultivate the intellect, enlighten the understanding, give scope to the imagination and refine the sensibilities, but they open not to our weak eyes and longing vision the sun bright clime of crystal founts and fadeless flowers. Jesus triumphed over death, and as Christ rose and gained that great victory, so also likewise must his followers. Philosophy may tread the pathway of the stars, dive deep into the bowels of the earth, and stand a delightful listener to the music of the spheres, but the followers of Jesus are enabled to gaze upon the palace royal of the Universe.

Jesus changed both times and laws. The world stopped counting from creation and began at the birth of Christ. Consequently we write now, *in the year of our Lord*. People twine wreaths of immortelles on the day of his birth and give gifts to their children; while on the day of his resurrection they pause and think of his

wondrous work. His name is first lisped in tenderness and loved by the child, revered from year to year, and last spoken in death. The greatest minds of the world are engaged in discussing his life. He lives in the finest written prose of the best writers for eighteen hundred years. The purest ideas of those who deny his divinity are borrowed or taken from him. There is nothing good or pure or holy which he has not uttered. Standing midway in earth's history his character is the only perfect one to man. He is the peer of the realm, and commands the respect of the past, and will undoubtedly that of succeeding ages. Nearly two thousand years have passed since the day of his death, and the world has been advancing towards his life, and has not yet reached its perfection. And even when two thousand more have rolled away man will no doubt look up to him with increasing admiration. He also lives in poetry. No name is so frequently sung as his. Strike it from the poetry of civilization and the dearest and sweetest songs cannot be sung. The poetry of the past would be marred and the songs of the saints hushed forever. Jesus in poetry is the name chief among ten thousand, and will be sung round the world till the latest ages of time. The living enjoy and the dying are cheered by its wondrous charm. Would not the earth be drearier if the living lived and the dying died without these hallowed songs? And we would not be saying too much were we to add that they are more sweet and tender than the ones sung by the angels of God. He lives in the most beautiful painting of the finest artists living and dead. How much of art relates to Jesus and his followers. What would certainly be left if Jesus were taken from the gallaries of the world.

Take Jesus from civilization and you change its history, its poetry, its art, its literature, its government, its morals, its religion, and its hopes of a blissful home beyond the grave. Since his death art is purer, prose holier, and poetry is sweeter, man enjoys more, lives better, dies happier; truth has new significance, life better objects, hopes brighter prospects, and death new revelations.

The mission of the Saviour to earth was to save humanity from everlasting destruction and provide for him a home beyond the grave. What beautiful lessons of mercy and love he taught. How full of truth they were. How in his presence all manner of sin was abashed. He taught for time and eternity. What he has left us

on record is of far more consequence than all the gold of Ophor or the cedars of Lebanon. He is indeed the light of the world, lighting all that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. He brought life and immortality to light by his resurrection from the grave. And Paul tells us, "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, and ye are yet in your sins." And again, he says, "When I came among you I came not with the excellency of speech, or of man's wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God, for I was determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Would it not be well for us all to imitate this beautiful example? What subject, then, could be more sublime or exalted than that of a Saviour?

No one but Jesus ever made such bold and stirring announcements. No one but but Him ever established his claims with such stupendous miracles as He performed. Who, but Jesus, ever marked an era recognized by the world as a point by which to reckon time? None but Jesus ever came through a lineage marked out by prophetic vision centuries before His birth. Never was the sun darkened, or the rocks burst, or the earth shook at the death of any mere man. No one but Jesus ever rose from the dead, and was seen after the resurrection forty days, and then seen by men ascending to heaven. None but the Saviour ever established a kingdom whose duration should extend into the ages of eternity. And even now it is deepening and widening year after year, winning new fame and glory. Thousands of Churches, erected for His worship, girdle the world, and His praise is sung by millions on all the continents of the earth, and in the isles of the sea. He has a name written upon His breast plate and upon His thigh, "King of kings and Lord of lords," which is going forth conquering and to conquer; and will in no distant period come back with the crowns of the world upon His head, and the kings of the earth at His feet, Lord over all blessed for evermore.

Jesus taught by example as well as by precept. How all-important then, that we should do likewise. Example is a living lesson, and life is a grand reality. The life speaks. Every action has a tongue. Deeds are the fac-simile of the soul; they proclaim what is within. Now our Saviour went about doing good and we should follow His footsteps. There is nothing that makes earth so much like heaven, as doing good. Arouse then, ye favored ones of earth

to nobler deeds. Up and bear the waving banner high, and save the world from sin and death. Every man to his post! Catch up the watchword *Onward*! and the battle cry, Jesus Christ and Him crucified. O, Zion awake, put on thy beautiful garments and shine in the light of God.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the lone chamber of the heart,
Some hidden, silent grief is there
Which Jesus pitying eye can see,
And feel that it is hard to bear.

When too, thou'rt tossed on life's rough sea,
And midnight darkness hastens on;
How often courage seems to fail,
And trembling hope is almost gone.

Then Jesus sweetly whispers *peace*;
He listens to each piteous call;
And when the storms are threatening death,
He very justly knows it all.

But dost thou sin and then conceal
The shame, the anguish and the gaul,
In some dark corner of the heart?
Remember that God knows it all.

Art thou a sinner steeped in sin;
And very great has been thy fall
And but for sin, thou would'st do good?
O be assured, God knows it all.

If thou art poor and much oppressed,
No one to pity or console;
And all thy hopes are well-nigh crushed,
'Tis sweet to think, God knows it all.

If thou'rt a mourner drenched with tears,
And grieve like the beloved Paul:
Still when thou dost in anguish weep,
Just pause and think, God knows it all,

If thou'rt a lonely pilgrim here;
And often fear lest thou shouldst fall
While trav'ling home to Heav'n above;
Be not afraid, God knows it all.

Then go to Him and tell thy care,
Tell Him thy sorrow, tell it all;
He'll bear thee up, He'll give thee strength,
He'll hear thy moans, He'll hear thy call.

There is no cloud so thick with gloom,
But what His hand can wipe away;
No load of sin but He'll remove,
If thou wilt only Him obey.

Then daily bow before the cross,
In earnest prayer, loud be thy call;
And never fail while here on earth
To bear in mind, God knows it all.

MAN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

We often hear it remarked that man is poor and feeble. Now in one respect this may be true, but in another it is not. Is he poor who has power to wend his way to that land where angels dwell? Is he in reality a poor and feeble worm? Look at the work of the Sculptor as he almost makes the marble speak. Notice also that of the painter, as he pictures the living in such a manner as almost to make the very canvass breathe. Look at the magnificence of art, and see what wonders have been achieved from time immemorial. Those hanging gardens and walls of Babylon, the pryamids of Egypt, the Mausoleum of Artimesa and the Colossus of Rhodes. Nor is this all. He has harnessed the iron horse to go with the velocity of the wind. He has also drew the lightning from heaven to send messages with the speed of thought, thus almost annihilating both time and space, and accelerating even the rapid flight of time.

"The project is vain," exclaimed the learned ecclesiastics of Spain to Columbus as he unveiled his theories of the rotundity of the earth, and undiscovered regions. And neither they, nor their generation would abandon their credence in the flatness of our globe. Ponce de Leon clung to his belief in the fountain of youth until death overtook him in the flowery land where he had searched in vain. The total number of lives over the crucible failed to convince Paracelsus, or Bacon, or Tully and scores of alchemists, to the incidental products of whose labors the world owes some of its grandest discoveries, that the baser metals could not be transmuted into gold, nor the philosopher's stone found. Now the mind has from time to time grappled with these themes and the foolish convictions of some of those philosophers in the past have gradually disappeared before the light of truth.

It will be found to hold good in general, that they who in any of the great lines of life have distinguished themselves for thinking profoundly and acting nobly have depised popular prejudices, and departed in many things from the common ways of the world. Such was the case with Enoch, Noah, and a host of of others whose characters are delineated in the sacred page. They shone like stars in the midst of surrounding darkness, and are now shining as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever. Now all this goes to demonstrate the fact that man is a progressive being; that he has an intellect which is capable of expanding and developing, and will so continue in the great eternal future.

Man is endowed with the mind, and it is this mighty piece of mechanism, this masterpiece of Deity that raises him above the brute creation, allies him to the angels above, and brings him near to God. He certainly could not have given to man a greater prize than the mind, which stamps him in the image of his Maker, though He had power to create a larger earth, a greater variety of living things, and a far larger number of worlds.

God has always had special regard for man. Angels, time and again have come and ministered unto him. And even now attending angels are often hovering around. They are always going on errands of mercy, which is a strong indication, showing the great value God has placed upon the image stamped upon man. Oh! that we would value more and more the immortal mind. There is surely something more than mere life. The mind is eternal, which stamps man with infinite value. Yes, infinite value, inasmuch as he never ceases to exist.

Eternity is the lifetime of God. He was from everlasting to everlasting and he knows no termination. And as we are created in His likeness we are also in existence in the circle that has no end. This at once appears strange, yet it is nevertheless true. We cannot count the eternity of our own being.

In view, then, of enjoying a life time that knows no end, in heaven, let us labor with this prospect before us, that finally we may safely stand on the eternal shore when life's weary labors are ended. We are hastening on to the grave and on to judgment. The time of our departure will soon arrive. We are exhorted to be in readiness. Are we prepared to meet those solemn scenes in peace. O, may God awaken us to arouse to greater faithfulness.

It is quite evident that a firm belief in Christianity and a practice suitable to it, will support and invigorate the mind to the last. We all have the power to make the preparations requisite. And if we fail to do this, eternal woe will be pronounced upon us. Never for a day should we forget this. Morever, we should always bear in mind that the error of a moment is often the sorrow of a life. Consequently, let us march onward, fresh and vigororous with rest, animated with hope, and incited by desire, we can walk swiftly forward through the valley in peace, and ultimately gain an admittance through the gates into the city.

There to dwell in Heaven forever,
With the holy and the blest;
Where the storms float o'er us, never,
There dear brethren, we shall rest.

MUSINGS.

In childhood days I loved to dream
Of objects far away;
And oft I've viewed Time's sparkling stream,
So merry, blithe and gay.

I've thought of hills in other lands,
And banks on other shores,
And O I've dreamed of happy bands
Across the distant moors.

I've watched the gentle breeze of morn
And caught the rills of light,
Just as they did the earth adorn,
And tinged the hills so bright.

The lovely creek—the babbling brook,
I've strolled along with pride;
And now how beautiful they look,
As they in fancy glide.

I've mused upon the golden beams
Of life's bright morning ray;
And sometimes yet I catch the gleams
In manhood's sultry day.

I've viewed the spring with all its joys.
So lovely to behold;
And gazed upon the merry boys,
In all their freaks so bold.

And summer with her fruits and flowers
I've looked upon with pride;
And oft reclined beneath the bowers
With others by my side.

How oft I've seen the richest fields
Wave in the gentle breeze;
And plucked the fruit that autumn yields
From off the bending trees.

And then I've longed for winter snow,
To ride upon the sled;
And face the fierce winds as they blow,
With cheeks so cold and red.

But O, how changed the times since then,
The seasons quickly fled;
While many earthly friends have been
Laid in their dreamless bed.

Yes, those we loved in life's young spring
Have faded like the flowers;
While here no more their voices ring
Amid the transient hours.

And now I dream of years that's fled,
And numbered with the past;
I dream, alas! of those who're dead
Who calmly sleep at last.

I dream also of years to come,
That we are not to see;
I think of yonder heav'nly home
Where all the good shall be,

And then to think when on that shore,
Where musings will be o'er;
We shall the Christ our God adore,
And praise Him evermore.

EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES.

How great are the promises of God, His word is always sure. It can never fail. Though the heavens and the earth shall pass away, not one jot or tittle of His word shall pass away till all be fulfilled; for God is faithful who has promised, and in His infinite mercy has given us exceedingly great and precious promises.

But the promises belong only to the Christian. "To them who by patient endurance in well doing seek for glory, honor and immortality; *eternal* life." The Lord has promised to be always with His children; and this promise is very cheering, very elevating. If we thought that He was afar off when troubles encompass our pathway we could not call upon Him for help with much assurance; could not bear up under our manifold temptations. But thanks to His name for

the blessed promise that He will be with us in prosperity and also in adversity, in hopes and in fears, at home and abroad. And if we are only mindful to do His will the sweet words of comfort will come to our hearts as to the disciples of old, "Peace be with you." The Psalmist tells us "God is our refuge in time of trouble." When our frail barks are tossed upon the stormy billows, and when the infernal powers gather round the soul, He is ever ready to exclaim, "Peace, be still!" Yes He is, indeed, our refuge if we only put our trust in Him. His words are, "I will guide you with mine eye." This is, indeed, a sweet consolation to the Christian, ever inspiring him with a disposition to have his aspirations heavenward. There is a time coming,—it is the dying hour,—when we will flee to Him for refuge. Never for a day should this be forgotten. How many members of the Church live carelessly from year to year, and when they are prostrated upon a bed of disease will cry for mercy, and endeavor at that late hour to seek a refuge. Terrible thought! for it is a sad scene to behold. Oh! God bear gently with the erring! Kind Heaven drop a tear of love over the infirmities of fallen humanity!

Upon the unsaved, especially, we desire to impress the humiliating truth that inasmuch as you have failed in the past to fly to God for refuge, wait no longer. If you do you may eventually have to call for the rocks and the mountains to hide you from the face of Him that presides upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. Oh! just for a moment anticipate the scene, and then resolve to take God for your refuge while you possess strength of body and mind, which is quite necessary to fit and prepare yourselves for entering into that refuge, and thus enjoy the society of the pure and the holy throughout all ages.

Now God knows just what we need. He is perfectly acquainted with all our wants and therefore we can safely rely upon his promises. He knows our joys and sorrows, which are such as no stranger's breast can feel. The apostle Peter says, "According to His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertian unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue." And we are informed by the Psalmist David that they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. Truly then, none need fear to trust in the Lord, and they who can claim his promises

are rich indeed, far richer than all the kings of earth. O, the fullness of redemption!

When our confidence is based on the promises of God, though we are chastened, we are assured that it is all for our good that we through patience and tribulation might have hope and be partakers of his holiness. And though we may be greived and wounded we cannot be discouraged; for the light afflictions are but for a moment and are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us in that better land.

Then Christians banish your gloom. Remember the Lord has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." Cling to that word *never*. Hide it richly in your heart. And though we may have tribulation the Apostle Paul assures us that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us." And again, "All things work together for good to them that love God." We are still further informed that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, that God heareth the young raven's when they cry, and clothes the ilies of the field. He has likewise promised to answer our petitions when asked according to His will. Let us, therefore, be stedfast and unmovable always abounding in the work of the Lord, and His promises which are *yea and amen*, shall be realized and enjoyed throughout the ages endlessly.

But O, the heart-rending thought, so many toiling to no profit, laboring days, months, and even years to obtain that which soon, yes, very soon will have perished. All things earthly are vanity. Poverty and emptiness are indelibly inscribed all over the world's possessions. But we are assured that "labor in the Lord is not in vain." Happy, indeed, are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled. This affords us sweet consolation; and we are further cheered and encouraged by the Apostle Peter, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers."

How rich, then, is the Christian. He can rejoice from day to day, possessing that "Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky." Heaven smiles upon him, and he continually lives in that tranquil atmosphere, purified by the rays of a moral sun. And wherever he goes, wherever he dwells, Heaven's richest and choicest blessings

rest upon him. Happiness continually springs up in his pathway, ever glowing with the brightness of the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

O, what would man be without the promises of God! A poor, forlorn wanderer, without hope and God in the world. The future would be all dark and dreary. In the hour of death, when our bodies would be racked with pain, and the sun of this life would be near the horizon, all would be sad and gloomy; and the thrilling thought would flash through our minds that we must be laid like the brutes in the damp, cold earth, never to rise again.

Let us, then, cherish the hope of enjoying those precious promises and live to the honor and glory of God. Certainly he will reward us, for like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; and His grace is sufficient for us. Then when death shall stare us in the face we will be ready to be borne gently away to those bright climes above, where we shall see the King in His beauty, clad in all the habiliments of glory. O, how great are the enjoyments of Heaven! Who can express them? Joys that pass not away. We should daily strive to be more faithful knowing that heaven is our final destiny.

The Patriarchs before the Bible was written lived on a few promises and prospered in their souls. They were cordials for them. Whoever has a plain promise need not be cast down. When your hearts are failing and ready to halt apply the promises of God. Remember, too, that they are not the promises of man, subject to earth's change and care, but of God who never changes. "Has He said a thing and shall He not do it!" The things that are impossible with men are not impossible with God. If we get not the benefits of the promises of God the fault is not in God but in ourselves. Think, too, of what is contained in those "exceeding great and precious promises." It would appear that the Apostle had exhausted the vocabulary of the language in which he spoke to give a faint idea of what the Christian is to enjoy in Zion, beautiful Zion above.

Brethren to each of you we appeal to strive to raise your motto, which should be "Higher, still higher." Do not let us hang our harps upon the willows and bow down our heads always, but pray fervently that the Spirit of God may be with us. Then shall the stream of peace flow round the withering heart and a flood of radiance come tiding in upon

the soul. Oh ! that we could all feel the responsibility that rests upon us, and humbly discharge our duties in the fear of the Lord. Shall we not expect these things ; or is it all a dream never to be realized till the millennial days shall be ushered in ? Then shall the ecstacied soul join in the songs that roll over the hills of Paradise, and enjoy fair summer high in bliss upon the Mount of God.

But O, sinner, did you ever think that it was your privilege to enjoy those exceeding great and precious promises ? Stop one moment and think of this. If you only did you could not continue longer upon the road leading to everlasting woe. Our prayer to God is, that He will have mercy upon you by sparing your unprofitable lives, till it shall be your pleasure to turn to him and live, Do not linger. Remember the pleasures of this world are fleeting, while the joys of Heaven are enduring. Then when upon your dying pillow, you can realize that God owns you, and has promised to be with you in the hour of death to bear you safely to the never ending, never dying, unfading mansions of bliss.

TO MY PARENTS.

ADDRESSED TO THEM WHILE TRAVELLING IN A FOREIGN CLIME

PARENTS, now of you I'm thinking—
Musing over other years,
When in boyhood's joyous morning
I was free from burd'ning cares ;
And I know that you are longing,
Longing for my safe return ;
And with anxious hearts you're looking
While your warm affections burn.

You no doubt are ofttimes feeling—
Feeling lonely when you think,
Of the times we've had in parting,
Which produced one broken link.
Sometimes, too, you're sad with weeping—
Weeping how that time has torn—
Torn so many from your dwelling
And you now are left alone.

Alone ? no, angels are smiling,
Smiling that our God is near ;
And with linked hands they are flying,
Hovering round you there.
O the word of God is glad'ning—
Gladdening with peace and love,
The lone heart that here is sorrowing,
Longing for those climes above.

And my thoughts are ever wandering—
  Wandering o'er childhood days;
When with schoolmates I was sporting
  Up and down life's devious ways.
Those scenes, they are always thronging—
  Thronging in upon the mind;
While old father Time is riding,
  Rushing by us like the wind.

Those with whom I then was playing—
  Playing o'er the earth so gay;
O what posts are they now manning?
  Scattered far—so far away.
Some of them we know are sleeping—
  Sleeping in the silent tomb,
Such a bright and joyous morning,
  O how soon 'twas filled with gloom.

Now and then we find one toiling—
  Toiling in the legal courts;
Some are now in commerce dealing,
  And but few are at their sports.
Many too the ground are tilling—
  Tilling with such patient care;
While at machines some are working
  Mid life's burdens hard to bear.

Others are engaged in teaching—
  Teaching children young and gay;
But how few there are that's preaching,
  Pointing out the narrow way.
As physicians, some are working—
  Praticing the healing art;
Or as authors they are writing—
  Striving hard to do their part.

Thus you see that all are toiling --
  Toiling in their different spheres;
Day by day they all are travelling,
  Onward mid life's cares and fears.
Yes, indeed, we all are marching—
  Marching downward to the grave,
Each in turn will soon be crossing—
  Plunging 'neath the silent wave.

True, but then there is a meeting—
  Meeting in the sunny land;
Loved ones there as they are passing,
  Will be welcomed on the Strand.
Parents, your sun will be setting—
  Setting soon to rise no more;
God be with you when departing,
  May we meet on the other shore.

On that shore to join in singing—
  Singing songs of victory;
Where glad anthems, they are ringing,
  And sweet harping symphony,

Adieu, with God's richest blessing—
Blessings oft for you I pray;
Adieu with our prayers ascending;
God be with you day by day.

CHANGE.

Change is indelibly inscribed as with an iron pen upon all things earthly. Ever since "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," Earth and all her tenantry have been rapidly passing away. Every day we see God's bruises upon the desolate human heart, notwithstanding the years are ushered in and welcomed amid the ringing of bells, and the many congratulations of friends and acquaintances. Then soon the seasons roll their round, giving that endless variety of scenery developed by the God of the Universe. This is produced by the two-fold motion of the earth, and, as it is continually changing, various forms of matter are constantly wasting away. We look around to find those ancient cities which were once the pride and glory of kingdoms, but where are they now? Old Nineveh is gone! Babylon is fallen! and long since have they slumbered in their ruins. But where are the mighty hosts which have tread the earth since time began? Ah! a voice from within responds: *Gone—gone to their final resting place.* Yes, and we too, will soon follow. This is the most solemn change, and far more important in its consequences, than any other to which we are subjected. Hence it becomes necessary for us to to prepare for it, knowing that within this tenement of clay there is an immortal spirit which must live forever. Then let us labor, watch and pray, in order to be ready for that great day when this corruptible should put on incorruption, and this mortal, put on immortality. Then will come to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory. O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy viciory?

MY HOME.

Oh! the endearing name, MY HOME,
There's music in the very thought;
What hallowed memories spring up,
As if by inspiration brought.

Oh! tell us not, the theme is worn,
That on it we ought not to write;
For where we've dwelt in peace and love,
There will our thoughts go back to-night.

For there's a radiance soft and sweet,
In the sunlight of home, sweet home,
Where friends and kindred long have lived,
Now thither shall our spirit roam.

And then we'll think of brothers there,
Of sisters, gentle, kind and true;
We'll think of Mother's constant care,
And Father's earnest pleadings too.

We'll think of those who worshiped there
And since have passed to yonder sky;
Where each at last may safely live
No more to weep, no more to die.

Then tell us not the theme is worn,
For on it we shall often dwell;
A theme that points us to the place,
Which we have always loved so well.

It points us to our manhood home,
Amid life's ever vary'ng tide;
And then again to homes beyond—
In Heav'n above, where saints abide.

That home, where after toils are o'er,
The weary and the worn repose;
Where loud they sing the exulting theme,
Redemption from all earthly woes.

IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

This, undoubtedly, is one of the most important questions that could be propounded, and the solution of it demands our most serious attention, burdened, as it is, with such thronging hopes and longing aspirations.

There are various theories entertained on this subject. Many suppose there is no immortal principle in man different from what there is in the brute creation; while some think there is a difference, but still regard it as mortal. Others again take the position that the soul was immortal at the creation, but man having fallen lost it at the transgression, consequently the whole human family are also mortal, and when their lives terminate they cease to exist, both body and spirit, except such as have the boon of immortality extended to

them for their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Another class regard the soul as being created immortal and will remain so, yet claim that the wicked will be annihilated by the punishment that will be inflicted upon them at the judgment. And the last class we shall mention are those that firmly believe that the soul was created immortal and will never, no never. cease to exist. We shall not at present enter into an elaborate discussion as to which of the foregoing theories is correct, yet it is very evident from the Inspired Volume that the last one of these is in accordance with the will of Jehovah.

The truth that God exists is thundered throughout the realms of creation ; everywhere we see a knowledge of his existence demonstrated. No one whose mind has not been grossly abused and perverted can for a moment doubt the existence of a Supreme Being. But man is destined to an immortal state of existence. The Bible, in the language of inspiration, declares this. "He shall never taste of death," said Jesus; "He shall never see death ; whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal and the same,
Shall beam on joys, interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness, unassuaged by tears
Shall lure its eye to deathless scenes sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time."

Joyous and stupendous thought! Gladly should we hail the long expected day, while emotions of ecstatic joy which language cannot describe crowd round the altar of the heart, causing us to exclaim in holy rapture, HALLELUJAH ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth and is able to raise us up at the last day. We have the strongest assurance that when the long drawn note of the last trump shall sound it will be heard throughout earth's remotest caverns. Yes its thrilling notes will pierce through the covered up tablets and awake the sleeping dead that repose beneath the

"High pales tombs that gleam in night,"

and send its thundering tones on to arouse those that have long slept beneath the briny deep. The dead in Christ have the promise of participating in the first resurrection against which the second death has no power. Yes, the dead in Christ— those that have died in the Lord. The Apostle John says, "Blessed are the dead that die

in the Lord." How sweet the thought,these are the ones that have a peaceful exit, being welcomed home amid the anthem of angels, and the music of the heavenly choir. How different their departure from those that die in their sins. Heaven smiles upon them in the dying hour, and angels are hovering around to carry their freed spirits home.

Who has not, with indescribable emotion, been overwhelmed with awe while contemplating *the moment after death?* O, what a moment it must be, and how vast its consequences. Language fails to express either the agony of the wicked or the joy of the enraptured saints. But would it notbe well for us often to have a panoramic view of the terrific and joyous scenes of the moment after death? To the righteous it will certainly be a glorious scene; while tongue cannot express the horror of those that are to be cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched.

To get a faint idea of that moment we may call to mind the dying hours of both the righteous and the wicked. And in the first place, let us bring to our minds that of the wicked when his life is fast ebbing away, and his soul is filled with unutterable anguish. O, is it not enough to make the heart to sicken, and the sympathetic tears to flow? Hear him mourn over his past ill-spent life, as his conscience accuses him, and brings to memory the sinful life which he has lived! Delirium often sets in, and sometimes you will hear the awful oaths—cursing his very existence, and swearing by the very God who gave him being! Frequently he has been heard to exclaim, "There is the Devil; don't you see him? Now he is on my bed!" Then come the shrieks of horror; and he strikes and kicks to drive the devil from his bed! It would seem that the torments of hell had already begun—a prelude to that awful condition and state where the smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and forever.

We will now notice another and a far different scene—the dying hour of the righteous. He views death with a smile, and exhorts those standing around his bed to prepare for Heaven. He exclaims, I know in whom I have believed. He then commends his spirit to Him who doeth all things well, invoking Heaven's richest and choicest blessings upon them around him. Angels now accompany his freed spirit as it soars away to heavenly mansions—there to tread forever the sapphire floors of Paradise.

To the believer in God, no truth stands more conspicuously foremost, from the heights of nature and revelation, than that of our immortal destiny. And while it is undeniably true, from all the lights which nature, with all her inexhaustible and exhuberant profusion, has afforded—from the rich and full developments of science —from all the deep researches of philosophers, that there is a God, matchless in wisdom, boundless in power,and infinite in benevolence and love. It is likewise almost self-evident that this scene of existence, to which we are chained by immutable and uncontrolable laws, is not the end and terminating point of all the pleasing hopes and fond desires that animate us in this wilderness of sorrow. The Psalmist says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." And we well know that if there is no God there can be no resurrection. But the proofs of it everywhere develope themselves. He is seen, heard and felt, wherever we turn our eyes, our ears, our hands. We see Him in the boundless magnitude and harmonious arrangements of all His works. If we turn our eyes above and view the blue ethereal vault, bespangled by all the variety and retinue of world upon world—to the immensity of suns, systems and globes, with all their stupendous magnitude, glorious splendor or harmonious and sublime movements ; or turn we to the earth, laboring, as it does, under the curse imposed upon it, we there behold enough to demonstrate the momentous truths; and the more we examine the more we are assured of its immutable foundation. Upon every side the clusters of evidence hang around and press upon us with certain proofs that a God of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, is near and about us. If with Israel's Psalmist we ascend into the heavens, He is there ; and there He displays His attributes of peerless splendor and ineffable majesty, diffusing light, life and love, in all the inexhaustible riches upon the wide expanded vault, and lost in the maze of unaccountable operations, sublime, magnificent and immense, our soul

> "——— falls prostrate and adores
> The vast design of God :
> Wonder and praise engross our powers,
> Where'r His feet have trod."

There we behold His boundless power, unerring wisdom, impartial goodness, and the multifarious exhibitions of Divine perfection. Or do we make our bed in Hades, there he is evidently employed in the same works of wisdom and goodness ; harmoniously leading on the

silent circle of decomposition and reorganization ; fructifying to cold and dreary regions of the tomb, rendering death itself, the mysterious source of reproduction and new existence, and thus literally making "the dry bones live, and the dead sing praises to His name." If we examine the globe on which we dwell, or the world without and the world within us," they are equally demonstrative of His existence and government. In short, if we take a general survey of those parts of the mighty fabric of the universe submitted to our reach—view their peculiar arrangements, exquisite beauty, order, harmony, and the systematical state in which they all move onward in their majestic courses and proper spheres, accomplishing the end for which they were severaly designed, without any interruption or prevention in the disposal of their beneficial and salutary influences, we at once see, hear, feel and know, that there is a Creator and Governor of the universe.

Next in importance is the truth that we are destined to an immortal state of existence, and hence when we look at nature, with all her retinue of variety, when we look at the heavens with all their wide circumference of space, ornamented by all those immense objects contained within the range of our vision, it is only to be assured that somewhere in the boundless regions of our Father's kingdom, He designs us to dwell immortal. The same evidence that sustains one, sustains the other ; for do we deny to man everything but what this earth affords, he is made poor indeed, and his maker is represented by such a denial, devoid of wisdom, goodness or benevolence. But that man will exist when the heavens and the earth shall have undergone a change after all nature's riches—state and ample treasures—her mighty arches, chambers and walls shall have become desolate, shattered, and broken down, is a truth so self-evident, that scarcely a man of intelligence, can for a moment doubt. Man is the consumation of the creation—last made, and made as the head and end of all terraqueous things. All beings exist for him—all minister to him. And as it is a truth that he is the ultimate design, and not a means of creation ; and as the end of one series of things, may and does become the means of another and higher series ; so man may, nay will, be the means, introductory to some other more glorious and exalted state of existence than this. As remarks a chaste and deservedly distinguished writer of this century, "He is not the means of himself any more than he is not the end of himself." He

is distinguished for another state of being, the consumation of all sublunary things; and thus is his soul filled and inspired with hope —hope, delightful and sublime, which commenced, and will continue, with his existence.

Yes man is to enjoy a state wherein all his capacious faculties, moral and intellectual, will be expanded and be capacitated to grasp in that knowledge which is here denied him. There ample scope will be given to all the benevolent energies of his soul; and having been disrobed of his fetters, emancipated from this little dark prison house, he shall burst forth into open day, forever to unfold his now recluse and dormant powers, and admire the vast variety of all his Maker's works and ways. His powers, too, will be enlarged, and new fields open for their gratification and enjoyment. There, freed from the "periodic portions" and "wretched repetitions" that continually clog him here—unloosed from his "distempered body and distempered mind," he will be called to the full enjoyment of eternity. He will not then be annoyed by the perpetual round of business and care that here absorb in counteracting evils, our powers for information—no longer encountering the difficulties and numerous obstructions which continually gather around us in our pursuit after knowledge, and researches after truth—no longer perplexed by the contradictory opinions, speculative inconsistencies, jarring interests and wayward opinions of men—no longer embrace the wild and fantastic romance instead of the substantial truths that shall then burst forth upon our enraptured vision—no longer reduced into error by the prejudices and passions which here estrange our hearts from plain and simple facts—no longer become weary and faint in the intense application of our minds to intellectual pursuits —no longer shall the unbounded and diversified scene of objects, relations, changes, revolutions, events of which we here catch, as it were, but an occasional glimpse, be involved in impenetrable obscurity. But beyond the grave we shall be like Him. We shall then see Him as He is. Ought we not, then, in view of immortality and Heaven, to prepare for death? for the grave soon will contain us all. Surely we can say to the earth, thou art my mother, and then turn and address the worm, and exclaim thou art my brother and my sister.

But though we die and be forgotten, though nothing be kept in the memory of those that shall live after us, to lighten on the pleading

apologies of our helpless dust, still we have the assurance of bursting the bands of death, even as Christ our Saviour rose and rejoice forever in the Paradise above. Yes, man will not sleep forever, but will, at the sound of the last trump, awake and come forth from the mouldering urn arrayed with immortal glory. O, what thrilling emotions fill the soul whene'er we think of this, and contemplate the future life. We think of the past, of the many happy hours we have squandered in youth's gay morn. O, the friends of our early years! The days of infancy and childhood, when our hearts beat with the fondest emotions of happiness, yea, emotions of sublimity! How they call to mind the joys and sorrows of former times. O, the dim memories of faint gleaming remembrances! How they rush upon our memories, and bring to mind the forms of our boyhood and college associates! But where are they all now? Echo answers, where? A voice from within responds, *all scattered and sundered, while upon many the cold clods are lying low upon their breasts.* O, solitude and meditation! We think of the things that have been, but are not, and return on the wings of imagination to the old remembered haunts! What melancholly mingled with emotions of joy rests upon their recollection. No wonder we all desire to live forever. Oh! that pleasing hope, the hope of immortality. How it cheers our weary pilgrimage, inasmuch as God in His word speaks of the end. "He that doeth the will of God shall abide forever." For "blessed are they that do His commandments, for they shall have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city." And again "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Now may we not address such and say, Ye dead in Christ sleep on, for death is but a change of scene—a doorway into that celestial mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Joyful hope,

> "Spring shall soon visit the mouldering arm,
> Day shall soon dawn on the night of the grave,
> On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty, immortal awakes from the tomb."

In view of this it could not be otherwise than probable that the sainted Job would exclaim, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And in thundering tones the answer comes echoing and re-echoing in the distance, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." This

solves the great mystery. Christ has answered the momentous question of the Patriarch Job, and removed the dark curtain overhanging the tomb. Let us then continually view death as the entrance into that ever rich and luxuriant garden in the far-famed regions of Jehovah. And though we may lay down, as it were, in cold oblivion, in our attenuated loveliness, we are assured, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the sunbeams of light, all radiant with the glory of heaven, shall visit our lonely mansions and call us to that happy world, when we shall realize the "Eternal weight of glory," and where

"All our sorrows left below
And earth exchanged for heaven."

BE FAITHFUL.

O be faithful! yes, be faithful!
There is need of it while here;
In an age of sin and sorrow,
Travelling to a holier sphere.
O what joy will fill our bosoms
To be faithful in that day,
When the Lord shall save His people
From earth's ruin and decay.

O be faithful! brethren labor—
Heed not storms and trials here;
Clouds that cover you with sorrow
Will pass over, never fear.
Cheer up, brethren!—do not murmur,
Look beyond—see! light is near;
Soon will come the next transition—
O be faithful!—persevere.

One stroke at a time is given,
God sees every step you take;
And He tries to have you better,
That you may some progress make.
Then be faithful, never falter,
With united voice be strong!
Though temptations may be many,
They will loose their pow'r ere long.

Yes, be faithful!—there's a blessing
Waiting for you in that land,
Where all trials then will vanish—
Flee away at God's command.
Labor then, till life's calm even
Closes round you, bright and clear;
And till called from earth to Heaven,
Just be faithful!—PERSEVERE.

THE DYING SINNER.

Oh ! there is a pang that thrills the very heart with sorrow when ever we think of a sinner's death. And as we oft have stood beside the dying bed of those doomed to destruction, we could not but feel a pang of anguish at the bitter wails on life's stormy billows. Oh ! kind Heaven, shead a tear of pity over the lost ones of earth. We have one in mind now, whose death we propose to describe. His summer of life had glided swiftly away. He had passed across Time's continent, and stood on Life's Last shore. His mind was filled with vain regrets. There was a wildness in his thoughts, a dread, a torturing fear that swallowed up his very life in wretchedness more dreadful than words could speak. " Oh ! if I had my years to live over again," he mournfully uttered as his life was ebbing fast away. He then became somewhat delirious. His frame was bathed in the sweats of death ; and his eyes half open, rolled with wild affright in phrenzy. Despair seemed indented on his haggard cheeks ; and his cries for mercy were enough to pierce a savage demon's heart. He looked for a moment onward with a fixed gaze ; and appeared to see the very arch fiend of hell with gnashing teeth, horrid mien and eyes flaming with vengeance. He shrieked with horror, saying, " I cannot, I cannot face it!" He turned his eyes to us exclaiming, "Can't you help me ? Must I go to hell ?" We burst in tears of sympathy and cried my God ! Oh ! Heaven look in pity now ! He then sprang forward, apparrently conscious that the gates of the Golden City were barred against him forever. He sobbed and in a low quivering moan, followed with an audible cry, he screamed for mercy ; but screamed in vain. His spirit was raging round in the broken wreck of mortality shrieking for help, but help never came. With wild anguish and dismay he seemed also to see the winding sheet, the coffin and the grave yawning to receive his casket ; and the worms anxiously waiting to feed upon his cold clods of corruption. He again screamed with his utmost strength, and said, "I cannot face it, Oh ! Oh ! Must I go to hell ?"

He continually grew worse, and his mind became more and more frantic. He was hastening on to judgement. Torment awaited him on every hand. The great fires of hell were, to him, evidently flaming up in the distance, and he shrunk back and shrieked and

shrieked again, "I dare not die." Thus with a shuddering groan—a horror which seemed too great for utterance, he passed away to meet his God.

RETROSPECTIVE.

TO MY MOTHER.

Saddened thoughts of early years
Oft float o'er your memory;
And you think of loved ones gone,
Gone into eternity.

Oft you think of childhood hours
When you were so blithe and gay;
You rejoiced and talked with those,
Scattered now so far away.

How your youthful dreams have fled—
Vanished like the morning dew;
And your joys in girlhood's prime,
Will no more come back to you.

Your life's morning now is o'er,
All its beauty here has flown;
Yet the hours you can recall
When its brigtness round you shone.

Then no doubt you think yourself
Dress'd in bridal robe of white;
When you with my father stood
In the morning's rosy light.

The days are as lovely yet;
But the bloom is off your cheek;
And the sun shines just as bright,
But your frame is now so weak.

Your strength's failing day by day;
Friends are passing to the tomb;
Others still are on the way,
Working hard mid care and gloom.

Those you loved in early years,
They have withered like the flowers;
And no more their voices ring,
To light up life's transient hours.

Hopes lie faded out and strewn,
Just like wrecks along the shore;
And life's bittter trials now,
Pierce more than in days of yore.

But though early joys have fled,
Yet e'en now you bring them back;
Far o'er life's swift current path;
Far o'er mem'ry's shining track.

You look back to youthful days,
And you think how time has fled;
Since you were in bridal white,
With bright flowers upon your head.

But now dimmed your eyes of blue,
And your locks are thinned with gray
While your feeble pulses beat,
With the thrill of early May.

FATHER won your heart when young,
And has soothed you oft in care;
And the praise he now bestows
For the smiles you used to wear.

All your children now have gone,
Except one who will abide;
Long as life here shall last,
She'll sit closely by your side.

You've some things that may depress—
Trials that may cause you pain;
Still be cheerful mid it all,
If you do 'twill be your gain.

Cheerfulness and gratitude
Will inspire you day by day;
Give you stronger fortitude
All along life's devious way.

MOTHER it will not be long,
Some few fleeting days of woe;
A few years to face the storm;
And to journey here below.

Mother! still press on! press on!
For the Lord will be your stay;
And when your race course is run,
God will take you hence away.

THE CITY OF GOD.

What a picture does the name present to the imagination! Ascending upward as on eagle wings we scale the mount of vision, and there behold the glories of the eternal city. But O how immeasurably short of reality must fancy fall in her loftiest flight, even when aided by the light of revelation. What ecstatic joy we feel—what thrills of

delight vibrate upon the heart whenever we picture to ourselves its unbounded glory and felicity.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city." A beautiful description of this city is given us by the Apostle John, in which we are informed that it is of pure gold, like unto clear glass, and the foundation of it garnished with all manner of precious stones. It is the most glorious city in the universe, needing not the light of gas, moon, or sun, for the glory of God is sufficient, far surpassing the glittering sun at noonday. Its brightness forever disperses the gloom of night, and darkness is a stranger there. It is truly the Holy City, and the pure and the holy are to enjoy it forever, drinking the pure living water from the eternal fount. O, what sublime rapture must animate the spirit of the departing saint when it passes beyond the eternal gates and becomes an inhabitant of its shining realms, there to dwell in that land where they shall hunger no more, neither do they thirst. Nor is this all, for we are assured that friends will never be severed, inasmuch as sickness and death can find no admission. There in that beautiful city, storms never come,and death haunts not his victim to the grave. There affliction has neither name nor dominion, for the soul which it has purified, it cannot affect. There no tear of sorrow falls, for weeping is unknown to bliss.

How consoling it is to know that there is a city far, far away from this world of sorrow, where we can live by doing what God has required us to perform. A land where all is peace and quietness; a home that can never be broken up. It is not strange, then, that in the vigor and vivacity of youth, in the brown autumn of life, and more intensely still when the night of death is throwing its dark shadows around us, we should think fondly of the promised land of rest, where pleasure has no rival, and the lovely is ever lovely. The treasures which the faithful soul has enshrined in this land of fadeless splendor, will grow brighter and more abundant when the wealth which the miser has gathered together will have returned to its original dust." The broad acres of the rich, together with their kindred earth, shall be wrapped in inextinguishable flames, kindled by the breath of Deity; the moon, in her pensive beauty, the glittering stars and the glorious sun, shall fade into eternal darkness, but heaven and the righteous soul shall be lit up

with the glory of eternity. While living, then, in the full prospect of enjoying that delightful city, let us strive to be worthy to receive the approbation of Him who presides upon the throne, and who now sways the destany of nations. How all important that we should endeavor from day to day to deposit our treasures in that Golden City that we may have the opportunity of enjoying the fruits of our labors when the tabernacles of clay which we now inhabit shall be dissolved, and our spirits wing their flight to glory and to God.

Why should we wish to linger here below, where hope flatters but to deceive; where to-morrow's hoped for-bliss never comes; where the tinsels which we pursue disgust us when possessed; where care engraves her ineffaceable furrows on the face of beauty; where time quickly saps the luster from the eye, and dismantles forever the cheek of that bloom with which nature adorned it. O, it cannot be! Tell us not that life's baubles can satisfy the undying principle in man, for these have and end, and mortality cannot satisfy immortality. Among them man vainly searches for a balm for the soul, and, in the search, immortal bliss may pass him by forever, and despair wrap his soul in unending night; but to still, with inextinguishable joy, the deathless spirit of man, it must walk by the stream that never ebbs, among the flowers that never fade, and in the light that never wanes. O, lonely strangers! would you not like to enjoy that beautiful city, arrayed in ever-living green, and covered with the flowers of perennial bloom? Can you not prepare yourselves for entering it, that you may be ready to exclaim with the Christian Poet,

"Jerusalem my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!"

Then the blessings of the triune God will rest upon you, and your reward will be great and eternal.

NEVER PART IN ANGER.

Never part in anger here,
Remember that all are frail;
And though *just*, it may appear.
You will yet some time bewail.

Never part in anger,—No,
Frendship is the sweetest boon;
And you'll always find it so,
This you cannot learn too soon.

Never part in anger here,
It will cause you bitter pain;
There's an hour you'll always fear,
'Tis the time you meet again.

Never part in anger,—No,
For it often mars your peace,
When enraged you sometimes go—
With no hopes of lasting bliss.

Never part in anger,—No,
Mortal! you are weak and frail;
Soon in death, you'll lay so low
With those fiery cheeks so pale.

Never part in anger, then,
Strive in quietness to move;
And if angry you have been,
Learn to live in peace and love.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU.

How these words cheer the weary soul, and enables us to look beyond this world of vanity and toil, to a land of perpetual happiness. O, Christian! lay hold of this promise and store it away in your heart. Many a time you will need it, and it will revive your drooping spirits to know that the most High has said, "*I will never leave you.*" Grasp it then firmly, and cling to it as a drowning man would to a life preserver. In hours of tribulation, disease and death, you will feel safe in leaning upon the arms of Jesus. Turn, then, from the vanities of earth—subdue all sinful passions, continually looking to the Savior for strength and guidance, thus showing to all around that you are determined to live and die for Jesus. He will not leave you comfortless and you are sure of that life which will be eternal, and of that bliss which shall never end.

It is truly very certain that if we would always keep this promise before our minds, we would never despair. And more so, especially, as we would eventually have a right to the tree of life, and mingle our voices with those about the throne, which would continually blend, with the gentle murmur of the Beautiful River running close by the throne of God.

But Christian, where is your heart? It is true, you expect to live beyond the cold stream, but can you in the sweet prospect of Heaven exclaim, *God is with* me? Can you exclaim with the Psalmist David, "Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Happy are you, if you can answer these questions in the affirmative. But if you can not, you are not a Christian, even though you profess to be one. Therefore, strive patiently to be more faithful that you may at all times rejoice in the sweet hope of an immortality of bliss beyond the grave.

When amid the shining numbers,
Cares and trials all are o'er;
Where our Guardian never slumbers,
May we dwell forevermore.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. & MRS. J. W. HARNS, ON THEIR BRIDAL DAY.

MARRIED.—Dec. 4th, '78, by REV. W. K. BURR, A. M., at the residence of MR. H. B. VALLEAU, MR. JESSE W. HARNS of Hillier to MISS KITTIE N. DENIKE, of Tyendinaga.

May happiness and peace be yours
In holy sweetness blend;
Embalm your home with hallow'd bliss
Until life's dream shall end.

Plenty in store, you need not want,
So long as health is yours;
A life-time hid with Christ in God,
A world of wealth insures.

And mid the fleeting years of time,
You're numbered with the past;
May angels lead the path sublime
To reach *yon home* at last.

That home above where friends shall dwell
Who served the Lord with fear;
Transplanted from your home below
To yonder home so dear.

May such your lot and portion be,
These words of cheer are given,
With joyful hopes and prospects bright,
To cheer you on to Heav'n.

THE INHERITANCE IN HEAVEN.

How pleasing it is to contemplate the joys occasioned by having an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. How widely it differs from an earthly inheritance, inasmuch as it can never be taken away from the true followers of Jesus. Nor is this all, for it never decays, but continually remains the same throughout every age. Millions have left the earth poor as Lazarus of old, but being rich in faith and good works, they become heirs to this grand inheritance.

O, poor believer! heart broken wanderer in this world of sorrow, there is a rich heritage for you which will always increase, laid up in those heavenly mansions. There in that Golden City it will endure forever. Fail not, then, to remember this, continually casting your aspiration towards that happy land. In times of sorrow, care and anxiety, you can look forward with pleasure to that joyful retreat. You can exclaim with the Psalmist David—"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand within thy gates O, Jerusalem."

Lonely pilgrim in the wilderness of sin, you who are laboring for Golconda's sordid wealth, why is it that you have made no preparation to enjoy that heavenly estate? Soon, very soon, your earthly inheritance will be of no good to you, inasmuch as time will have borne you down to the mansions of the dead. O, why then have you not rather labored to lay up treasures above. Then, when your flesh shall have failed you, and death shall have stared you in the face, you may at the same time rejoice in anticipating that inheritance which is immense, inestimable, unspeakable. Pause before you proceed further, and think of this, for certainly thus far you have had an unpleasant journey. The storms of life have been unceasing. It is, nevertheless, true, that the soothing breezes softly blowing and the refreshing rain in gentle showers, together with the summer heat, in shady bowers, amid the vales with fragrant flowers, have cheered you onward in your pilgrimage. But alas! a long eternity will soon dawn, and a day of reckoning will come, when all will receive their just reward. May God grant that you may die the death of the righteous, and be partakers of that inheritance which is promised to the saints in glory.

When amid the countless ages,
  Storms and trials never come;
Where life's fever never rages,
  May you dwell in peace at home.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

We are weary in the warfare,
  And the battle rages long,
We are very tired and feeble
  While our foes are bold and strong.
But the voice of the dear Saviour
  Echoes from the courts on high,
Tells us how He fought and conquered;
  That His help is always nigh.

True indeed, but then our striving,
  Often here appears in vain;
Lo! the tempter's 'round our pathway,
  And we know he'll come again.
But poor soul cease thy repining,
  Cease that faithless, bitter wail;
If thou wouldst be pure and holy
  Trust in God thou'lt never fail.

But this heavy weight of sorrow,
  O this load of guilt and pain,
How we're sometimes robbed of blessings,
  And our labor oft is vain.
Still remember mourning servant
  Jesus soon will whisper *Peace*;
Soon will weary cares and fightings—
  Soon will these sad doubtings cease.

Nay, but shall we ever conquer,
  And the crowns of glory wear?
Shall we ever join in singing,
  Palms of victory to bear?
O my child! the Savior crieth,
  Look to me when trouble's near
And one day thou'lt come off conqueror;
  Trust in me and never fear.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The hope of enjoying future happiness in that land immortal, unfading, is a source of unbounded consolation to the dying Christian. Ofttimes it has been our privilege to stand by the bed side of the dying and to witness scenes of holy triumph which no pen can adequately

describe. One scene of joy where the King of Terrors was transformed into a smiling angel of light, we will endeavor, though it must be faintly, to portray. His hopes of earth were like the fading grace of inspiring autumn, vanishing and dying away one by one, till all were gone. We were with him when the pallor of death was passing gently over his features; while the shadows of time were flitting away and the glories of eternity bursting in upon his wondering vision. The placid serenity of his countenance changed by degrees and became radiant with resplendent glory. He was strongly incited by desire and animated with the blissful hope as he passed swiftly through the swellings of Jordan and the things of earth gradually faded from his view. He was indeed sweetly fanned by the last flutter of the sinking breeze, and his brow was sprinkled with the dew of Heaven. His spirit was wrestling with dissolving nature, struggling to be free, and shrieking to take its final flight. Hark? they whisper, come, come away. Who? Who is calling? God in mercy calls me, responds the dying Christian. I come, I come, continued he. Be patient, we replied, it will soon be over. Oh! I am patient—I am patient—I know—I know it will soon be over—I am ready. Yes, we answered, Jesus is with you. He has gilded the grave with the light of Heaven. He has passed into the tomb and conquered our greatest foe. Thank God was faintly uttered amid dying sighs and dying groans. God bless you and take you home to rest. Amen, was said in tender response. God be with you, we still repeated, and he sweetly died in the triumphs of the Gospel, with the firm hope of a glorious resurrection.

The grass will soon grow over His new made grave, and the rose will bloom with fragrant beauty. Years may roll around but the eye of God will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith. We have the assurance that the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise incorruptible. Therefore may the riches of Divine grace be the consolation of all those who mourn; and may the Shepherd of Israel walk with us all through the cold flood; and ultimately save us in that home over yonder,

Where amid the shining numbers,
Cares and trials all are o'er;
Where the guardian never slumbers,
We shall meet to part no more.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

There is no time more sacred here
  Than is the twilight hour ;
The sun has calmly sunk to rest,
  While birds sing in the bower.

Sweet twilight hour ! the day is o'er,
  All nature seeks repose ;
And we can sit with God alone,
  He knows earth's cares and woes.

And we can seek His face in prayer,
  For He well knows it all ;
He knows our trials on the way,
  And we have heard his call.

His voice comes floating on the breeze,
  In eve's sweet tranquil hour ;
When guided by the star of hope,
  Earth's 'tractions lose their power,

We know that life is waning fast,
  Time passes quickly on ;
And soon life's twilight hour will come,
  And all our days be gone.

No wonder then we love this hour,
  To muse o'er things around,
And when earth's pleasures lose their charms,
  We'll go where joys abound.

This holy hour, indeed we love
  To sit beneath the shady bowers.
And live again through other years,
  Life's transient fleeting hours.

No hour could be more fitting then
  To search the heart within ;
When all around us is serene,
  To cleanse ourselves from sin.

Dear twilight hour ! we love to muse
  O'er scenes now past and fled ;
And think of childhood's merry years,
  And schoolmates who are dead.

We think of those unlinked with earth,
  Whose troubles now are o'er ;
Who passed away beyond the stars,
  Whom we shall see no more.

And then, alas ! we think of hours
  That we shall never see ;
When in the grave we slumber there,
  From cares and sorrows free.

One eye alone can see us there,
  One voice awake the dead ;
The great archangel's trump shall sound,
  And rend Death's narrow bed.

The twilight hour will then be past,
  And time and seasons o'er ;
May God then grant that we may fly
  Where sun shall set no more.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

We all within our graves shall sleep
  A hundred years to come ;
No living soul for us shall weep
  A hundred years to come ;
But other men our land will till,
  And other men our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
  As bright the sunshine as to-day
A hundred years to come.
  But where shall then our portion be ?
Where shall we spend eternity ?

This is indeed a solemn question. It is truly a solemn thought. In the language of the Editor of the Christian, "Where shall we be a hundred years from now ?" A humble mound in some cemetry will mark the resting place of most of our bodies, ere half that time is passed. But our spirits—that part of us which thinks, reasons, chooses, loves, hates, regrets and remembers—where will they be ? Certain it is, that the resistless current of human destiny that rolls ever onward will have borne us on to new conditions, new scenes and new surroundings. But what shall these be ? It can scarcely be doubted that wherever we may then be, these immortal natures of ours, if so be that consciousness still remains, will have a greatly enlarged vision of human affairs and their issues. How small will some of the questions that agitate us now, appear to us then ! How unworthy of man will then appear all the petty jealousies and bitter strifes that now estrange hearts and lives ! Our dreams of greatness, our mad struggle for wealth or fame—all our vain ambitions—how infinitely small and contemptible will they be found to be, when we shall view them from the realm of the absolute and the eternal !

How mean and worthless a thing is human life, if it secures nothing which shall be kept and valued by us one hundred years from

now! But within that time, all the wealth, the honor, the pleasure, the glory of the world—things for which most men are striving—will have faded from before the eyes that now gaze upom them, as the bright-hued rain-bow fades from the summer sky. Fellow travellers are you building for eternity? Of all the labors of your hands and brain what will remain one hundred years from now? Faith and hope, and love—these shall abide forever, and the immortal deeds which are born of them shall constitute a part of your eternal treasures. Seek then for immortal wealth. Build against the ravages of Time. For the things which are seen are temporal; but things which are not seen are eternal.

EXAMPLE.

Oh! the blessed thought of living.
Just as Christ was wont to do;
Setting forth a good example,
That the world might daily view.
Seeds we sometimes sow with weeping,
Bearing then the precious grain,
Will spring up and grow with vigor,
For it gets the latter rain.

But the foul seed that is scattered—
Strewn around on every hand,
Needs no one to guard and cherish,
For twill grow on any land.
Oft good deeds that we are doing
Seem to float into the air;
But they will not perish—never—
Still the thought seems hard to bear.

In the distant coming judgment
All our acts we'll meet again;
Some of which will cause us sorrow,
While our hearts will thrill with pain.
Oh! then set a good example
In this world of pain and strife;
And by earnest supplication,
You will lead a Christian life.

THE CAREER OF LIFE.

The career of life from infancy to old age is one of marked interest; the first breath is indeed a pang, and the first cry one of agony.

We are ushered into this world helpless worms of the dust, dependent upon others for support in our tender years. We are, therefore, entirely ignorant of the great object and aim of life ; and it is not until we arrive at the age of reason that we realize our responsibility. Then we begin to engage in childish reveries—build air castles, and lay plans for the future. The rainbow of hope beams with ineffable joy and spans the entire arch of our future destiny. The birds appear to sing their sweetest songs, and even all nature in sublime strains, mingle their music together in rapturous harmonies in the grand chorus of the universe.

But soon the days of childhood flee away, and the morning of life is past, time having, with his untiring pinions, hastened us on to manhood. Now we find ourselves upon the stage of action, having entered the great arena of life for the purpose of contending with its numerous conflicts. The sun is now shining in meridian glory and the scorching heat of summer falls heavily upon us in the zenith of our strength, as we trudge along in the journey of life.

How fast time flies. Look at yonder sun ; it is now setting behind the western hills, and we have reached our three score years and ten. Our heads have become frosted over with gray, through the storms and trials of many winters. The eye is now sunken and the visual organ refuses to perform its office. Nor is this all, the ear is deaf and our form is drooping to the earth, and we are impressed with the solemn fact that dust we are and unto dust shall we return.

The sun is now below the horizon, our days are numbered, and we launch out upon the great sea of eternity, hoping to reach that happy land where discordant vessels never anchor, and where sorrow is unknown.

Then send us thy help Lord to shun
The weary and dangerous road ;
Oh ! lead us to mansions on high,
In the beautiful city of God.

OUR SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

Oh ! there was great joy in Heaven,
When our Savior came to earth ;
Mid the signs and visions given,
To announce his humble birth.

O'er the plains 'twas peaceful even
All was hushed in quiet rest,
When the Savior came from Heaven,
From the regions of the blest.

And the wise men came to see Him,
Bringing precious gifts with them ;
While they gazed with rapture on Him,
As He laid in Bethlehem.
The rude Pagans stood a wondering,
As they threw aside their gold ;
Thinking of the Savior's coming,
Whom the prophets had foretold.

And the temples, they were trembling
Trembling to their very base ;
While the idols, they were crumbling
Standing near the holy place,
Round about the priesthood gathered,
Long they'd bowed to gods in vain ;
And while looking on they shuddered
As if filled with bitter pain.

Nature felt a thrill of pleasure,
When the star moved o'er the plain ;
Pointing to a precious treasure—
Christ the Lord had come to reign.
On the air the music echoed·
" Glory, glory unto God,"
While the Savior's head was pillowed—
Quickly spread the news abroad.

Shepherds watched the light approaching,
It announced the Savior then ;
And they heard a voice proclaiming,
" Peace on earth, good will to men."
How they gazed upon the Savior
When they saw the angels there ;
Guarding safely that rich treasure
With such signs of loving care.

O'er the earth spread the glad tidings,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem :"
While the heav'ns above were ringing
Hallelujahs to His name.
Long and Loud their notes were echoing
Glory to the Savior then,
On the midnight air 'twas floating,
" Peace on earth, good will to men."

ONLY A CHILD.

Gone, thou, art gone, dear baby
Peaceful in thy slumbers lay ;
Gently to the grave we bore thee
Laid thee from our sight away,

"Only a child," were the words that fell from the lips of one as we stood years ago at the grave of our departed—our darling cherub. But it was, indeed, more than merely a child to us, as we saw it laid in the cold grave, and heard the fresh dirt rattle on its narrow home. We shuddered at the very thought. The out-gushing of the heart—the souls deep emotion, sighed in bitter agony. But then we knew full well that it had passed away

E'er the earth had profaned it;
Or sin threw a charm o'er its early bloom.

Only a child! Can this be true? Hush! sad heart, and repine no more. Hark! listen to the words of kindness, comfort and love falling from the lips of the dear Savior, as he sweetly whispers, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Neverthles, nature weeps when the children are taken away, and are laid in the damp cold grave to moulder back to dust. In such an hour our very hearts cry out, Oh! could we have held the hand of the Insatiate Archer we would have forever shielded our loved ones from the jaws of death. But our brightest hopes wrapped up in these precious buds of promise ofttimes wither and fly away while mercy sighs farewell!

Here in mortality's vale these fair flowers raised their gentle heads, but too good for earth they have been transplanted into a lovelier clime beyond the sky. They have passed on only a little before us; and are now waiting on the golden strand to welcome the arrival of the stricken ones amid the anthem of angels which ever and anon trembles over the Sea of Glass. Why, then, should we mourn for the departing flowers? Though they have been nipped by the cold wintry blasts of death, we have the sweet assurance that they are now blooming in the land of the Leal, that bright world of fadeless splendor. Still, how prone we are to forget this. How hard for our faith to put back the dead love from our arms, and looking upward to the glory that encompasses them forever, exclaim, "Not my will, O, God, but Thine be done." O, how slow we are to yield to our Father's chastening hand, notwithstanding in it we feel the earnest of the joy to come, that we shall meet again at the glorious dawn of the resurrection morning.

THE WORD OF GOD.

The Psalmist David in addressing the Most High in the second verse of the 138th Psalm says, "Thou hast magnified thy *word* above all thy name." Now in order to get an idea of the importance attached to his word it is very necessary that we should understsnd also the importance attached to his name. The Psalmist says, it is a strong tower into which the righteous run and are safe. And the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Philipians says, at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. And the same Apostle in his Epistle to the Romans says, at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess.

There is something quite remarkable in the several names given to the Most High. He is called God, which literally means the good, for He alone is good. He is called God in all probability to give an idea of his greatness, and it appears to have reference more particularly to his supremacy or power, and to be equivalent to Lord or Ruler. Again he is called *The Great I Am*, which is certainly the most sublime oracle ever announced to the world. Truly can he say I am God the creator of heaven and earth; I am Jehovah who was from everlasting to everlasting, without begining and without end—the God of the Jews; I am the Redeemer who came to save the world. I am the Messiah, the Christ, the Annointed—the Saviour of mankind; I am Lord of lords, and King of kings. I am the Judge of quick and dead. Is it at all to be wondered at then that we should so frequently sing,

"Jesus the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall
And devils fear and fly."

From the foregoing we are led to conclude that the name of the Lord is above every name and will consequently be revered as long as eternity. But His word is magnified above his name, and today it stands as a monument whose top reaches the highest heaven, and whose base is deeply laid in the mansions of the dead. Upon the one side we find inscribed the history of the past in characters

whose lustre shall be brightest when adamantine columns shall moulder and be diffused in space ; and on the other we find inscribed the history of the things which shall hereafter be. It has come down to us amid the rage of bigotry and persecution, and the fiery ordeal to which it has been subjected instead of detracting from its merits has but unfolded its rich treasures and disclosed its beauties. So that it now occupies a position pre-eminently above the works of philosophers and sages. For the Apostle John tells us it was written that we might believe, and in believing have life through the name of Jesus.

Those Holy men that spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit needed not the aid of science and art to decorate their simple but sublime thoughts. The literature which they presented were not like that which is so popular at the present day. No, no, for on theirs hung eternity with its joyous hopes and longing aspirations. They ever taught the important fact that God's word must be revered and obeyed. He who in the beginning spoke and it was done ; whose word we are told by the prophet is like a fire and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, and whose word shall judge the world and never pass away, will surely respect and honor it. A lack of reverence for the word of God is truly one of the greatest sins of the day. When will the time come when men will cease to throw contempt on the Word of God ? That Word which has enlightened the earth and caused the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

And is it not strange that His Word having done so much for man, ever ameliorating his condition, should be neglected and so much despised. That so many attempts should have been made to prove it to be a collection of myths and lies, of absurd and loose speculations ; in other words a collection of falsehoods. But having passed through the keenest investigations and the severest ordeals they still remain a treasury of gold and gems—the same great oracles of heaven. Compare them if you please with the Koran of the Arabian prophet, the writings of the philosophers of Greece and Rome, and the absurdities of the Mormon Bible. All these sink into utter insignificance when contrasted with the Book of Inspiration. And should we continue our researches further, making a comparison between the Word of God and the ancient classics, we would still find that it was the most ancient, venerable and noble

classic that is to be found in the compass of Grecian and Roman Literature. In the language of Butler, "If any boast that the Aristotles, and Platos, and Tullies of the classic ages dipped their pens in intellect, the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration." If those were the "Secretaries of Nature," these were the Secretaries of the very Author of Nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into the cabinet of curiosities the pearl of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of pagan history and philosophy, God himself has treasured up in His Word the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred lawgivers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists and martyrs. The pure light of universal truth is not to be found in the Augustan age of antiquity. It is only to be found in the volume of inspiration.

In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The word of God is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind of every age and country, of time and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of the child, more grand and elevating than the Epic and the Oration, the Ode and the Drama, when Genius with his chariot of fire and his horses of flame ascends in a whirlwind in the heaven of their own invention.

How different in its influence is the word of God from all the rest of the volumes which have ever been written. When we read Shakespear, Milton, Addison, Longfellow, Campbell, Scott, McCauley or Irving, there is still a desire for something they cannot tell us. There is still left a longing desire—an acheing void in the breast. But if we read God's word we find something to fill up and satisfy the mind. Reading the word does not make us weary, nor does its lessons grow old. Surely no bard or sage has ever taught such beautiful lessons of instruction, fraught with every species of interest to humanity, both in time and eternity.

We may study the fleeting wisdom of this world and become acquainted with equations, points, lines, angles, triangles, circles, spheres, parabolas, &c., in the department of mathematics, and closely examine the sciences of Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology, Mineralogy, the various works on Mental, Moral and Natural Phi-

losophy, Political Economy and Logic, Rhetoric and Elocution, and then become intimately acquainted with the Hebrew, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages we should find, even when seated upon the pinnacle of the "Hill of Science," that there was a void within—a longing after immortality.

Yes, we may pore over the wisdom of sages, dwell upon the beauties of the poets, delight to look upon the paintings of earth's most celebrated artists; may love to dwell upon the many beauties of art, may love human nature in all its simplicity; may love the sweet scented flowers and think them emblematic of all that is good, pure and holy; may admire the magnificent oaks of the forest as they stand erect and beautiful; may stop to consider the sublime majesty of the ocean's waves; may listen to the music of little birds and murmuring rivulets; view the green and far spreading plains, and notice the clouds which darkly veil the midnight sky passing away leaving all calm and lovely, but the mind soon wearies of the sameness. And were this all that we could do— all that we could think upon life would indeed be but a monotonous round of scenes and duties. But thank heaven we have pleasures for the mind and heart beyond all these. It is found in the word of God, which He has kindly given us to guide us safely

> Over the boisterous sea of Life,
> Where storms arise and oceans roll,

and journeying safely home beyond the tide and beyond the tomb. O, what pleasure to derive devotion from the songs of David; to learn wisdom of Solomon; to learn unshaken confidence from Abraham and Noah; meekness from Moses; to find every good and lovely grace shining forth in the life of Jesus, and to learn something from the book of Revelation of what we are to enjoy in that bright region of eternal sunshine.

Is there anything on earth of equal comparable importance then to the word of inspiration. Truly those holy men spake as never man was wont to speak. Their teachings were filled with poetic eloquence, pure and natural. They taught morality day after day for the perfection of human happiness. In the language of another, "Let us abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mystery, and as far as in us lies, practice the mandates of this sacred volume, and should the ridicule of earth and the blasphemy of hell assail us, we should console ourselves by the contemplation of those

blessed spirits who in the same holy cause have toiled and shone and suffered. In the goodly fellowship of the saints, in the noble army of the martyrs, in the society of the good and great and wise of every nation. If we err with the luminaries we have chosen for our guides we confess ourselves captivated by the loveliness of their abberation. If we err it is in the fields of light; if they aspire it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust we are content to cheat ourselves with the visions of eternity. If it be nothing but delusion, then we err with the disciples of philosophy and virtue, with men who have drank deep at the fountain of knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draughts. Many thanks then be to God for His Word which shall endure forever.

WATCH AND PRAY.

O Christian in the race you run,
Be careful on your way;
So many dangers here and there,
That you must watch and pray.

And when the darkness gathers round,
And snares oft cause delay;
If you would keep from stumbling then,
Fail not to watch and pray.

Remember Satan's lurking round,
He's near you every day;
In order for to conquer him,
O you should watch and pray.

There also are a host of foes,
Who seek you for to slay;
They are allied to the arch-fiend,
And you must watch and pray.

Yes, Christian, do not rest, but strive
To keep them all at bay;
To save your soul from death and hell,
Requires that you should pray.

And then there are the foes within,
Therefore, make no delay;
Lest you should fail to conquer them,
Be sure you watch and pray.

To be successful, search the heart,
Or you will go astray;
Examine it with patient care,
And don't forget to pray.

Would you but conquer all your foes,
March onward in the fray;
And then to gain the victory,
Dear pilgrim watch and pray.

Look yonder towards fair Canaan's port
And catch one gleaming ray;
Remembering those who anchored there,
Failed not to watch and pray.

Until you reach that better land,
Where angels sing their lay;
Where faith is changed to endless sight,
O Christian watch and pray.

Yes, watch and pray a few more days
Your toils will then be o'er,
And with the Savior, safe at home,
You'll dwell forevermore.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

The thonght we wish to impress on every mind is that childhood and youth are by far the most interesting period of our lives. It is the most critical period, and the everlasting destiny fixed for weal or woe.

Children seem to have an innate love of Deity, a reverence for some unknown, mysterious power. and a yearning for something beyond this material existence. Indeed, if angels dwell upon this earth, and Isaiah tells us that they are oft hovering around, it must be in the form of children, for from the earliest period they have been associated with all that is good and beautiful. The ancients buried their children at the dawn of day because they thought Aurora loved them and took them to her arms. We associate their smiles, their dreams, their very being, with seraphs. And thus we are led to conclude with Solomon that childhood is vanity, for it soon passes away.

It is truly evident that what we are in childhood and youth we are apt to be in manhood, and also in declining years. Our outward habits and manners may be changed and modified by time and place,

but our hearts and affections generally remain the same. The habits in youth are tender and affectionate, and when they become matured they seldom or never change. This, we presume, needs no proof, for it is demonstrated in the characters of drunkards, liars, thieves, murderers, &c., almost everywhere. Hence we see the importance of fixing early in the mind, pure principles and correct habits. Habits are said to be second nature. They appear to be permanent. Now, it is evident that in order to obtain just habits it is necessary for us to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when we shall say we have no pleasure in them.

One of the most wonderful characteristics of children and youth is the intense keenness of their perceptions. They cherish the good, the true, the beautiful, and at first they repel the wicked, the false the hideous, with instinctive quickness. They can discern the sharp points of conversation, and are as quick at repartee as older heads could be. A little boy of Indiana one day asked his mother if God really heard his prayer. "Yes," was the reply, "God always hears our prayers." "Well," said the boy, "I think he must be disgusted with mine, for he has heard the same old prayer ever since I could talk."

Now youth resembles the young twig that may be bent in almost any form. And just as the twig is bent, just in such a manner the tree is inclined. All you that are acquainted with fruit nurseries are also acquainted with the fact and are perfectly aware that if the young trees are not pruned and cultivated right while young they must always remain in a crooked position. Their fruit will be small, and when they become old it is impossible to make beautiful trees of them. So, on the other hand it is with the youth: they must be cultivated while young, for in youth the mind is most susceptible of religious and moral impressions, and as respects knowledge a *carte blanche.*

It is certainly true that all that is required to make life what it should be, to render our homes happy, is to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, and to serve Him acceptably with reverence and godly fear in manhood and also in declining years. It is probable the physical and material may be wanting, money may be locked up in the exchequer, broad acres may be absorbed by a wealthier neighbor, silver and gold there may be none; but there is a richer

treasure locked up in living hearts, hearts burning to remove difficulties out of the way, to uproot the nettle and to implant the rose, to light up the soul with the beacon light of joy, to smoothe the brow of care, to filter the waters of adversity, to overcome real griefs, and to expel imaginary ones—to cheer when the world frowns, to let in the beams of comfort on the mind darkened with melancholy, and to open up the ample storehouse of religion, when every minor consideration fails, exhibiting the rich mine of wealth and glory reserved for the patient, submissive believer beyond the regions of death's vast domain. Begin to live right in youth, keep the even tenor of life in manhood, in sickness, adversity, and o'd age, all will be well, and thus continue throughout eternity.

Let us now take for an illustration a crooked old man bent at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. His habit of walking and sitting bent over was undoubtedly formed in youth. It could then have been prevented, but now it is too late. How important the advice of Solomon, "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." It has been truly said that the child is father to the man. The day rests in the bosom of the morning. The rose is bound up in the bud. The oak lies in the acorn. Summer and autumn are contained in spring, so the heart and destiny of man is generally wrapped up in the breast of the child. How absolutely necessary then that parents should bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Great responsibility rests upon parents, and it is indeed an awful thing to be a parent as well as a youth. Every day should be employed in laying up treasures in Heaven. No time should be lost. Salamais, one of the greatest scholars of his day, saw cause to exclaim literally on his dying bed: "Oh, I have lost a world of time—time, the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more it should be spent in perusing David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles. Oh, sirs," said he, addressing those about him, "mind the world less and God more." The greatest misfortune in life is old age without the remembrance of a virtuous and well spent life. But when the Creator has been remembered in youth, revered in manhood, worshipped and adored in the last stages of life, why the floods of anguish may dash wildly about him and still his eyes are fixed upon heaven and heavenly things. The sainted one can exclaim, Oh, blessed memories! how ye loom

up from the past cheering me on through the cold waters of the Jordan of death.

Oh ! youth ! beware and avoid every appearance of evil so as not to learn the habits of the vile. Things when laid up in the memory can never be forgotten, though they may lie dormant for a while, and apparrently fade from the memory, they are in their nature imperishable, and are destined to revive again. How necessary, then that you should be governed aright so as to walk in wisdom's ways, and bring your acts and aims most powerful for good. You have now launched out upon life's journey more or less elated with strong hopes and prospects of success. To you all is joy and gladness. The rainbow of hope, sparkling with beauty and sublimity, spans the entire arch of your future destiny. The prospects of having happiness unalloyed in the future, and the many joyous and happy scenes continually occurring, gladden your hearts and fill your souls with high anticipations. You are looking forward to the time when you expect to possess a fortune, and you rush on to secure it without a single thought of failure. And when all this is accomplished you intend to turn to the Lord. But pause and remember that while you are in the midst of life you are also in the midst of death. Let each of you then take the matter home to your hearts, and ask yourselves the all important question, Am I prepared for that eternity to which I am fast hastening. Now is the time, when in health and vigor and in the springtime of life, to put forth blossoms that when the autumn days shall come each of you may be as a shock of corn fully ripe for the great harvest day, to be gathered into those mansions not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Remember also that the world and all its fullness is before you and you should labor manfully for a heritage therein. Write your names on the scroll of virtue, and let dignity of soul be the climax of your aspirations.

Filled with gratitude for a prospect so full of bliss our aspirations should continually be towards that happy land. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me join to bless His holy name." Put your trust in the promises of Him who endured the cross, despised the shame, and has sat down on the right hand of the throne of God. Turn from earth's vain and fleeting show and by the aid of the blessed Redeemer, crush the passions and show to the world that you have Christ formed within the hope of glory.

This world with all her vain pomp and show, is rapidly passing away. You are treading life's slippery paths and hastening on to death and judgment. Time is continually bearing you onward. The poet very beautifully expresses it,

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home.
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

The question will soon be asked, where are you? The answer will be, gone to dwell in the silent city. In conclusion we exhort you to turn to the Lord while your years are young and tender. And may it be said of you when the pale hand of death is laid upon you that you have gone home to rest. Then remember your Creator in early life that you may also be remembered by Him throughout your earthly pilgrimage. Study well the Bible. It is your only chart to heaven. Be like Timothy, who from a child knew the Holy Scriptures. Now is the time, in the morning of your pilgrimage, and a crown of life will be yours forever.

OUR CHILDHOOD HOME.

Our childhood home, our dearest home,
How joyous were the days
When brothers, sisters all would come
And join in youthful plays.
The pleasant scenes from hill so fair
From which we loved to look,
Then chase the floating butterfly
Or prattle in the brook.

Our childhood home, our happy home,
We never shall forget
The peaceful hours we then enjoyed
E'er time or vain regret
Had stole the flush from off our cheek
And dimmed our cheerful eye,
Or cast a shadow o'er the years
That passed so quickly by.

And when in future time our heart
Shall be oppressed by care
We'll close our eyes to all around
And think again we're there—

Sitting beneath the lovely trees
Upon the bright hill side,
Where oft we've sat and ate the fruit
In all our childish pride.

But now no more we'll see the brook,
Or listen to the breeze
That gently whistled through the boughs
Or sported 'mongst its leaves.
The birds that sweetly sang amid
The old trees' shady bowers
Will sing no more their songs to us
As in those happy hours.

Nor never shall we hear the steps
Re-echo through the hall
As in the happy days of youth,
Which brought such joy to all.
And then the sports upon the green
Have faded from our view;
And oft our bosom heaves with pain
When e'er we sigh adieu.

And when in death they lay us low
Upon the earth's cold breast;
We hope in that dear fairy spot
Our form may safely rest
Among the scenes, the pleasant scenes
Where we once loved to roam,
Beneath the trees so dear to us
Around our childhood home.

BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN IN THE NURTURE AND ADMONITION OF THE LORD.

How pleasant and how sweet it is to dwell on the beautiful and picturesque of family worship,—when the parents are engaged in training their children in the pathway of holiness. All must admit that a thorough training is absolutely necessary to fit and prepare the child for future usefulness. The parents will be amply repaid for the time and labor devoted to the culture of those committed to their charge. But it is certainly very evident that in order to direct a child to walk in wisdom's ways, parents must set the example, for example, you all know, is much better than precept. The effect is more enduring. And all the duties of christianity are very solemn and venerable in the eyes of children. But none so strongly proves the sincerity of the parent, none so beautifully and powerfully awakens the reverence of the child, and none so happily

recommends the instruction he receives as family worship, particularly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place.

It is truly very evident that many train up their children to a knowledge of their own occupations, inculcating morality, and thus striving to make them respectable citizens of society. But it is quite obvious that something more is required to elevate them, to ally them to angels, and bring them near to God. The deeper the foundation is laid in virtue, the steadier, the firmer, and more impregnable will be the superstructure. Remember that Christ is the chief corner stone on which to build. He is truly the Rock of Ages. In the language of another, then, "Think not that mere secular knowledge will resist the storms of temptation and time. Husbandmen tell us that in order to secure an ample return it is necessary to throw up the subsoil. Economy and morality are the upper surface; religion is the undersoil; and where this department is stirred and pulverized there is no danger of the superficial layer being well tilled and in proper condition. Oh! how many foolish parents sow the wind and reap the whirlwind! It is indeed an awful thing to be a parent as well as a youth. O, parents, beware!

It is religion alone that can afford "the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." What does it all amount to in the hour of death, even though your sons and daughters were ranking high among the proud of earth, and still should be unprepared to enjoy the Golden City?

Man, though a sinner, is neither beyond the pale of hope nor the boundary of mercy. The human heart, though naturally composed of stone, is capable of being molified. Perseverance, prayer, and faith, will remove mountains. And when the soul shall be sanctified, redeemed, and set down, clothed in the habiliments of immortality upon the eternal throne, oh, what a sparkling jewel will be added to your crown of glory!

Press on! press on, dear sainted one, "for life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." Yes, onward, in the path of duty, for the Prophet tells us that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Say not then that there is nought worth laboring for, when within this tenement of clay there is an immortal spirit which must live for ever in the presence of God, or to sink down to hell there to wrestle forever with the

worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched ; nay, it cannot be by mortals here below. It surely must be delightful when reflecting from the resting places of life's restless commotion, that there upon the Hill of Zion stands our eternal home.

Parents not unfrequently become discouraged on account of the waywardness of their children. Some of the most godly parents have wild and very ungodly children. But the reason may be attributed to different causes. Probably the parents may have been too indulgent, and consequently failed to study the dispositions and temperaments of their offspring. On the other hand no visible effect may be produced at the time being, but afterward, long after the father and mother are sleeping in the silent tomb, they may, through their former teaching in childhood, be led to turn from the error of their ways to serve our Heavenly Father. It has been truly said that a father's council and a mother's prayers have been as life from the dead to the wandering prodigal. Oh parents ! learn from this never to cease praying for your children, however wicked they may be. Perhaps far away in some distant land, God may write upon their hearts the lessons you taught them in their youth, and they may cry " God of my father and of my mother have mercy upon me ! "

How delightful, nay how soul-stirring and heart cheering, for a beloved parent to meet their family group in paradise. After the Christian has ascended the hill of glory, and the children stimulated by the godly example left them are endeavoring to keep themselves pure in this vale of tears— after angels have entwined their silvery locks with the fillet of Divine approbation—after Satan has stamped and foamed in fury, that another band of pious souls have broken the chains of their captivity, and flung them back against the walls of the dungeon—after the deep tide of death has been touched, crimsoned with the blood of countless victims—after fiery steeds appear above, resplendent with gold and azure, lowering their celestial car to bear those pilgrims to the mansions of peace where our Elder Brother reigns. Behold those happy spirits standing at the sapphire gates, with transparent robes glittering like a sunbeam, and crowns dazzling with gems and lustre, and their feet like polished brass. Behold their white hands waiving in acclamation, and see their immortal eyes flashing flashes of indescribable joy ! Their golden harps are flung behind them in transport, as they fly to receive the strangers from the giant arms of Death ! It

is the glorified parents rushing to embrace their loved ones and welcome them home amid the anthems of angels, never to part again. We now leave imagination to conceive their holy rapture—their days of endless endearment under the shades, the arbors, and by the rivers of paradise. May we then not exclaim with the poet:

"Twine, twine the victor's wreath;
Spirits that meet them,
Sweet songs of triumph breathe,
Seraphs to greet them.
From their high resting place,
Who shall them sever?
With their God face to face,
Leave them forever."

Parents do you anticipate this unbounded felicity? If you do you must walk before your children to heaven. You must shout, boys on! girls onward! and lead them with you, and lead them after you. How could your cup of happiness be full if these precious gems of the soul were exiles from paradise. Alas that such should be the case!

It is sweet to think that you will be remembered in after years, when your tenements of clay will be committed to earth; dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, by those you have trained for heaven, with deep affection. Your names will be breathed in youthful ears with dreams and memories of the past, sacred and hallowed with sweet recollections of the days of auld lang syne.

Yes, you will certainly bless the Lord that he has given you children to train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, when your heads have become silvered over with gray. Tell us not then, of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; tell us not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil unanxious hearts where children are not; we care not for these things. God gives us children to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims and thus enoble and glorify our happy firesides and cheer us on to the eternal throne.

Then let the blooming children rejoice in their play, knowing that some day they will bend beneath the infirmities of old age; and in that melancholy day the sweet hours of childhood will be remembered. The western sky may shut out the beautiful aurora and the eastern glow may be reflected in the west, but the clouds become darker and no second sun arises in life. Consequently let the chil-

dren rejoice while the rose color of the morning of life glides past them like the tinted flowers fluttering to meet the sun. May God grant to let his manifold blessings rest upon every parent and enable them to meet their families in Heaven.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE INHERITANCE.

Those that daily love the Savior,
That obey His sacred word,
Take it as their rule of action,
Take it as the Christian's sword.
They'll enjoy that rich inher'tance,
It can never, never fail;
And they'll tread its vales and mountains
Lying 'cross death's gloomy vale.

Fain would now our longing spirit
Wander o'er those plains so fair,
And long breathe its living freshness
From the purling fountains there.
And no soil of nature's evil,
No rude touch of man's frail hand
Can e'er mar the loveliness
Of that bright—that happy land.

That inheritance is lasting,
It can never be defiled,
Neither can it be corrupted
By earth's travellers rude and wild.
That inheritance, God gave it—
Gave it to His only Son;
And His children now are joint heirs,
Those the Savior's will have done.

O, the charms that woo the senses;
Glimpses of that far off home;
They revive our drooping spirits
With sweet hopes of joy to come.
And the echo of that music
As it floats upon the air
Tells us of a loving Savior
In that blissful home O'er There.

And the language of God's children
Gliding through His sacred word,
They come ringing down the ages
Giving praise to God adored.
Praise Him for His matchless wisdom
In preparing a home above;
Praise Him for that rich inheritance
In that land of light and love.

O, what joy, what light is beaming
Issuing from Him who's the Sun—
Who has promised life and riches
To those whom the race have run.
And we know that if we're faithful
Crowns of victory we shall bear.
And we'll dwell with Christ forever
Free from sorrow, pain and care.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

It is quite probable there is nothing more elevating in its nature than Holiness unto the Lord of Hosts. The prophet Zachariah appears to have caught a glimpse of future glory in the golden age of humanity. Isaiah the Prophet who more than once tuned his harp to celebrate the praises of Jehovah, also predicted that her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness unto the Lord; it shall not be treasured or laid up for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord to eat sufficient and for durable clothing. "And still further, "And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called *the way of holiness;* the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." We are also told by our Savior that "straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." We are still further informed by the Revelator, John, that there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

But the prediction of Zachariah appears to have special reference to a period in the history of our race when light and knowledge will be spread from pole to pole, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. The power of Satan is so strong; his fascinating allurements so great, his rule so despotic, that spirital things are shut out in a great measure, and darkness spreads his gloomy covering over every tribe of earth. Go where you will amid the high, or the low, the rich or the poor, and universal darkness reigns to a greater or less extent. Just notice for a short time the condition of those that inhabit the wilds of North America, and take a circuitous route down through the United States, Mexico, Brazil, and on down through to the wilds of Patagonia. Follow then to the isles of the sea. For a

moment look at poor deluded and injured Africa, whose sons have been for long centuries the slaves of the world, and whose piteous cries have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth. Then notice Australia who boasts of superior civilization. Come around then to Japan, and China, long, long secluded from the eyes of the world. Millions there bow down to, and worship the works of their own hands. But stop not here. Go on through Asia and visit the Holy Land, the cradle of the human race. What emotions fill our bosoms as we linger around where our Savior was wont to dwell, and now behold that land which once flowed with milk and honey, enshrouded in darkness. But stop not and tarry no longer here—cross the Red Sea—ponder again over poor Africa, having looked with longing regret upon the tent of the poor Hindoo and the dwelling of the poor Arab. Yes bid adieu to that land which one day possessed saints of whom the world was not worthy. Such men as Isaiah who was sawn asunder and a host of ancient worthies who wandered in dens and caves of the earth. Yes, and take a longing look at the sons of Ham, cross the cold Mediterranean, a sea which the ancients supposed to be in the middle of the world, and enter Greece, lovely Greece, beautiful with pleasant valleys and laurel groves; immortalized in song and eloquence of unrivalled richness and sublimity. A land that gave birth to Demosthenes and other orators whose fame is as wide as the world and imperishable as the stars. And then pass on to Turkey, and examine the harem of the Turk. Darkness, darkness broods over these people like that of Greece. Onward then through Russia, Norway and Sweden, down through Holland, and Belgium, and Austria, and Prussia, and France, and Spain, and we are led to exclaim with the prophet on beholding the waste places of Zion, "O, that the Lord would arise upon thee, and His glory be seen upon thee that the nations might come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising." But bidding adieu we hasten on to Italy, land of departed fame! whose classic hills and laurel groves have echoed immortal strains; whose soil has given a birth place to bards, chieftains and monarchs of giant powers; and whose sovereign masters of the pencil amd the chisel [illegible] a sad monument of moral desolation. We linger a short time around the Eternal City and then pass on to Old England whose flag has braved a thousand battle and the brave. But proud as Eng-

land is, her territory groans with thousands of poor starving humanity. It is truly a land of suffering—a land of wickedness, but incomparably ahead of the other countries of the East. Indeed, where the light of the Bible has gone and homage is paid to the Supreme Being, "man stands forth as he should be," the noblest work of God. But a better time is coming.

The Prophet Zachariah looks beyond Satan's fearful sway—beyond his corrupting influence—beyond his fearful reign, when his scepter shall depart, and he shall be bound and be kept to receive his just reward. The sun of truth will then burst through every clime—into every dark corner of the globe. It will give light to those that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death. Its genial and vivifying rays will illuminate the soul, cause all ignorance to depart and error and darkness to flee away. Then will there be liberty—unbounded liberty, and freedom—unbounded freedom to the mind, which will enable it to soar away and hold converse with a thousand worlds. Nothing will retard the progress of the soul. Day by day it will be marching onward from height to height of moral expansion, and from one eminence of glory to an eminence brighter still. It will be a time of general spirituality. Holiness unto the Lord will fill the whole earth. The kingdom of God will then be over all earth's inhabitants. Earthly pursuits will have all passed away, ambition and pride will be ended, and strife and contention will be heard of no more. The scepter of oppression will be broken, and nothing will occur to mar earth's felicity, which will fit it for a higher state of worship and a service purer and more exalted than our vile earth ever saw.

Zachariah even predicts that "in that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, holiness unto the Lord." This prediction is truly broad in its meaning and application. Everything will then be made subservient to the will of the Lord. Then will the world breathe a spiritual atmosphere, and holiness unto the Lord will surround the earth like a great belt and embrace the globe with unmingled gladness. On every corner of the street, in every workshop, man in his transaction with his fellow man, in the marts of business, in legislative halls and in short everywhere will the song of joy be heard, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty. "Holiness unto the Lord."

Job and Daniel too looked forward and beheld the Ancient of

days when the angels and all the seraphs of light would exclaim, "Holiness unto the Lord," "Holiness unto the Lord." O for the joys of those halcyon days! Holiness unto the Lord will then dwell from the rivers to the ends of the earth; and all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest—songs of ecstacy and joy will roll on forever. Oh! what a joyful meeting. Heaven and earth will join together and help to swell the mighty chorus: "Hallelujah, for the Lord, God, Omnipotent reigneth!" What a scene! The sorrows of earth will pass away and the joys of eternity will be ushered in.

Awake! O Christian! awake to nobler deeds! Arouse; strive to be holy to be prepared for the great rising day. God will not look upon sin with any allowance. He says, "Be ye holy for I am holy." He requires us to be pure; otherwise we would be unfit for the society of Heaven. Are we then laboring to this end? Let us pause a moment, and see what we are doing to increase our happiness here and that too beyond the grave. Ponder over the past, and resolve to be more faithful. A time is coming, 'twill not be long. Soon our pilgrimage will be ended; and as a tree falls so it lies. He that is unjust let him be unjust still; he that is polluted will be polluted still; he that is righteous will be righteous still; and he that is holy will be holy still. After death comes the judgment. What a solemn thought! we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! that you and I may not be of that number that shall call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." God only knows how long before we shall be in the eternal world—perhaps before the close of the present year. What are we about? Are we laying up treasures in those heavenly mansions? Are we livinga life of holiness? Do we realize our immortal destiny? Listen! yes listen to the sweet voice of the dear Savior gliding through the smooth whispers of His revelation. Hearken to His claims. Think of them by day and by night, grow in grace, increase in holiness, and in the end God will give you the victory.

THAT MEETING PLACE.

When shall we meet no more to part,
And end our earthly race?
Where weary mortals, tired and faint,
May find a resting place?

A voice responds up yonder, there—
Where blooms perennial flowers;
Where they shall never fade nor die
Mid Eden's lovely bowers.

The sun it never scorches there,
No star beam ever chills;
No tempest sweeps o'er those bright plains,
Nor echoes o'er the hills,

No darkness reigns, no night is there;
It is perpetual day;
The Savior is the light thereof,
To honor and obey.

It is that place, *that meeting place*
Which God designs to give
To earth's tired trav'lers here below,
That they may rest and live.

In that fair land, no parting's there
To sever friends so true;
No claspings, sobbings, moanings e'er,
No tender, sad adieu.

No heavy hearts, no midnight walks;
No twilight weeping there;
No heavy loads mid noontide hours,
No sickness, pain nor care.

All sighing there shall flee away;
And sorrow will be o'er;
For death can never reach that land
To tread the Golden Shore.

There shall the ransomed ones return,
(For this the Lord has said;)
With everlasting songs of praise,
And joys upon their head.

The morn shall wake in splendor there
It is that longed for day;
The dawning of that better world,
Where all the good shall stay.

It is that place, that meeting place
For those who loved the Lord;
Who walked the narrow way on earth
And learned to obey His word.

It is that place which God has said,
He'd give His children dear;
It is that place, home of the blest,
In yonder glorious sphere.

There pilgrims may we meet at last
Meet nevermore to part,
Where rest and peace and joy abound,
Filling with joy the Heart.

It is that place, that meeting place,
The Zion God has given;
The saints sweet rest, that blest abode,
The saints sweet home in heaven.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Acts II. Chapter, XXXVII. Verse.

This is one of the most important questions that could be propounded; and the answer should be given cautiously, and in the fear of the Lord. Yet it is not our object to answer this question, because the Bible has definitely answered it many centuries ago, and that is sufficient.

It should be remembered that the answer is nowhere given save in the Acts of the Apostles; and even there it is only given three times. The first is given by the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost. "Now when they heard this they were pricked in their hearts and said unto Peter, and to the rest of the Apostles, men and brethren what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them repent and be Baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." Paul asked the second question, and he tremblingly and astonishingly said, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Ananias answered it and said, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." Paul and Silas answered the third question. "And brought them out and said, Sirs what must I do to be saved? And they said believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house."

Now, we have given all the answers that were ever given by the Apostles; and surely these are quite sufficient to satisfy every anxious inquirer. Yet, probably some of you may say that baptism is unnecessary because it is not found in the answer given by Paul and

Silas. We then, with equally as much logic, might say that *belief* is non essential because it is not found in the answers given by Peter and Ananias. You will please observe that Peter requires only *Repentance* and *Baptism*. Ananias requires nothing but to be baptised. And Paul and Silas only asked the jailer to believe and he should be saved. Now, in order to *Salvation*, they all require *Faith*, *Repentance* and *Baptism*.

The apparent discrepancy in the answers given is doubtless owing to the different circumstances under which the question was asked. And when these circumstances are taken into consideration the answers perfectly harmonize. It was not necessary for the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost to tell the inquiring Jews to believe, for they already believed. Saul was not told to believe or repent, for the circumstances showed that he had done both. But the jailer was only told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and he should be saved. He being a Pagan, and asking Paul and Silas before they had taught him, their answer was certainly in harmony with the others, for we learn after they had spake unto him and to all that were in his house they were taken the same hour of the night and were baptized, he and all his straightway. Acts XVI., XXXII. and XXXIII. In view of this who can doubt that *Faith*, *Repentance* and *Baptism* are all necessary for the remission of sins. How very important it is that we should be safe in these matters.

When we have complied with the requirements of the Lord, we have the testimony that our sins are pardoned. These requirements are belief, repentance and baptism. Now any person *compos mentis* knows when he has performed these and consequently complied with the requirements of the Lord.

1. To Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is to take him at His word. Surely there is not the slightest doubt as to its meaning. We are to believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of all those that diligently seek him. Paul tells us that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Or in other words, *faith* is the belief of testimony. Every person knows whether they believe the Gospel—whether they believe with all their heart that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God.

2. Repentance comes next, and means a change in ones mode of thinking, feeling and acting—an amendment of life. Most assuredly all know when they obey the dear Savior from their heart and turn

to Him and live. The word *repentance* comes from the Greek, and means to turn; it is turning from sin to serve the living and true God. Baptism is an action in which believers are buried in order that they may arise to walk in newness of life. The Greek Lexicons agree with the Bible on this point. All men noted for learning and erudition agree that an immersion in water in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit is Christian baptism. Sprinkling and pouring are extremely doubtful but immersion nobody doubts, therefore if you would be sure of pardon—of being saved, believe, repent and be baptized, and your adoption is as sure as God can make it. And if you continue faithful through life, you will be privileged to enjoy a glorious eternity.

Now each of us have an important work to perform. And we are exhorted by the Apostle Paul *to do our own business.* What an excellent exhortation. Who has not been perplexed and even injured by having others frequently minding our business, thus doing the work that belonged to us instead of their own. It would appear oftentimes as though many individuals did not know what belonged to their own work, for if they did, as a matter of course, they would attend to it, instead of attending to the work of others. But methinks I hear the question asked, What is my work? In answering this, permit me to be curious enough, to do so by asking you a few questions. Is it not your work to live soberly, righteously and godly, and daily lay up treasures that can never be corrupted? Is it not likewise your work to bring forth the fruits of the spirit—pray without ceasing—in everything give thanks, and thus continually make preparation for heaven? Most certainly it is, inasmuch as you are only pilgrims, having no abiding place here. We beseech you then with tenderness and love, not to put off your work even for a day. No, no, for soon the evil days will come and the door will be shut. Oh! God forbid that this should be the fate of any of us, who are capable of enjoying that inheritance promised to the redeemed. It is evident that if we ever enjoy that inheritance, we must be full of good works—daily abounding in the work of the Lord. If, on the other hand, we fail to do our own work, the work which God has assigned us, the gloom of hell must one day settle over our lost and burning spirits. Oh, how can it be that amid warnings and threatenings, commands and promises, we fail to do the work which God has required at our hands. It ap-

pears strange, but it is so, and it goes very far to show the depravity of the human heart. But the Lord is merciful. On him we must rely; for He will reward us according to our works.

We desire to exhort you earnestly because Satan is in earnest to ensnare you; the world is in earnest to allure you; God is in earnest to save you; Christ was indeed in earnest when he died that you might live; the Holy Spirit, too, is in earnest when He reproves you; angels also are in earnest when they wait your final choice; Saints likewise are in earnest as they beseech you to turn and live. Are you careless? Are you secure? Will you neglect such mighty interests? O, sinner, will you be lost? You think of the heavenly glory; will you lose it? You intend seeking the Savior; but now, when he is seeking you, will you spurn his mercy and his love? The Good Shepherd is seeking you, but he seeks in vain, and if you reject him, do not think that your seeking Him will be effectual when the Day of Judgment comes."

Do you contemplate that day? Do you ever think that sometimes in such an hour as you think not, in the midst of all earth's carnal slumber, when men are putting danger far away, when all are secure as Sodom, or thoughtless as in the days of Noah, that awful day will burst upon the world? When that day comes where will you be found? Here you are gay and light hearted; will you then sink hopeless in despair? Here you may lift up the voice of song—shall it be singing there, beside the crystal streams, or shall it be weeping and wailing amid the last moments of expiring hope and fleeting life."

The day of separation will come. The Judge standeth before the door. Soon shall he call us to His presence. He shall come in His glory with all His holy angels. Around His throne shall congregate the assembled hosts of earth. He shall seperate them as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. Some shall take the right hand; they are saved with an eternal salvation. Some shall stand upon the left. They are lost. One company cometh at the bidding of the Judge to inherit a crown, a kingdom, dominion and glory. They are saved. The others shall depart. Ah! God save us from their destiny! They are lost! Lost amid the agonies of the second death. Lost in the fierceness of eternal fire."

And who shall make up that countless army of the lost? Will you be among them? Will there be among them your friends, your

companion, your children, your loved ones? If saved yourself will you be saved alone? Will you, while standing amid the joys of heavenly bliss be led to exclaim, Oh that my friends, my father, my mother, my husband, my wife or my children were here to share all this! but they are lost—lost without a warning, an invitation, an entreaty or a prayer from me?"

Dear friends shall you and I meet there? Shall we be among the saved? My heart yearns for your salvation. Strangers though we may be here we shall become friends in the bright, eternal world. Oh! shall we not be saved? Shall we not be among that company that celebrate the joys of heaven and eternity. May God grant that each of us may be among that number that will exult in the songs of rejoicing that will echo and ring over those bright plains of Paradise forever. Would to God that such might be our final destiny.

SAVIOR WE ARE COMING.

Dearest Savior, we are coming,
To that happy land we come;
And our hearts with rapture swelling
When we think of home, sweet home.
O this world is ever changing—
Changing always—day by day;
Those we early loved are passing—
Passing down the stream away.

Earth 'tis true, it has its weeping,
All its labor and its care;
But then they who would be grieving
Have far more than they can bear.
And oft when the dews of feeling.
Gather round the aching heart;
And in the eyes are glistening
Like the diamonds when we part.

When we lay those of our number,
Down beneath the sodded mould;
For to leave them there to slumber
In the dreary ground so cold.
'Tis of Heaven, then we're thinking—
Thinking of our loved ones there,
Where there'll be a joyful greeting
In that blissful home so fair.

O Dear Savior we are watching,
Looking oft beyond the grave;
Longing for that happy meeting
Just across death's raging wave.

Day by day we still are coming—
Coming with an anxious heart;
Looking for thy blest appearing
When we nevermore shall part.

For long years we have been sailing—
Sailing for that BETTER LAND;
Hoping, praying, watching, longing,
To cast anchor on the STRAND.
O how long we have been coming—
Marching onward to the fray,
And though sometimes we are drooping,
Savior! we will Thee obey.

Yes Dear Savior, we are coming—
Coming to the Sunny Land;
And we now are only lingering
With a Christian pilgrim band.
Still we know that thou art pleading
As we ride upon the wave;
And Thou knowest we are coming
Through the cold and dreary grave.

But the shadows now are length'ning
As we daily onward glide;
And though faint, yet still pursuing;
Passing to the other side.
To the morning land we're going.
To that home beyond the tide;
Dearest Savior, we are coming
On the wings of Time we ride.

REMEMBER ME.

The dear Savior has given His disciples an ordinance called the Lord's Supper, as a memorial of His undying love for fallen humanity. It points to the most affecting and important matter connected with the mission of Jesus. He gave it to His disciples and said, "As oft as ye do it, do it in remembrance of me." And whenever we partake of this ordinance it silently but eloquently whispers in our ears, "Remember me."

We remember the many kind acts performed by our friends, and why should we not also remember our Savior's ardent affection for us, which was truly unparallelled in its nature, intense in its ardor, immense in its extent, and glorious in its issues and purposes. It is very evident that His regard and love for man finds no example in the history of our race, from the days of Adam till the present time. Consider his sufferings on Calvary—His words of comfort

to the dying thief—the multitude around Him—and the shameful disgrace of His death. Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of the victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the soul, as every aid, human and divine, withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his benevolent heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross He beheld His mother gazing in tears upon His face, and turning to John the Apostle, He says, "Son behold thy mother." Afterwards turning to his mother, He said, "Behold thy son." His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint; the mocking, the spitting upon, the cross, the nails and the agony,—but now came a woe that broke His heart. His Father's—His own Father's frown began to darken upon Him. Oh! who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight. It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it, and as the accents, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm, the earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep; but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. This was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Savior and he fell before it. Christ was dead.

How Heaven regarded this disaster, and how the universe felt at the sight we cannot tell. We know not but that tears fell like raindrops from angelic eyes when they saw Christ spit upon, struck and nailed to the shameful cross. We know not but there was silence on high for more than "half an hour" when the scene of the crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken, save by the solitary sound of some harp-string on which unconsciously fell the agitated, trembling fingers of a seraph. We know not but all the radiant ranks on high, and even Gabriel himself, turned with the deepest solicitude to the Father's face, to see if he was calm and untroubled amid it all. We know not but that His composed countenance and serene majesty were all that restrained Heaven from one uni-

versel shriek of horror when they heard the dying groans on Calvary. We know not but that they thought God had "given his glory to another;" but one thing we do know—that when they saw through the vast design, comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout that had never before rung over their bright tops, and the crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the "Glory to God in the highest," was a sevenfold chorus of Hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

We know not of two words in the wide range of our language which combine to express more tender emotions, more of fond recollection, than the tender and loving phrase, "Remember me." It forms a golden chain of love and memory that connects the present to the unforgotten past, along whose shining links is conveyed all that we have ever known or felt, or enjoyed in life's toilsome journey. How dear to every heart are the scenes in innocent childhood! With what pleasing delights do we recall them through the vista of by-gone years, and store them up in memory's jewelled casket, as hallowed reminiscences of the loved past!

How the happy days of life's early morn will haunt us in after years, when with all their sacred associations they come stealing over the heart with a gentle influence that robs life of half its sorrows! The home of our younger years and all the familiar scenes associated with it, and more than all, the loved ones that were all the great world to us then, all echo back that sweet, silvery toned voice from the past, "Remember me."

The Patriarch Job wished to be remembered after he had passed from earth; and it would even appear that God had implanted this desire in the soul. It is not then to be wondered at that Christ should have said *Remember Me.* His love and regard for humanity is preeminently distinguished from that of all others; and if we remember the loving kindness of our friends, how much more ought we to remember Him who died to redeem us and has reconciled us to God. It is quite evident that Christ knew how much our happiness depended upon the remembrance of this great and important event. The whole of His labors and sufferings, His doctrine and miracles, are remembered without distinction in this great and solemn ordinance, "As oft as ye do it," He says "do it in remembrance of Me."

Oh! what a volume of tender recollections are crowded into those

sweet words. All the life and the thousand hallowed associations connected with it are associated, remembered and recorded in that beautiful phrase, "Remember Me." Ah! Christians think of those hallowed words that express more than tongue can speak—think of your persecuted, suffering, dying Savior, who was brought as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb so He opened not His mouth. Now, when we partake of this ordinance we should remember the love of Jesus Christ, His life and all the events connected with His death, resurrection and ascension, furnishing, as it does, food for our thought and a perfect example for our imitation. We think of Him as

> "The Man that was crowned with thorns;
> The Man that on Calvary died;
> The Man that bore scourging and scorns:
> Whom sinners agreed to deride."

And this is not all, for we think of Him as the One that will come again, and consequently realize our nothingness and need of the Savior. Our faith, before strong, becomes still stronger, while our reverence, before deep and abiding, is still made more profound. We then see Him, know Him and feast upon Him. He then dwells with us and we with Him; and without remembering Him, it is impossible to be His followers. Now when we remember the sins which we have committed, we are burdened with a sense of guilt, and the memory of our unworthiness fills us with shame. But the remembrance of the blessed Savior furnishes consolation to the weary soul, and is always a safe and sure antidote; continually enabling us to look heavenword. It is quite probable, yea certain, that Christ knew the remembrance of Him would unfold the mysteries of a kind Providence and reconcile us to them. It gives us the hope which the Apostle Paul says *is an anchor of the soul.* It removes all our doubts, enlightens all the future, and blunts the thorns of sorrow and disappointment which environ our pathway. He will come again and His presence will make amends for all our tribulations here below, "Till I come again, do this," said Jesus, "I leave it with you, not only as a remembrance of the past, but as a token of my return." What a pleasing remembrance! When we partake of the Supper we stand as it were upon the Sacred Mount beholding both the cross and the crown. It is truly a monument. Its top pierces the highest heaven, while its base is deeply laid in the mansions of the dead. We look back to the time

of its origin and think of that body that was broken for us, and that blood which was shed on Calvary. Herein is love, greater love hath no man than this. We think too of the time when the innumerable multitude will join in the chorus and swell the anthem, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us by his blood." When we surround the Lord's table we should also remember the mighty hosts about the throne crying, "Worthy the Lamb, that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and honor and blessings, for He hath redeemed us out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even his Father, to whom be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." This is truly the highest act of worship, and should fill the soul with filial fear and reverential awe which is due unto Him, who has done so much for us, everything for our happiness here and our eternal enjoyment beyond the grave. Then let us never forget to remember Him. No never.

"*Remember Me*" falls from the lips of those we love when we bid them adieu. Nay it is one of the sweetest thoughts to know that we will be remembered. We desire our friends to remember us in their prayers. Oh! how sad to think of the expressive lines—

"Just to be known, and then forgot."

When far away from the home of our childhood, how oft we recall to memory the companions of our early years. We think of that dear mother that watched over us by day and by night. We remember that kind father that labored for our daily sustenance, who was the guide and support of our tender years; and of our brothers and sisters, with whom we skipped o'er the green earth or reclined beneath the shade of the wild wood. And when upon beds of sickness and disease, how soothing the thought, we are remembered. Is it at all strange then that Jesus should have said, "Remember Me." It is indeed the chief object of a great portion of the human family to leave something behind them to be remembered when their earthly tabernacles shall be mouldering back to dust. Monuments are erected over the mortal remains of the great men of earth, to perpetuate their memory. And they are not confined to the great men, but are placed to the graves of those who lived in humbler walks of life. But the Prince of Life needs not these to

perpetuate his fame. No, no, a more enduring monument has been instituted to his memory. It will never perish. The lapse of time has no effect upon it, for it is as enduring as the throne of God. How important then that we should remember Him, inasmuch as he will remember us when all others have forgotten us; and not a solitary tapor be kept in the memory of those that shall live after us to lighten on the pleading apologies and forgotten praise of our helpless dust. In the morning of the resurrection, He will not forget us. Happy, O, happy thought! His all-seeing eye is ever upon us; He is the King of kings. He conquered Death, Hell and the Grave. Then,

"Live forever wondrous King,
Born to redeem and strong to save;
Then ask the Monster where's thy sting
And where's thy victory boasting Grave.

SLANDER.

In all probability there is no tribulation more difficult to bear than slander. Yet, nothwithstanding, we all have to endure it; and consequently, we should prepare ourselves to bear it calmly and patiently. To have our best motives misconstrued, our words perverted, and our deeds turned into ridicule, ofttimes crushes the tender sensibilities of our nature. Then, when those turn against us and treat us with bitterness and rage, for whom we had the warmest friendship, and had always entertained fond and tender wishes for their welfare, even the very thought produces a pang of sorrow which leaps upon the imagination like armed warriors from the Spirit Land.

It is quite evident that no one in this life is exempt from the foul tongue of the slanderer. It matters not how good they are, or how amiable and virtuous, it will not shield them from the dreaded foe. It has been remarked by a fervent writer that "the best way to check and kill a falsehood, is to despise it and leave it quietly alone." When we put forth an attempt to refute it, ofttimes it will outrun us and lead us into a labyrinth of difficulties. Oh! who has not often prayed to God to be delivered from the polluting and venomous tongue of the slanderer, who is, indeed, closely allied to the very arch-fiend of hell—the demon of the bottomless pit. In the well

chosen words of Mr. Root, "Under the guise of friendship he worms himself into your confidence, and after getting your story hurries off to scatter it broadcast." "The words of his mouth are smoother than butter, but war is in his heart. His words are softer than oil, but they are drawn swords." Pretending to pity he hates, feigning friendship he stabs. It was a cowardly thing for Joab to stab Abner under the cloak of affection, but how much worse is it to murder another's character under the guise of friendship. "A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor."

Having sometimes little to do, they sit at home concocting tales; and then tell abroad as facts what are the imaginations of their own bad hearts. If something be told them they are not content with telling it but must add to it. And always what they add makes the thing worse. A very common practice is for these slanderers to take the very words you have uttered and give them a bad meaning. For instance you go into a friend's house, are astonished to find everything nicer than you imagined. You give expressions to that surprise and say, "I had no idea you had everything so very nice." This innocent remark is at once seized by the slanderer and after you have left he says, "Did you hear what he said?" "Yes!" "Do you know what he means?" "No!" "Why that you were not rich enough, or had not enough good taste to have such a nicely furnished house." Thus your very words are wrested, and a meaning given them you never imagined.

You may do a hundred good deeds and not one of them will these scandalizers divulge; but make one slip only, and they rejoice over it as a mother over her child, or a miser over gold. It is impossible to escape their malevolence, for your good they will call evil. When John the Baptist came with his stern call to repentance, mixing little with men, at home among the wilds of the wilderness, wearing not the common garb of men, he dressed in a raiment of camels' hair, eating not the common food, but the wild honey he found in the trees, and the locust that hopped in his path, men said, "He hath a devil." But Jesus Christ came in a contrary fashion. He wore common clothes and did eat and drink with men. He went to their marriage festivals and joined in domestic feasts. He was to be found in the streets, in the markets, in the synagogue, everywhere where crowds assembled. But still these fault finders were not satisfied. They quarrelled with John because he did not mix with

them, they quarrelled with Christ because he did. "Behold a glutonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." 'Tis, indeed, impossible to satisfy the scandalizers; they will not be pleased; no virtue is too strong for them to assail, no life too pure to tarnish. And, as I said, they delight in the bad, they have no good word for any. If you should say, "Mr. ——— is very amiable." "Yes," they reply, sorry to admit it, and then in a more sprightly tone, "but he drinks very heavily"; or if you hazard the remark, "Mr. H. is very energetic and business like"—"Perhaps" doubtfully, and then in a cheerful voice, "But he is frightfully mean." Thus they blast every reputation, and cast reproach on all. "They search out iniquities, they make diligent search." "They whet their tongues like a sword, and aim their arrows, even bitter words."

The slanderers are truly cowards. After blasting a reputation, after defaming their friends, after slandering the innocent, after heaping reproach against their neighbors, they turn round and say, "Don't mention my name, I have no wish to be mixed up with it." The mean cowardly hounds, after hunting a neighbor to death, they wish to slink off unseen. If Darwin's theory be true, vultures that feed on carion and garbage must be the ancestors of slanderers. But I am inclined to think that they are relations of the false witnesses who accused Christ, and the descendants of Judas Iscariot who betrayed his Lord with a kiss.

We will now notice the consequences of slandering. These are many and manifold. Families divided, friendship broken, neighbors set at variance, and a whole community upset. In a small place, one tale-bearer, (which is only another name for the slanderer), is sufficient to set every one by the ears, and sow suspicion in every heart. Friends grow cool, characters are ruined, as mutual distrust takes the place of confidence. It often takes years of patient living to live down a foul scandal. And even then the echo may follow an innocent man to the grave and be even heard after his death. In fact, a slanderer is *worse than a thief*, for the latter steals what can be replaced, but who can replace a destroyed reputation?

> "Good name in man and woman
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls,
> Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slaves to thousands.
> But he that filches from me my good name.
> Robes me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

There is one consolation, however, *the slanderer is punished.* Sooner or later he is bound to be discovered, and then woe to him ; he is avoided as the plague ; as soon as he appears conversation ceases—the cry, "Mr. Tell tale is coming," is enough to seal every lip. Everyone feels as David : "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." Just as when thieves are about, we lock our doors and make our windows fast, so when these thieves of reputation are near we protect ourselves by the precaution of silence, as they have sown distrust, so now they gather the same ; they have sown the whirlwind and they reap the storm, "So shall they make their own tongue fall upon themselves, all that see them shall flee away."

We will now notice the causes of slander ; and undoubtedly one of the principal causes is *ignorance.* A scandal-monger is seldom an educated person, and having no store of information laid up in his memory, he is compelled, as it were, to make gossip the staple of his talk, and if an excuse be possible for him, we can say, "poor fellow, he knows no better."

Envy is another cause. The slanderer is a jealous person. He cannot bear to see others above him ; it is gall and wormwood to hear others praised, so he slanders where he cannot equal. The poet catching the idea, as it were, from Solomon, is lead to exclaim,

"Envy, thou child of hell."

Solomon tells us that "jealousy is cruel as the grave ; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame." For my own part I am just as much afraid of the *slanderer* as I would be of Satan coming forth from the bottomless pit. And my earnest prayer will ever be to be delivered from the foul tongue of the slanderer. The higher one's position in life the more of a target he is for the cruel darts of the devil. Such people claim to be independent, and therefore claim that their tongue is their own. They can also curse and swear because it is their province to do so. They suffer not the loss of reputation, inasmuch as they have none to lose. Again the rich are often slandered by the poor for the very reason that the poor are at liberty to make false accusations and lose nothing by it, whereas the same words spoken by the rich might cost them thousands of dollars. But this principle of jealousy is not confined to any one class, but pervades all society. The churches, too, are indeed, full of it. One preacher is jealous of another, one

class-leader becomes jealous of another, one church member gets jealous of another. Now this arises from the fear that the other is more respected than himself. The results are whisperings, backbitings, refusing to take part in worship. Why, I remember once in York State, one preacher pouting all through the services. Now it is very evident that each claas of slanderers think that by pulling others down they are building themselves up—that in proportion to the character they destroy they are raised in public esteem. "We are told of a savage tribe that believes that the virtue of an enemy becomes the property of his destroyer, so that if a coward kills a brave man, or a fool a wise man, the coward becomes brave, the fool full of wisdom.

But *we* are not blameless in this matter; tale bearers would not be so flourishing but for *our readiness to receive scandal.* This is a strange and painful feature in human nature, shewing itself in many ways. If in a large company you say, "Have you heard about Mr. L." instantly all is attention. "What is it? is eagerly asked." "One wet day as Mr. L. was walking up the street he met a poor fellow shivering in the rain, so he took off his overcoat and gave it to him." Instantly all interest dies from the faces of the listeners, a look of disappointment succeeds, blank silence follows, broken by the remark, "Oh! is that all!" Now instead of this you had said Mr. L. was drunk, or beat his wife, or was bankrupt, the result would have been very different; eyes would have brightened, and tongues been loosened. And it is this propensity in human nature which too often encourages the abominable slanderers.

In conclusion, I would say to the slanderer try *to gain more self-knowledge.* Look at your own feelings as keenly as your neighbors. Remember that just as long as you hunt carion, you will find it. Nay, and more, for the offensive odour will follow you. Try then and examine your own actions as closely as you do those of others, and you will soon cease to slander. "The time you employ in discussing the mote in your neighbor's eye, will be better spent in detecting the beam in your own. Be as diligent to correct your own faults as you are to discover others, and you will soon cease to get up and down as tale-bearers, and "he that is without sin let him first cast the stone." Try to think of others as you wish them to think of you; speak of them as you desire them to speak of you; think the best of them, Jesus Christ acted in the belief that in the

very worst and abandoned there was a spark of goodness. His constant aim was to get at this, so that by love and sympathy he might cherish and make it grow. To this end he became a friend to publicans and sinners. He pitied those whom society cast out, and in His arms of love all the penitent outcasts found refuge. Will you try and imitate Him whom some of you profess to follow; seek after the good in them as diligently as you have sought after the evil; you will find the occupation much pleasanter and the reward sweeter; the world will be a nicer world, and you will be astonished at the amount of good in it; you will be happier and your neighbors will love you as they have never done; and let us every one discourage scandal. "As the north wind driveth away rain, so doth angry countenance a backbiting tongue." If there were no tale-hearers there would be no tale-bearers. The receiver of stolen goods is as guilty as the thief, and he who *listens* to scandal is encouraging it. Show your dislike of it and the defamer of his neighbors will not trouble you. Before publishing a report or believing it, go straight to the person concerned and tell him what you have heard. Let us be like Him "who *spoke* no slander; no, nor listened to it," and we shall do much to abate the evil. Let us remember the love and patience of Christ—how He has borne with and perhaps forgiven some of us, and then we shall have no disposition to blame, no satisfaction in another's fall. Let us pray, "Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth. keep the door of my lips," and if any of you have suffered by malicious words, prove falsity by your life.

Should envious tongues some malice frame,
To soil and tarnish your good name:
Live it down.

Grow not disheartened, 'tis the lot
Of all men whether good or not:
Live it down.

Rail not in answer, but be calm;
For silence yields a rapid balm,
Live it down.

Go not among your friends and say,
Evil hath fallen on my way;
Far better thus yourself alone
To suffer, than with friends bemoan,
The trouble that is all your own.
Live it down.

What though men, evil call your good,
So Christ himself, misunderstood,
Was nailed unto a cross of wood;
And now shall you for lesser pain,
Your inmost soul forever stain,
For rendering evil back again!
Live it down.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgement as the noonday."

HOME AGAIN.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
When cares and trials cease;
O why should we thus longer roam,
And find no lasting peace.

'Tis sweet to turn from life's rough track,
And seek a sheltering nook;
To find a gentle welcome back
A calm and quiet look.

'Tis sweet to think when years have fled,
When sorrows here are o'er;
When all that can die shall be dead,
That we'll leave home no more.

There on that lovely golden plain,
We'll dwell forevermore;
There friends will never part again,
And sorrows all are o'er.

O what a happy day 'twill be,
When we shall reach that home;
And there the King of Glory see,
No longer here to roam.

God speed that happy, joyful day
When Christians here, below,
Will on this earth no longer stay,
But home to glory go.

There sweetest songs our tongues employ,
Glory to Jesus given;
While every heart will thrill with joy
In that blest home in Heaven.

MAN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

This is an august and sublime declaration, indicating the noble origin of our race, our high calling and glorious destiny. He alone was created in the image of God, and is truly "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." Of no other beings is it said that they were created in the image of God. Now the manner in which he was created, is a question not very easily answered. True we learn from Genesis his origin, and after all the rest of the things were created God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created him, male and female created He them." Thus we have a very strong declaration of the fact that man was created in the image of God. Now it is quite evident that notwithstanding man has fallen, he still retains in a measure the image of God, and bears, in his person, the lineaments of the Creator, the likeness of his God and Father.

Whatever may be the rank of those intelligences which people other spheres we know not, but of them it is not said that they were made after the Divine model. In reasoning from analogy, we may conclude that the other worlds are inhabited, but we have no well authenticated facts to prove the assertion.

But the question now arises, In what respect does man bear a resemblance to the Creator? Many suppose, and hence take the position that the body of the Lord is like the body of a man. It is true, there can be no doubt but what man was created in the image of God. But in what respect this image consists has been a subject of much controversy. Yet notwithstanding the apostasy of our race, the Divine image is seen in some measure in all men. Sin, it would appear, has not wholly defaced or obliterated it. Its traces are distinctly seen now and then everywhere. But more especially in infancy and childhood, before they have been drawn away and enticed by sin.

There is first the poetical idea, which has formed the basis of many a song and beautiful stanza, that the "image" is wholly or chiefly in the outer man. This is the Æsthetic form of the question —the *beau-ideal* of all that is beautiful and imposing in the face and

form of humanity. With head erect and radiant with beauty; and with body and limbs, stately and kindly. This is the stereotype ideal of all the romance writers of the past and present. It is eminently sensous, animal, earthly, and cannot be confided in as the true conception of the image. Relative, comparative, counter-part truth, should not be mistaken for absolute truth. The law had in it the form of knowledge and of the truth, but not the reality. It was the outer semblance of the inner truth, found alone in the Gospel.

Though in, accommodation to human weakness, God is represented in scripture as having the body and attributes of man, we are not to degrade the Creator into the image or likeness of the creature—especially in relation to the house "we live in."

Whatever resemblance in some respects may be, between the "thing formed, and He who formed it," we should continually bear in mind that God is Spirit. This is his essential nature. Not a spirit, but Spirit. Just as our Savior said, of his Father; "God alone is good." Not simply a good being, nor yet the good Being, but wholly, truly, eternally "good!" All relative and comparative ideas concerning the essential nature of the only wise God, seem tame, in view of these positive affirmations, as thus expressed by Him who alone knew the Father." The same form of expression is found in the writings of the beloved John: "God is love;" not simply a being who has loved us, and loves all his works; but His essential nature is "love." In the same sense, "God is Spirit." In this absolute sense, we suppose, that God has no likeness. It was after the Prophet Isaiah had asked the question, "Who hath directed the Spirit of God, or, being His councilor, hath taught him?" that he adds, "To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?" It is also expressly forbidden in the scriptures for any one to personify God, or to make any supposed similitude of Him. "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Idols of wood and stone, the work of man's hands, are but the embodiment of some ideal god within the mind of the infatuated devotee, and, in the sight of Him who is "Spirit," an abomination. Insomuch as God is Spirit, and not a spirit, it follows that He has neither flesh nor bones; and, in this sense, it is quite probable, He has no likeness. Man is created in the image of God, not physically, but only as his will is like the will of the Creator. The only differ-

ence is—man's will is governed, or, is finite, while God's is not, but is infinite.

But our object is not at present to prove that man has a spirit, nor on the other hand, to refute the various theories about his composition in regarding him simply flesh and blood—mere organized matter—but to show in what respect he is like unto his Maker. Oh, how insipid, disgusting and absurd, are the conclusions of those who base their reasonings and arguments upon the fictions of their own imaginations. Vain and delusive the philosophy which attempts to supersede the inspired volume. That the body of man is beautiful, no one can deny. The casket that enshrines the spirit is exceedingly fine, both in the materials of which it is composed (or formed), and the skill displayed in its organization. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God!"

We before observed that man is not like God in his physical organization, notwithstanding he is so fearfully and wonderfully made, being lord of creation, the beauty of the world—the noblest work of God." But it is folly in the extreme to suppose that God has bodily organs, and all the essential characteristics of a human being. Now, the body of man is simply the tabernacle or casket, which contains the spirit. "God is Spirit." "He alone is good" said our blessed Savior. Hence, you will observe that he is the Spirit, and the one that is eternally good. Now man has a Spirit, and is good in proportion as His will is like that of the Creator. From this it follows that the nearer we live to God the more we are like Him. Our actions are in harmony with His statutes, and we are moulded into His ways, which are truly and wholly perfect.

All gross and infidel ideas of the spirit of man has its origin from the same fount which produced the idolatrous worship of the heathens in all ages. But as man is created in the image of God, how important that he should realize his responsibility as an intelligent being endowed with reasoning faculties. It is these reasoning faculties that raises man above the brute creation, allies him to angels, and brings him near to God, who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Our imaginations are incapable of forming any just conception concerning the body of our Heavenly Father. "To

whom will ye liken God," exclaimed the Prophet Isaiah, "or what likeness will ye compare unto Him?" The heathens changed the glory of God into the likeness of mortal man, of fowls, of four-footed beasts and creeping things." So has materialism changed the glory of the spirit of man—God's likeness—into organized matter, nerves and tissues, the cerebrum and cerebellum of the crowning head.

How man degrades himself when he refuses to hearken to the claims of the Creator, and continues to wander in the pathway of sin, a poor, forlorn pilgrim, without hope and God in the world. Is it not lamentable to reflect upon man's depravity, who changed the glory of the immortal God into things terrestrial. Man, in a great measure, has lost the image stamped upon him by his Maker when he received the breath of life and became a living soul. But God sent His only Son to earth to save man, and thus restore that which was lost. May God enable poor fallen humanity, then, to appreciate his unbounded goodness, by complying with his requirements, and thereby be enabled to enjoy that happiness which only arises by being in possession of the *image* of *God*.

"Oh! sinner, sinner; except you be converted and become as a little child, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of God!" The touches of a divine pencil, dipped in celestial colors, may be clearly traced in the little child, and, therefore, in the renewal of man in the image of God, the child has become the earthly model. Strive then, to be molded again into the image of God, by submitting to His requirements, and living as becometh the redeemed of the Lord.

WE ALL LEAN UPON EACH OTHER.

We all lean upon each other,
And we help each other on;
No one here is independent,
In the race course that we run.

God has placed us here as helpmates;
Upon others we must lean;
This is what the Lord requires,
And it shows our need of Him.

Riches will not always make us
Independent here, you know;
True, it gives us strength and courage,
But oftimes we lean, you know.

Yes, we lean upon each other,
For to build up and to plan;
Thus the Lord has wisely scattered,
Blessings for His creature—man,

OUR MEETING IN WAINFLEET.

Lord's Day, May 7th, 1876.

The morning was remarkably calm and beautiful, and there was a delightful softness in the air as it whispered the joyous melody of spring time. All nature appeared to be holding high holy day, and ten thousand voices were engaged in the melodious strains, echoing the song of unmingled gladness, sweet as the voice of harpers. Far o'er the green hills and plains the full orbed sun showered his splendors, while among the trees merry birds were singing, and on the flowers busy bees their nectar draughts were sipping, and all the insect tribes were humming. And, in view of all God's goodness, and the many and repeated acts of kindness conferred upon us, we could but exclaim, in heroic mood,

The world is bright to the faithful soul;
It bears the stamp of the Builder.
The gold-hued skies, and the kingly hills;
Own God their maker and gilder!

His hand is present in all His works;
His seal is on all the nations;
He has set his ever-living power,
A watch o'er the earth's foundations!

We convened at the church at an early hour and participated in one of those meetings the memory of which always affords us pleasure, and in fancy's pleasing revery we enjoy it over and over again. Our congregation was large and attentive, and we discoursed to them on the subject of love. It appeared to us that no theme could be more fitting for the occasion, for it is the divine essence of our being—the very essence of christianity. It is the weapon which God reserved to conquer the world when all the rest had failed. And it is very evident that we all need more *love*—love to God and humanity—for it

" —Is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above:
And He's an heir to heaven that finds,
His bosom glow with love."

The melting beams of love have soothed and buoyed up in hours of sorrow the weary saint. A kind word, a pleasant look, one gentle pressure of the hand, a simple good night, and a parting God bless you, oft have cheered the care-worn pilgrim along life's devious way. We should always remember that it is the sun whose bright light and warm sunshine melts the ice to running streams and covers the crags and cliffs with blossoms,—that it can never be done by hard knocks or by any mechanical force. So it is with man: his soul is never melted in love by harsh means; but let the warm genial rays of kindness, as it emanates from the sun of righteousness, pour in its holy influence, and the hardest heart will become, in a great measure, softened and subdued. From this we conclude that of love no less can be said than her seat is in the bosom of God and her voice the harmony of the world. And if we were all filled with love, what a paradise we then might enjoy here below. How gentle and affable we would be to each other; how mild in our demeanor, ever ready to oblige and willing to be obliged by others. We would then continually breathe habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, and long-suffering to those who injure us. We would not then eagerly contend about trifles, as our Saviour remarked to the Jews, and leave the more weighty matters, but we would be slow to contradict, and still slower to blame, and always prompt to maintain peace.

" Oh! for that peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh! for that *love* to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!"

In the afternoon we journeyed to Lake Erie, near Sugar Loaf, a distance of ten miles, to attend to the very impressive ordinance of christian baptism. The interest manifested on the occasion was somewhat extraordinary, and a procession, consisting of twenty-six carriages, was formed on the way to the water. As the day wore on a breeze sprang up, blowing strongly from the south, lashing the waves into foaming billows. The scene was rendered still more beautiful by a peculiar brightness on the Lake which attracted our attention. After a while we perceived that it was produced by

masses of ice, like floating islets, which were tossing wildly and sparkling like diamonds. They were on the way to form that wonderful bridge of ice over the thundering, foaming billows of Niagara,—to go down over the rocks and shelving stones where the giant cables that hold Suspension Bridge are fastened to the cliffs, and where the evergreen and shrubbery droop low, with their branches over the rocks amid the breakers.

Through the tossing, seething cauldron ;
Where the white sprays hiss and roar—
Where the wastes of inland waters,
O'er the rocks, in torrents pour.
Plashing, toiling, hissing, boiling,
'Twixt the cliffs on either shore.

We endeavored to address the congregation as we stood along the lake, but our voice was soon hushed by the deafening roar of rushing waters, and our bosom heaved violently with emotions which thrilled the heart from center to circumference. Into the restless waves we passed, and all were as solemn as the grave itself. The landscape was shaded for a time by the fleecy clouds flying through the heavens like bands of angels. Oh, how we longed for that land, where the painter with his brush of divine art, dipped in colors native, well sketches the sublime scenery of Heaven, where deathless flowers bloom forever, amid glad rivers of delight. There were then five very interesting individuals (among the first families in Wainfleet) came forward, one after the other, and were planted together into the likeness of Christ's death, that they might, also, be in the likeness of His resurrection.

"For as Christ our Savior rose,
So all His followers must."

A prayer was then offered up, and the blessings of the God of Heaven invoked upon all ; and very soon the white, glittering shore, gradually faded from our view, as we went on our way rejoicing, singing :—

"Yes, we will gather at the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod.
With the crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God."

In the evening we again repaired to the church. The rising moon had flooded the whole landscape with radiant beauty, and the white glitter of the stars set the sky all a glowing.

Night ! O, lovely night !
There's no despair for the child of Hope—
Hope, born of spirit celestial !
The lamp of Faith burns ever clear,
As the taper of virgin vestal,
The glory formed o'er Heaven's lakes.
Are ever fresh on the vision ;
And through the vail of the clear blue sky,
Shines a glow of the Land Elysian.

Our congregation in the evening filled the house to overflowing, and at the close of the services one in the bright, gay and happy morn of manhood came forward and confessed the Saviour. He was afterwards followed by a young lady, who, together with him, were baptized the following Thursday morning in a branch of the Welland River. May God's manifold blessings ever rest upon them and save them in the day of eternity.

IN MEMORIAM.

Inscribed to the Memory of Mrs. Israel Burtch, of Jordan, Ont.

The sweetest flowers how soon they die,
And dearest loved ones pass away ;
They go down to the grave to lie,
As sinks the sun at close of day.

The richest fruit that autumn yields,
To make the worthy farmer glad ;
Comes with the sere and yellow leaf,
And makes his cheerful spirit sad.

The lovely brooks and sparkling streams
That ran so near thy shady home ;
And cheered so many youthful hearts,
Will cheer no more in days to come.

What mournful thoughts of other years
Are filling memory's hall with gloom ;
Thoughts of loved ones that passed away,
That are now sleeping in the tomb.

And with them also, thou art gone,
Thy cares and sorrows here are o'er ;
Thou has thrown off thy mortal coil,
Bound for that bright, eternal shore.

Dear Mother, Sister, thou art free—
Free from all earthly care and woe;
Thou'rt loosed from prison and from clay,
No more to suffer here below.

Thy years are in the changeless past,
And all thy work on earth is done;
Night after night thy tent was pitched,
And now thy journey here is run.

How oft I've prayed when thou wert here,
That God would keep thee in His love;
That thou in heaven might behold
The loved and cherished ones above.

And then I've prayed that God would make
Thy dying bed both soft and sweet;
And thy freed spirit safely take,
Where dearest friends again would meet.

And when thy last brief hour should come,
And angel spirits round thee wait,
That thou couldst sing I'm going home,
I'm going through the pearly gate.

Lend, lend thy wings, ye cherubs bright!
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Dear Savior, bear me safely on,
And take me to that heavenly home.

Lend, lend thine aid, ye seraphs fair,
Dear Saviour, O, I rise! I fly!
On snowy wings I soar away
To that celestial by-and-by.

Thus mother, thou hast passed from earth,
Passed safely to that far off land;
Where Christians robed in white shall dwell
A peaceful, joyous, happy band.

And though we'll often miss thee here,
And long for thy return again;
Yet still we dare not wish thee back
Into this world of care and pain.

Oh God! let now thy blessings rest—
Rest sweetly on the loved ones left;
May they to thee for refuge flee,
For thou wilt comfort the bereft.

Adieu! dear mother, sister, friend,
Till we on yonder shore shall greet;
Where farewells are no longer heard,
There, mother, we again shall meet.

TO MR. E. E. SHEPPARD,

KINGSMILL, ONT.

Beloved Brother: It is with emotions of gratitude to the Giver of all good that I avail myself of the present opportunity of writing you previous to my departure for Jordan. I am now seated at the writing-desk of my friend, Mr. M. S. Bradt, with whom I must part this afternoon, notwithstanding the many pressing invitations to remain till on the morrow.

Parting with you yesterday at Kingsmill, I soon found myself pleasantly seated in a railway coach and after a tedious ride through pleasant lands and gloomy primeval forests found myself safely at my destination. The only scene that I saw which particularly interested me was a Young Orange Briton pic-nic company at Hagersville.

To-day the storm god has visited us and is raging furiously. He has thrown his curtain across the sky, and we would be almost led to believe that "the melancholy days have come." The awful thunder muttered in the heavens above, and the vivid flashes of lightning shot athwart the gathering darkness, and at times the very earth trembled as though it was about to fall to pieces.

Just at this moment the omnibus arrives and I hasten to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Bradt, to reach the Welland train in time. While waiting at the station I saw two young men in trouble, which very much impressed me with the fact that people generally, amid severe trials, call upon the Ministers of the Gospel to render assistance. One of them says to me: "Are you a theologian?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Are you a Methodist or a Presbyterian?" "I am a Disciple," was the response. "I see," said he, "you have the clerical robe, (meaning the appearance of a Minister) and I respect you. My father was the late Rev. C. B. Fleming, of Port Hope. He was an associate of Archdeacon Bethune, of Toronto. But, O!" continued he, "I am such a bad man—such a sinner, and I want to know what I must do to reach that land beyond——" Here he paused. Tears trickled down his cheeks. He then resumed his narrative. "I am a printer. I worked at it in Buffalo. My brother died and called me to his dying bed, and asked me to

meet him in heaven. I told him I would. And now, sometimes when I lie down I fear that if I should die I should go to hell. Oh! I want to meet my dear father and brother." Our conversation lasted for a half hour. He was just recovering from a fit of intoxication and I endeavored to point him to the Saviour who was strong to deliver and mighty to redeem. How strange, thought I, that every class should seek consolation and aid from those who devote their time and lives to the good of humanity. The other young man, who had just been liberated from prison, asked for a Methodist and Episcopalian Minister. Oh! how many bring upon themselves degredation, misery and woe by living such reckless lives as would make the heart to sicken and the sympathetic tear to flow.

I reached Jordan, via Merriton, just as the shadows of evening were falling. O, what a disagreeable, noisy company were aboard the cars from Hamilton. It was a pic-nic excursion and many were drinking and carousing on the train.

Within I enclose three dollars for yourself. You will please accept it for the discourse you preached for me in Clinton. I trust you will receive it in the spirit in which it is given as a small token of appreciation and esteem. I shall doubtless long remember your dear father, one who has borne up amid many a bitter trial. When I thus think of him my heart sends forth a generous throb, and thrills strike through the soul which I cannot here find words to describe. My imagination voluntarily recognized in him a resemblance to pious Jacob of old. And your dear mother, may heaven's richest blessings rest upon her. If there is a favored spot in the realms above truly she will there be remembered. And while I trace these lines I pause—utterance fails—the heart cannot conceive. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," says the Apostle John, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Thank God.

> We fall before His feet,
> And silence heightens heaven."

On this theme I feel myself growing dull, or rather sorrowful. A melancholy sensation creeps over the soul as I think of my own loved home, name always dear to me, and now I am operated upon by it almost to a momentary melancholy. But I check myself, and

hasten on to finish my letter.

Thanks to you, my dear brother, again and again, and may the incarnate Immanuel be your stay and support, your constant abiding friend. Be strong in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, hold fast that which you have already attained, that when you fail on earth you may be received into everlasting habitations. Amen.

To accomplish this it requires energy and perseverence. And I fondly trust, hope and pray, that your pathway through life's devious way may be one of joy and bliss. May God hold you as a star in His right hand by which He may some day illuminate the churches. True, you will have trials to encounter, but, trusting in God, heaven will in mercy uphold and guide you. Never, dear brother, cower at the dark troop of difficulties which may form in your pathway. Never despair. Let your motto be *nil desperandum;* and panoplied with the armor of God, you can bid defiance to the arch foe of humanity. Then onward! Catch up the watchword *never fail*, but march onward in advance and lead on to victory. Never falter on the way. Don't give up the old ship of Zion. Though the billows roll high God is at the helm. Don't leave it, youthful pilgrim, as Paul said to those with him at the time they were shipwrecked. The dying words of Captain Lawrence were, "Don't give up the ship!" And when Commodore Perry afterwards was about to engage in deadly combat, he placed the dying words of Lawrence upon the flag which waved over the vessel, "Don't give up the ship." This inspired the crew with greater energy, and after a hard contest he despatched to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." You, too, fired with the same energetic spirit may reach the goal at last to which you now are journeying.

God has, indeed, given us the assurance that all things work together for good to them that love Him. He has laid down the most certain rules to guide us from the cradle to the grave. And we should not seek merely to please ourselves, and live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again to save us from everlasting misery and woe. Let us then be patient in toil, continuing in well-doing, seeking for glory and honor and immortality that we may ultimately enjoy eternal life after the heavens and the earth have fled away. This will certainly lift life's commonalty up into royalty. Such will be crowned as more heroic than earth's carnal warriors and mighty chieftians, far greater than poets, and

nobler than princes.

But wealth and fame allure the noble youth as he steps for the first time on the world's great platform. Fame's glittering crown has taken many a bright and happy heart to an untimely grave. But *such* will not be *your lot*, I trust. And now, in conclusion, one simple boon I crave when far away, that you will send, perchance, a withering thought o'er the distant land, and remember me. May all blessings be thine,

Kind friends to love thee dearly,
And honest ones to chide;
And *a dear friend to cling to thee*,
Whatever may betide.

Yours, most affectionately and fraternally.

Welland, Ont., Sept. 16th, '75.

SPRING IS WAKING.

Spring is waking,—spring is waking,—
O what music fills the air;
On each gale glad anthems floating
Tell of coming days so fair.
Heaven above is sweetly ringing,
Earth is joining in the song;
Nature, with her prospects teeming,
Will the notes of joy prolong.

Lambs are bleating, cattle lowing,
Frogs are croaking in the spring;
While the insect tribes are humming,
Warbling forth glad strains they sing.
O'er the earth the buds are filling,
And the leaves are bursting forth;
They adorn the earth's awakening,
Tell us of her noblest worth.

Softly stealing, comes a feeling,
With the morning, fresh and bright,
O'er the earth and ocean gleaming,
Sending forth her rills of light.
They cheer up with joy each dwelling
In sweet tides of melody;
While far o'er the earth is echoing
Notes of one grand jubilee.

Gently gleaming, spring is waking,
Oh! what joys her coming bring;

Merrily the birds are warbling,
Making hills and valleys ring.
Showers and sunshine mark her coming,
Blooming fields and flowering trees
Tell us of the joys she's bringing,
Wafted forth upon the breeze.

Joyous greeting,—pleasant meeting,—
Welcoming the vernal spring;
Beautiful beyond words telling
Are the joys her presence bring.
On her thoughts are daily dwelling,
Wand'ring in the breezes flight;
Catching glory, sweetly falling
In a shower of sunny light.

Morning breaking,—crows are cawing,—
Feathered songsters on the wing;
Noontide glory o'er earth shining
Does sweet joy and comfort bring.
O'er the sky the clouds are floating,
Joyously they seem to glide;
In the West the sun is sinking,
Passing to the other side.

Moon is shining,—sweetly looking,—
In the silvery twilight hour;
Tells of glorious days that's coming,
While the birds sing in the bower.
Stars are out and gently wading
In the arched domes above;
While earth's travellers are resting
In the arms of faith and love.

TO WILLIAM BURR, ESQ.

HILLIER, ONT.

Dear Father :—Fancy with a soul-lit look often wanders in the halls of *memory*, back to the home of our early days, and more especially to when *silence* holds her spell—like reign and *darkness* spreads her gloomy mantel over our dwelling. 'Tis then from out the mystic past, scenes of other days in panoramic view pass before us in the glimmering light of thought, and in unseen communion spirit doth with spirit blend. To-night I sit in the shade of *time*, wondering as I gently watch the dying day, how you all are at home, knowing that the infirmities of years are beginning to weigh heavily upon you. It is natural for us all to desire to be remembered. The grave of forgetfulness is deeper and darker than that which

shall close over our mortal remains; and it is a thought that oftimes fills the soul with sadness, when we contemplate the solemn fact that the sea of life will loose so soon all trace of our voyaging; that thoughtless feet will so soon press the grass growing green by our decay, as we lie mouldering in the tomb.

When we turn our thoughts in upon ourselves it causes us to reflect upon the history of the past, which brings to our mind sad remembrances of the things that have changed, and loved ones that have passed away. Mutation and death are indelibly stamped upon everything beneath the sun, which gives to us so often a feeling of sadness. But notwithstanding all this, there is a stream of joy flowing from afar, as we paint the animating picture of the wondrous scenes which are beyond this world of bitter anguish.

DEAR FATHER,

Why should we weep though one by one
Our brightest visions fade;
Or be repining over hopes,
Of earthly joys decayed?

The brightest sun of Autumn shows tardy clouds floating lazily their rugged edges across its shining disc. The earth at times may even mourn and groan in agony, laboring as it does under the curse, but the bright blue sky will be seen again. Look then Dear Father away from the storms and afflictions of life; for beyond the dark clouds of earth rolls the great ocean of light. Faith and hope inspire us onward to that land of undying blessedness, where the sunlight falls so softly throughout that long eternity.

I often think of you, and in the stillness of the night I dream of you as when in the days of childhood, I prattled around your knee. Methinks I see you now. You are sitting with book in hand, reading God's Holy Word; or perchance you are looking over the pages of the "Bible Index," to learn something of the one who is now tracing these lines, and whose form may nevermore responsive meet the eye of [MY DEAR FATHER.]

NOTE.—Before the foregoing letter was even finished, a messenger came with a telegram, "*Father died last night.*"

Tears now bedew our cheeks, and we mourn and sigh; but we expect to meet again, and enjoy the celestial light of the *Eternal Home.*

Till then *Dear Father,*

Farewell!

Beamsville, Ont., March 21st, 1877.

THE NEW BORN LIGHT.

Light to the wise men of the East,
To bear their gifts of gold;
Light to the shepherds then by night,
To gild their midnight fold.

Light, to a world of sin and grief,
Throughout the path of life;
Light to cheer up, and bring relief,
Mid bitter scenes of strife.

Light, to guide to that blissful home,
When all around is gloom;
Light to direct where'er we roam,
E'en passing through the tomb.

Light, to pass on to heav'n above,
Where saints in glory reign;
Light forever there to move,
O'er all the golden plain.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD,"

CINCINATTI, OHIO.

Bro. Errett, I design giving you a description of our meeting held on the beautiful shores of Lake Erie some three weeks ago. The scene at its waters, which are generally fierce and Atlantic-like, was rendered peculiarly sublime by the rain clouds lowering and the waters falling in torrents. We had met at the lake to duly observe the institution of christian baptism; and there amid the storm our hearts with one accord ascended up to God in prayer, while the emotion of holy rapture thrilled the soul,

To rise and stretch its wings
Its better portion trace;
To rise from transitory things
To Heaven its native place.

Then the audience sang one of the sweet songs of Zion, commencing,

"Alas and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die;"

after which we attended to the baptizing, and like the Eunich they went on their way rejoicing. Indeed we all doubtless realized that notwithstanding the heavens were black and portentious there was brightness still beyond. Purer thoughts and more heavenly aspirations filled the soul as the light of the setting sun burst forth from beyond the dark cloud, and the gorgeous rainbow rested over the lake and a halo of glory encompassed the landscape. How much of the imagery which reveals to us the loveliness of celestial things, is painted of these earthly colors. The glittering rainbow tints bring down the hope of a higher life into our hearts and fill them with joy and peace, spanning the grave, which encloses the ashes of loved ones with the glorious light of immortality. Yes, the rainbow formed o'er Erie Lake, is ever fresh on the vision ;

> And through the vail of the clear blue sky
> Shines a glow of the land elysian.

Just receding backward and planting our foot upon the olden time, how the soul brightened and we in silence uttered,

> "First the dark and after that the bright,
> First the thick cloud and then the rainbow's arch
> First the dark grave then resurrection light.
>
> The day of reappearing! how it speeds!
> He, who is faithful speaks the Word
> Then shall we ever be, with those we love,
> Then shall we be forever with the Lord.
>
> Short death and darkness ; endless life and light,
> Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,
> Where all is incorruptible and pure,
> The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

Yours in the one hope.

Brewerton, N. Y., August 20th, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD."

CINCINATTI, OHIO.

Elder Isaac Errett, Beloved Brother :—I am now on a tour through the State of New York, and concluded to send you a description of our last meeting in Canada, held the 15th inst., on the shores of Lake Ontario.

> The lamps of Heaven were shining
> Amid the gloom of night,

The scene was more enchanting
Than in the blaze of light;
No sound save sighing breezes
And murmurs of the wave,
But then we broke the silence
'Though solemn as the grave.

The services of the church had closed, and now we stood on the shore to attend to the impressive ordinance of baptism, now rendered still more impressive by the nature of the surroundings and the war among the elements. The wind blew rather roughly, spending upon us a little of its fury, while the waters rushed and hissed and gurgled as the waves ran high in wild commotion. Far ahead of us lay the vast and seemingly illimitable waters of Ontario, while the black shore stretched out a great dark arm and lost itself in the gloom. But the twinkling of the stars and the soft mellow light of the glimmering lamp enabled us to drink in the sublimity of the scene. Slowly and awe-stricken we passed down the ravine into the raging flood; the angry froth, restlessly and ceaselessly, changing form on the surface, it did indeed seem as though we were actually in mid ocean. There were then two young men in the bloom of health and strength who put on Christ in baptism. Both times the sweeping rush of the waves passed over me and I received a "fresh baptism." Everything combined to make this evening in Lake Ontario a never-to-be-forgotten one, for my soul was overwhelmed in the rapture of the hour. A prayer was offered up and the procession moved quietly away. On leaving I rode along the shore for some two miles, with a company of others, and enjoyed one of the most romantic rides of my life. Now and then some beautiful song, soft and sweet, would break forth on the balmy summer air and mingle with the hum of conversation, then die away over the waters. May God bless those dear young brethren that have just started in the Christian path. May they never falter in the march.

Yes, onward, brethren, though the region,
May at times be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
Listen, brethren, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, *God is love.*
Like the waves amid the waters,
Like the storm, but even then
Write upon your red cross banner,
Upward ever; heaven's above.

Yours in hope of heaven.

Brewerton, N. Y., August 20th, '76.

TO MRS. HIRAM HORN,

BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

AMELIASBURG, ONT., Nov. 2nd, '77.

Dear Mrs. Horn.—I was very happy in having the pleasure, recently, of receiving a letter from yourself; and more especially, too, as I had expected from the nature of your disease that ere this time you would be mingling with the glorified throng *over yonder*. However it is not impossible with God that you may yet be raised up from the gates of the grave. Yet, it is, indeed, a source of great consolation, not only to yourself, but also to your many friends, that you are resigning yourself entirely to the will of God, and casting all your care upon Him. Oh! how thickly in the dying moments come the dying comforts. It would at times almost appear that for the departing saint the veil is withdrawn which seperates eternal things from those of time and sense, and the glories of that *bright hereafter* burst in upon the enraptured soul.

Dear sister, after re-perusing your letter, I was, indeed, thankful to witness the hallowed peace and love of God emanating forth from your heart, as you lay upon your weary couch, longing to be set free. Your case reminds me of the feathered songster encaged, flying around in its narrow home, bruising its tender wings, and struggling to be free. Oh! how I rejoiced in spirit when I read in your communication the following expressive language, so fittingly appropriate for the departing child of God: "If it is the Lord's will to take me I am willing to go; 'for to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' I am willing to die for the scriptures tell me, 'Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord'." And, doubtless, when the eyes of all around you are dim with weeping, yours will be bright, beaming with hope and courage. In such an hour I trust that the privilege will be vouchsafed to you of witnessing the gathering together on the threshold of heaven, the ministering angels who shall convey your freed spirit to the land of the leal, the home of the redeemed.

Oh! how very kind God is to us in permitting nature to assert her claims, and prepare us so gently and gradually for the pause of life. It is truly very cheering to observe how, like some that have been troubled with storm and tempest but are hushed at last in the still

and golden repose of the sunset hour, so the last lingering years in this mundane sphere seem flushed with the bright hopes of a future life. Yes, wearied of the cares of this world we may pillow our heads upon the bosom of Hope, otherwise we have nowhere else to lean and repose in peace. Without the hope of immortality, *death* is an enemy, and to the bereaved out of the cold and unsocial grave there is no opening of the everlasting arms of the blessed Saviour. But *death* is an extinguisher into a dark and narrow home where the highest faculties and noblest feelings and powers of intellect will be crushed forever. In vain do we turn to the writings of the philosophers to fill the aching void in the human breast, for they never satisfy the longings of the soul. They wake no slumbering echoes in memory's hall. They bring no light from the far distant shore, no healing balm from the Land of Gilead to soothe the weary, aching, broken heart. But we turn to the pages of the Inspired Volume and there learn of Him, who burst the bands of *death* and gilded the grave with the light of heaven. Blessed hope! It will ever cheer you on, thus affording a balm of consolation, pointing to that sweet land of rest in the bright fields of everlasting life.

I trust that the mellowing hand of time has in some degree dried up your tears of sorrow. And though, occasionally, you may be sad, and the dews of feeling gather round the heart and glisten in the eye, darkening for a time your pathway, still be assured that there is brightness beyond, that

> "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Think of the vulture, that noble bird of the heavens, whose matchless eye never scanned *the path of life;* yet, notwithstanding his ample wing has passed majestically over the loftiest peak of earth—for he is, indeed, the mountain king of the birds, and has taken his seat upon the cloud encircled throne—he is truly the bird of the cliffs, born for the thunder and the storm, and lives amid the rocks where no mortal man has ever trod. And when the storms arise he mounts upward towards the skies, where he can still behold the brightness of the sun. Yes, the lightning may flash and the loud thunder may roar and roll along the heavens,and still he pursues his upward flight free from earth's stormy billows. So, too, may we soar above the dark clouds of this life, and look beyond this world

—look heavenward. May God bless you abundantly, and enable you also to rise above every affliction, knowing that in heaven is a better and an enduring substance. And though tried in the furnace continually put your trust in the Lord, for He will be your stay and support, your solace in affliction, your rock and abiding place. O, my sister, encourage yourself in your God, who is all goodness and faithfulness and power. Honor Him with a simple, direct and unshaken reliance on His mercy and fidelity. Let patience have its perfect work that you may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. May God sanctify you wholly ; and may your whole body, soul and spirit be preserved blameless to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Your Divine Master will surely sustain you in the hour of your departure, and an abundant entrance will be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of Almighty God. And O, think of the bliss and exceeding great joy of joining

"A world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

Adorned by their Redeemer's grace
They close pursue the Lamb ;
And every shining front display,
The unutterable name."

Thank God for such a hope ! We shall meet again by and by Yes, notwithstanding we may be separated for a season, I still rejoice that we'll meet again. In my meditative hours I often revert to other days and think of you. Truly

With pleasing sadness I recall
The happy times I spent with you ;
And sigh that e'er my lot did fall
To part with friends so kind and true.

May the blessing of the true God rest upon you forever ! Once more, farewell !

TO MR. AND MRS. M. KONKLE.

BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

Beloved Brother and Sister :—I have just returned from the grave of my *Dear Father.* How little did I think when we parted last, that the next time I should see him, it would be in the hallowed precincts of the grave. You will doubtless be a little surprised to learn that when I reached Belleville, the funeral services were over and my *Beloved Father* buried forever from my sight. Oh ! it seemed heartrending to me, and my eyes became a fountain of tears. But this morning kind friends came and removed the earth from over the coffin and I went down into the grave and saw my poor *Father* lying low in his narrow bed. But then he looked lovely even in death. The flush was still upon his cheek and an angelic smile rested upon his countenance. I think I never saw a person in death look so life-like. And then he seemed so comfortable, enjoying such sweet rest in his Charnel House. O, the grave never appeared to me so beautiful before. As I knelt over him in *Death's Narrow Home,* I received impressions in regard to the final resting place of the departed, which time can never obliterate.

> And why should we fear the cold grave,
> Since Jesus our Savior laid there ?

Parting with you and taking the affectionate and tearful farewell, I was soon aboard the cars, and after a long and wearisome journey, I reached Belleville about one o'clock the following morning. I then put up at the Anglo American Hotel, and at eight o'clock I got aboard the stage to leave to attend, as I supposed, the *Funeral of my Father,* when I met my Brothers and my *Widowed Mother* in her robe of black, bowed in sorrow and draped in mourning ; and also Elder G. Clendenan who was in a great hurry to take the train for Cobourg. I will not attempt to portray the scenes which immediately followed. They are too sacred for detail—too tender to admit of description.

One by one we pass away. Oh ! how short is the space of human existence. How brief is our journey here on earth. How soon our race is run. A few days—perchance a few years, and then the sad

news will be borne to our friends that we too are no more. Tears, like rain drops may trickle down the cheeks of the bereaved, and then the gloom of the grave will settle over us for all time. Oh ! when I view life from this stand point, I am lead to exclaim with *Mirza*, "Surely man was made in vain ; tortured in life, and swallowed up in death." But in the midst of sorrow I hear the voice of the Savior gliding smoothly through the sweet whispers of His revelation, exclaiming, "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*"

A thousand thanks to you for your many and r peated acts of kindness. May the smiles of Heaven ever rest upon you, and may we enjoy a happy reunion not only here in mortality's vale, but also in the world to come.

Yours with undying affection,

Ameliasburg, Ont., March 26th, 1877.

TO MR. J. M. LAWS.

JORDAN, ONT.

Dear Brother.—In great haste I am writing on the spur of the moment to despatch it at once on the wings of the mail. I have not time at present to write a lengthy letter, but send this as an expression of affectionate regard, leaving as I did so unexpectedly. I tender you my thanks for the assistance you rendered in sending me the telegram, bringing so sad a message, announcing the death of my kind and affectionate *Father*. How mysterious are the dispensations of Providence which so often changes our purposes and course in life.

My Father died suddenly without a moments warning,apparently as cheerful and we'l as usual immediately before his death. His disease was of the heart and consequently his death had long been anticipated by my *Mother* and himself ; but it was no more welcome to those of us that are bereft on that account. We daily mourn his departure, his once familiar face will no more be seen in time. But we expect to see him on some bright day and enjoy a meeting beyond the cold grave. His place is left vacant to be filled never-

more. His absence will long be felt by us all, and especially by my dear mother—who feels the severe stroke so very much. No more are we to mingle together and listen to the gentle tones of his strong sonorous voice and enjoy pleasant hours in conversation. No, for he is gone. What a sad fact and then what solemn thoughts to contemplate. But I turn from these reflections to inform you that the funeral services had been held before my arrival and I found my *Father* reposing in the land of shadows where stand the high pale tombs that glitter in the night time. But the earth was removed from over him by the hand of sympathizing friends; and the light permitted once more to shine in upon the face of my *Dear Father*. But his spirit has flown away to meet his God on high. Yet we trust he has gone to the pearly streams and gushing fountains of life. Gone it is true, while we still remain to behold the transient scenes of a fleeting life. But we are refreshed with sweet visions, when we look forward to that Heavenly Land, the home that shall be ours when we are free.

Our life appears in a measure to be made up of exclamations and interrogations. This earth we are assured is not our home. What means the bitter wails that pierce the air, and is wafted on every breeze? What means the wild blasts that sweep over the land? What means the terrific earthquake as it shakes the earth as if it were agonizing in convulsions. What means too the mighty thundering as the lightning flashes across the sky, making the arched domes echo and reecho? What means the groans and agonies of the brute creation, as though they also labored under some fearful curse? And then again what means the pain and groans of the dying, and the sorrows and trials of the bereft? The reason is very obvious. THE FALL! O THE FALL! It has brought death into the world, and all our woe. But then if we are faithful in this world the time will come when we shall catch the glory of the gate and enter in, to go no more out forever.

Present me most affectionately to Mrs. Laws and to all the members of the family.

Yours in hope of Heaven,

Ameliasburg, Ont, March 31st, 1877.

TO MRS. JACOB SNURE.

JORDAN, ONT.

Beloved Mother in Israel:—Tidings have just reached us that the companion of your youth has passed over the dark river. I could not but give expression to the emotions that crowded around and filled the recesses of my heart. I thought of him as when last I saw him, sitting in the pulpit at the church at the Lake Shore during the funeral of the aged Sister Sanns. I thought, too, that his toils had terminated, and his labor now was done. It appears almost like a dream; but sad to know that it is indeed true, and he is now numbered with the dead. In my fancy I see him sleeping in the little cemetry upon the hill amid the moss and shrubs and trees, with naught of his presence to bless you save memories tolling, tolling, tolling forever of the past, and hope pluming her wings for the pearly gates. And, again, in motley vision I see him rejoicing in that Grand Cathedral, in that sweet home beyond the

> Vales soft Elysian
> Like those in the vision
> Of Mirza, when dreaming
> He saw the long, hollow dell,
> Touched by the prophets spell,
> Into an ocean swell
> With its isles teeming.

Dear aged pilgrim, bowed down in sorrow; O, look away to a brighter, holier clime than earth. Stop not to think of life's bitter sorrows, for they will soon be at an end. The time will soon arrive — it will not be long—when you will again meet the one for whom you now mourn. O, we cannot here form even a faint conception of the great joy and blessedness occasioned by that sweet re-union when Christ shall come again. Then your dark clouds—the bitter cloud of grief—will be banished forever. O happy home! O blessed abode! At the dawn of the great morning the trumpet will sound for the resurrection, and your dear companion will undoubtedly come forth, and stand in a line of light with the sword of christian conflict gleaming in the unsetting sun. And you, too, no doubt, will stand near his side nevermore to part. Then

"Hush sad heart and cease repining,
Behind each cloud the sun is shining."
* * * * * * *
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round your breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine will rest upon your head.

When we part with loved ones that die in the Lord we have the assurance of meeting them again if we, too, are faithful, into the illimitable ocean of eternity, on the green fields of the River of Light in the Heavenly Eden. Cheer up, then, dear aged Sister, and think of a fairer land than earth, where the lost are found and the weary are at rest. Think, too, of that great day when free from sorrow, care and woe you will stand side by side together in the crystal sea of light and joy amid the glories of an eternal world; and there lift your voices in swelling the glorious anthem with which angelic voices fill the corridors of heaven.

Oh! the blissful future in that home of perfect happiness. It is indeed infinitely more bright and glorious, transcendently more grand and beautiful, than any home we can picture here in this world. There is truly a magic charm in the future abode of the saints which enraptures every thought and entrances every faculty. And though here you may oftimes be lonely, and in pensive sadness your thoughts may wander back to him who travelled so long with you amid joys and sunshine, storms and trials, yet you need not wish him here again to battle with life's woe's, for he is now free, indeed, from pain, care and sorrow. When I last saw him, he stood with cane in hand a shattered wreck of almost four-score years. Nearly all of his youthful companions had passed on before him; and his nerveless frame and age-bedimmed eye indicated that with him the journey of life would soon be ended, the goal almost in view, and a crown awaiting him on the golden coast of immortality. Dear, aged Brother,

He has finished his work
He has gained the crown;
He wears the new name,
And has learned the new song.

He has, indeed, entered the gates of the city, and seen the King in His beauty. And having thus bade adieu to earth, and left all things below, you are consequently left alone,

Alone? no, angels are smiling,
Smiling that God is near;
And with linked hands they're flying,
Hovering o'er you there.

You have certainly a strong arm still to lean upon. It is the dear Saviour. He has promised to be a husband to the widow, her strong and abiding friend. O, may God richly bless you in your widowhood. Truly the consolations of the gospel are yours to cheer you on till you, too, are ready to lay your armor by and dwell with Christ at home.

It will not be long, dear grandma,
A few fleeting days of woe;
A few years to face the tempest
And to journey here below.

O, press on! press on dear grandma!
For the Lord will be your stay;
And then when your journey 's ended
He will bear you hence away.

Each one of us must some day give up the world with its mingled emotions of hopes and fears. We must enter the portals of another world alone, there to commence a new life that will never, never end. Life was here given that it might be a preparation for a better life beyond—a lifetime with God. Time was given that it might fit and prepare us for a long eternity. May it then be ours so to live that we may not fear to die; so to die that we may live again forever and forever. Then shall we enter where the light will fill all eternity, and with its soul cheering rays dispel all darkness and unhappiness.

I sympathise with you very much in your bereavement, and pray that God may richly bless you, enabling you to remember that sorrows and trials discipline the spirit and educate the soul for a future life. The journey of life is, indeed, short. We have not long to stop here; for passing away is truly a part of earth. But I well know that you will miss, continually, the one that cheered you on in life for so many years. Yes, you will miss his tender looks and kind words everywhere. Miss him at morning, noon and night. Still it will not be long before you'll meet again. We mingle our tears of sympathy with yours; and pray that the remnant of your days may be crowned with happiness, that like as a shock of corn you may be ready to be gathered home, where farewells are never spoken and love can never die.

Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

O, I picture to myself the hour when you will meet and greet your dear husband on the shining shore, separated as you are now by the vail which divides that heavenly land from ours. Such sweet anticipation ought to call forth songs of praise, and inspire you to bear the cross patiently that on the great day of eternity you may be permitted to wear the crown, and rejoice, singing forever the triumphant song of victory. Your tears and sighs will then be lost in joy and gladness; and you, being far removed from the scenes of your earthly pilgrimage, will range forever the elysian fields of glory,

"With every longing satisfied and full salvation blest."

My wife and mother also mingle their tears of sympathy and affection, and desire that the strength of Israel's God may be yours in the great loss you have sustained in being bereft of your dear husband. Adieu!

Most affectionately yours.

TO MRS. ISRAEL BURTCH.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Beloved Mother in Israel:—For several weeks past I have been intending to write to you, but amid the busy scenes of life I have deferred it until to-day. And be assurred from this token of kind remembrance that I have not forgotten you. Yes, I remember you with a grateful heart and think of the pleasant hours we have spent together.

"And how shall I with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart,"

Oft I have thought of you in your chamber of affliction, and remembered you when bowed in humble reverence at the mercy seat. Oh! that God would be with you now to give you strength in this time of deep affliction. Thank God you have One above all others that

can sympathise with you. It is the dear Saviour. He has loved you with an everlasting love. All along your pilgrimage He has been your undying friend. And even now, you can hear Him say: "I will never leave you, nor forsake you." You can, indeed, well lay claim to His promises, for through many a long and weary year you have steadily been wending your way to that eternal home. Your early friends, one after another, have bade you farewell. Far away from the busy throng and active pursuits in which they once took part, even in the silent, voiceless realms of the *Silent City*, they sleep the sleep of death—that sleep that knows no waking.

By the great law of change and decay they have passed away, and you, too, are going down the hillside. But O, the soul cheering thought, God will not leave his aged saints to mourn in solitude. He says, "I will not leave you comfortless." Yes, He has promised to be with His followers through the stygian flood, and on to His eternal throne. Blessed, then, be His name forever. Oh! I love to think upon the joys of immortality—beyond the stream—beyond the tide of death. And as we now, *dear Grandma*, gaze with an eye of faith upon the eternal hills, and view the clear sparkling streams that flow on forever into the ocean's vast expanse, we hear echoed in immortal strains the song of our great immortality. The dying hear it, and it blunts the pangs of death and enables the weary pilgrim to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And as we survey the stars of heaven among whose azure fields of glory your spirit in imagination oft has walked, while you have caught a glimpse of future glory in the Eternal City, we are lost in wonder, love and adoration.

Our heart swells with gratitude when we take into consideration that Christ has conquered the grave, and the sweet thought comes as bright evangels of love and beauty. O, it throws a charm over the tomb and causes dissolving nature to rejoice. Then cheer up, notwithstanding you may be careworn and wearied; tired of life, and also tired of its fleeting journey. Remember you have a strong arm to lean upon; 'tis not an arm of flesh. And when your trust is in God, your bows shall abide in strength, and every shaft which you send from the string, like the arrow of Acestes of old, will take fire in its flight, shine through the clouds, and vanish in the immensity of heaven. And when wrapped in beatific vision, you can be ready to take your upward flight and scale the Hill of Zion.

Ready, yes, like the summer's sun that sets serene and golden in the West, to close your earthly career.

My prayer oft has been that God would raise you up and restore you again to health. That your smiles might again light up and cheer with gladness the homes of those with whom you were wont to associate in the days which have passed away, alas! forever. But should this not be the case, I pray that God may take you home. And while I pen this thought I drop the silent tear of sympathy, and cry "God save thine own." Oh! what thrilling emotions vibrate the heart as, in imagination, I picture to myself the hour when you are free from mortal mould. Though your body may be racked with pain you can exclaim, "I'll praise Him while He lends me breath." Yes, for His word is sure. It can never, never fail. And

> "Perish the grass and fade the flower,
> If firm the word of God remains."

You can, *Grandma*, truly say, with the poet,

> "If so poor a worm as *I*
> May to Thy great glory live,
> All my actions sanctify,
> All my words and thoughts receive;
> Claim me for Thy service; claim
> All I have, and all I am;
> Now my God Thine own I am;
> Now, I give Thee back Thine own;
> Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
> Consecrate to Thee alone,
> Thine I live; thrice happy *I*—
> Happier still if Thine to die."

Yes, trust in the Saviour, who has passed through the stream and has also been received up into glory, having been welcomed home by the angelic throng that makes the arched domes echo with resounding praise forever. Thank God it is Jesus, who can make the dying bed as soft as downy pillows are.

Dear Grandma, I have much that I would like to say, but my emotions are almost unutterable. I feel that I am writing to one on the very verge of the grave. Often I have endeavored to cheer the weary saint through the last lonely hours of life. I have offered up a prayer for the dying; administered the last balm of consolation; wiped the death damp from the brow, and closed the eyes in sweet and quiet slumber. My heart is mellowed with such scenes of affliction.

And often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world of joy I love
And sorrow dwells not there.

O, how it cheers us on the way home. By and by you can truly say, *I am home*—in that home which can never be broken up. Beyond the sorrow and the sighing you shall be free. And why should you wish to tarry any longer here below? You have had enough of the storms of life—enough of its pain—enough of its trials. You have laid many a loved one down to rest in the hallowed precincts of the grave. And as you heaved a sigh, a bitter moan, you wept and thought of heaven. For some years past you have been trudging, as it were, the journey alone. Alone! did I say? No, not alone. God, who is a husband to the widow, has been your stay and support, and His almighty arm, which is strong to deliver, and mighty to redeem, may it still surround you in the hour of dissolution. Yes, the breathings of my heart continually go out for you, as I trace these lines, and cry again, *God save thine own.*

It is now near the hour of midnight. All have retired to rest, and are quietly wrapt in the sweet embrace of Morpheus, and I am alone. The lamp is dimly burning. The dogs, too, have been gently housed for the night, save one that quietly lies by the door watching the yards without. And yet my thoughts are on the wing, and for a moment almost annihilate both time and space. I am thinking of home, sweet home, thinking of the loved ones there, and thinking also of you, as you lie upon your weary couch and long to be set free. Methinks I hear you say,

"What is this absorbs me quite?'

But hark! there is a rustling of angel wings. They are hovering around. Yes, the angels oft are hovering o'er us. They are God's ministering spirits, and the voice still continues, "Lend your wings O Seraphs! O, Lamb of God, I come! Farewell, O earth! I mount! I fly! Adieu! I'm going home and mingle with the blaze of day. Ye planets, suns and systems a long farewell! Ye shall not stay my upward flight; for heaven is my home, farewell!" Thank God there is a home prepared for you, and for all the faithful ones that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

And this home is just across the stream

———, where no sorrow nor sadness
Can dim for a moment the light of the skies,
———, where the deep tones of gladness
Ne'er melt into tears, nor are echoed in sighs ;
Where music, sweet music, forever is flowing,
And flowers ever blooming waft fragrance around,
And zephyr's soft wing, for no rough winds are blowing,
Are laden with sweets from the balm-breathing ground.
No eye hath e'er seen its bright splendors, excelling
The visions of fancy, the dreams of the soul,
No thought can e'er soar where heaven's anthem is swelling,
Ear hath not heard its sweet melodies roll ;
Death, with the touch of his cold icy finger,
No more can alarm for his triumphs are o'er.
And time cannot breathe on its glories nor linger
Amid the fair scenes of *that* heavenly shore.

Oh ! then who would not wish to be there, and bid farewell to this vain world of sorrow ? Yes, to be clad with the spotless robes of the saints, wearing the habiliments of immortality forever ? Then we shall see the dear Saviour, see him as he is, not with the simple eye of faith, but in actual and sensible enjoyment to revel in the refulgence of light and glory. For in the presence of God there is fulness of joy. At His right hand there are pleasures forevermore. May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that you may at last enjoy those pleasures untold in the sweet by-and-by is my earnest, my fervent prayer. I fondly hope to meet you again in time, but if not in time I trust we'll meet in heaven. May God be with you ! Adieu till the morn shall break !

Yours in hope of immortality.

* * *

Beamsville, Ont., Aug. 2, '75.

TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BURR.

HILLIER, ONT.

Be'oved Parents :—Our whole life is made up of lights and shades, calms and storms, smiles and tears. The joys of the morning are tears by night, alas ! too oft. The future is unknown. It is veiled from our sight, and as it comes we record the events transpiring daily as time glides swiftly by us like the wind. It is well that we

have not an eye like the Omnipotent to pierce the covered up tablets of the future and read its mystic lore.

Oft *Dear Parents* in fancy's ideal your forms come back to me as in a dream. They come in the night time when *Silence* holds her spell-like reign, and in sweet fellowship we mingle again together. And now in the tranquil hour of evanishing day, I send you a few feelings from the chamber of the soul—the vestibule of the heart—made tangible in the form of words. What matters it though the time passes away, and the forms decay, and the eye grows dim, and the cheeks wither and become wrinkled with age, and the teeth fall, and the forms droop and with faltering steps and palsied limbs they are laid away to rest in their *Charnal Home* and moulder back to dust? There is life beyond. And we are certain that,

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead and as we stand once more in the room hallowed by your presence, how the feeling of childish glee and innocence comes stealing o'er us and we almost wish that we were a child again.

Another year *Dear Parents* has sped by like the arrow from the archer's quiver. It has passed on downy wings to the ocean of eternity, leaving its record; and in the book of remembrance the recording angel has marked how we have improved the days which have passed so swiftly away. It has been a year of victories, and they have been inscribed in the annals of eternity. We rejoice that the *Church* has made strides upward in the highway of holiness but there remains much yet to be done.

And now as the year has fled, how melancholy the thought that it is gone forever. Would that it could return again to us and we return to it. But such can never take place. We are passing, daily passing away. *Parents,*

"You know you are nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
You brush the dew of Jordan's banks
The crossing must be near."

May God bless you *Dear Parents* day by day, and may kind Heaven smile on you continually till you join that bright throng of the redeemed and sweetly rest, in *that* home *Over Yonder.*

Yours with undying affection.

* * *

Beamsville, Ont., Dec. 31st. '75.

TO MR. AND MRS. M. KONKLE, JR.

OF BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

Mr. and Mrs. Konkle, Friends :
How oft I've thought of you
Thought of your many kindly acts,
Since last I said adieu !

Your note with pleasure I received,
And though it gave me pain ;
I prized it as a treasure, rare,
And hoped we'd meet again.

My mem'ry still is lingering,
O'er scenes I loved to see ;
When you and I were travelling
O'er lands endeared to me.

You too are thinking I presume,
What happy times we had ;
When in your carriage we did ride.
O'er roads both good and bad.

O how oft I've thought of Clinton,
Those that dwell 'long the shore ;
Of all our joys in Hamilton,
Told oftimes o'er and o'er.

I'll speak of scenes just one by one,
Our meetiugs here and there ;
The many times we went and come,
Rejoicing everywhere.

Among them I will mention first,
The Queenston Battle Ground ;
So many things demands our view,
Where peace and joy abound.

It seems to me, I yet can see,
The gath'ring throng that day ;
So full of pleasure and of glee,
Coming from every way.

The colonel speaking comically,
The Yankees cut his ear ;
And men and women waltzing there
On ground once lone and drear.

The flowers and twigs we picked with care
On Heights and 'long the way ;
And then the pleasure we enjoyed
Throughout the live-long day.

How joyously we ate and drank,
Seated upon the green;
Not thinking of those men whose rank,
Were honored by the Queen.

And then our journey to Welland,
O'er hills, through vales and plain;
When music of the pic-nic band
Revived our hearts again.

How many times they beat with joy,
When of that day we talked;
How merrily we marched along,
When to the grove we walked.

And O, with what delight and joy
We went to Central Fair;
The day was then so calm and bright,
While music filled the air.

During our stay what pleasure there
Filled every heart with joy;
The Palace with its treasures rare,
Long did our tongues employ.

The Methodist Camp Meeting too,
Where oft we went to hear—
To hear the Scriptures there explained,
And music loud and clear.

I still remember the preaching,
And then that scream you know;
When getting better it did ring
Like some strange noise below.

Our meeting too at Snures's Bridge,
We hurried 'cross the vale;
When riding round the corner there,
So late, we did bewail.

And then our ride to the pic-nic,
Held on the Camp Ground Park;
Which gave us so much happiness,
That we remained till dark.

I fancy I'm still journeying,
Along your pleasant shore;
And riding in that omnibus,
When homeward bound once more.

Yes, homeward bound where we dispersed,
When we from meeting rode;
Along the lake where we immersed
That awful night, O God!

Words are too weak to express the thoughts
That thrill the very heart,
With memories that throng the mind,
Since we that time did part.

And O my thoughts still wander o'er,
Those happy scenes away ;
Those scenes to be enjoyed no more,
'Less at some distant day.

Years may pass by us like the wind,
Loved ones go home above ;
Yet mem'ry oft will bring to mind
Your many acts of love.

Bnt I must hasten on to tell
Of other scenes and times ;
Things that you do not know so well,
Before I close these lines.

Of late I've been day after day
Engaged in Harrisville ;
To save the church and people there,
I labored with a will.

And also I've been journeying
O'er mountain hill and plain ;
O'er lake and river sailing down—
Down to the pleasant main.

God has, indeed, our labor blessed,
And crowned it with success ;
Therefore I'll press towards yonder port,
And there those palms possess.

But I've not time to speak of all
The scenes through which I've passed,
While at the great Centennial,
Which is now closed at last.

Therefore I'll pause for I am done,
And trust we'll meet again ;
Where we will talk and journey on,
Our labor 's not in vain.

May God be with you evermore,
Dear friends so kind and true ;
My best regards to one and all,
Adieu ! once more adieu !

Oswegatchie, Lewis Co., N. Y.

TO MRS. W. K. BURR.

AMELIASBURG, ONT.

My Dear Wife :—Leaving Jordan Thursday afternoon in company with Mr. and Mrs. M. Konkle, we journeyed with private conveyance to the residence of Mrs. George Bradt, in Pelham, a distance

of some fourteen miles. The country along the way was poor and evidently showed that the people inhabiting it, were by no means enterprising.

About one mile east of Jordan we called to see our aged sister Mrs. Burtch, and read the last chapter in Paul's first letter to the Thessalonians and engaged in prayer and then left for Pelham. After a ride of three miles, and in the meantime having ascended the Mountain, we reached the old Presbyterian Church. This Church has seen good days, but the congregation have nearly all been scattered and the old church edifice now shows strong marks of decay.

The night was spent in the kind house of Mrs. Bradt, and in the morning accompanied by our hostess and her daughter we left for Welland village, a distance of six miles. This is truly a beautiful part of the country, very unlike what we passed through yesterday. A ride of a mile brought us to Fenwick, a pleasant little village containing one church belonging to the New Connexion Methodists. A mile farther on brings us to the former home of the late Elder J. B. Benedict. His beautiful orchard being loaded with fruit, but he, *Dear Old Man*, sleeps in the tomb. Peace be to his memory!

The Dutch have a church near Ridgeville about two miles from Fenwick, and about half way stands the Episcopal Methodist Church. I was informed that the Dutch Church did their own preaching in a manner similar to the Friends, and from surrounding appearances I should think that they were prospering. The inscription on the Church was in German, but they belong to a new sect, calling themselves, Evangelists.

The Hicksite Quaker Church after journeying another mile is presented to our view. And here you would be almost led to conclude from the appearance of its surroundings that it was the abode of ghosts and owls, and that in very early times in the settlement of the country they had come to find a quiet and comfortable home. This society is rapidly dying out. After riding another mile the Orthodox Quaker Church is reached and presents quite a cheerful appearance. It is not large although it has three chimneys. They had a revival in the winter and introduced singing in their worship. We reached Welland village about noon, and had the pleasure of meeting and dining with Mr. Marshal S. Bradt and family at their own home. He was the first gentleman that I baptized in

Jordan, which you witnessed in June last, and is a young man of amiable qualities, and one I am quite sure will remain evermore in the path of duty. I met him for the first time in Williamsville where he was attending the Classical Institute, in the winter of '61 and '62, on my way back from Ohio, where I had been attending the Hiram Eclectic Institute. We visited together in the home of the old gentleman J. Flick, and at midnight there was an alarm given ; *The Paper Mill's on fire* : O, what a change since that night ! That paper mill, though the fire was then extinguished, is now in ashes. Yes, and the kind and aged Flick has passed through the cold flood, and his form will never more responsive meet my own. And the beautiful and amiable boy, then in his teens, with whom I then pillowed my head is now upon the stage of action, battling with the stern realities of life. The curly hair that hung upon his head in former years is also gone—but other curls have taken their place, and time has carved his lines upon his vision. I loved the boy then—I love him still ! and hope when we shall cease to live in this vale of tears, that we may meet at last beyond the river.

After dinner we went to the Grove a few rods from the village to attend the monster *Reform pic-nic*. It was the largest gathering of the kind I ever witnessed. I presume not less than five thousand persons were in attendance. The grove was by no means beautiful, but I supposed as good as they could get in the vicinity of Welland.

In the afternoon the Hon. Mr. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, Mr. Edgar, who run for M. P. P., in the County of Monck,and the Hon. Mr. Hodgins of West Elgin, addressed a large concourse of people. But they had not the lung power sufficient for the occasion, and I presume not more than one thousand heard what they said. Their speeches were very good, but nothing extra. Mr. Edgar in referring to *Sacred History* told us that Moses was a *good Reformer*, and Pharaoh, who refused to let Israel go, was a *good tory*.

Several bands were present, and gave us considerable music. There was also dancing on the ground. In another part of the Grove I saw a machine swing, and wooden horses for children to ride, which assisted in entertaining each class admirably. I observed also, in the crowd, quite a large number of Ministers, and men of learning and eruidition. They closed their platform exercises by calling upon the band to play "God save the Queen."

Welland is situated on the Welland River, that used to be called the Chippewa Creek. The Welland Canal, also, passes through, and it helps to increase the size of the village very much. We left about six o'clock for Clinton, taking leave of our party and the kind Mr. and Mrs. Bradt whose hospitality we had enjoyed. We had a pleasant evening's ride, passing through some fine country. But the chief object of interest was the observatory, which is probably seventy-five feet in height, and from which may be seen Lake Ontario on the north and Lake Erie on the south. It is situated on a mound, being the highest elevation on the mountain, about six or eight miles north-west of Welland, and is as yet in an unfinished condition. When we reached the Fifteen Mile Creek, about four miles south-east of Jordan, we stopped awhile and took a view of Adams' Falls. The scenery around is romantic and the falls are probably 80 or 90 feet. It was down this fearful chasm that the young Mr. Fralick, with a team of horses, was precipitated last spring. The horses were killed instantly, but he lived a few hours and then expired in the agonies of death.

At Mr. Burtch's, near Jordan, on our way back we remained another hour to visit with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Emily Burtch, and again read and prayed with her, and committed her into the hands of Him who doeth all things well. A few more days will, doubtless, end her pilgrimage here below. We arrived safely at Mr. Konkle's, in Clinton, about 10:30, and did not retire till near the hour of midnight. And now, as I am about to lay down my pen for the week which in a few hours will be no more, I send my love and kind regards to you and the children, and all enquiring friends.

Yours, &c.,

* * *

Clinton, Ont., Aug. 24, '75.

TO MRS. WILLIAM BURR.

HILLIER, ONT.

Dear Mother :—I am now thinking of home and Mother. My purest affections always have been and evermore are yours. Could I go with the fleetness of thought, or with the swiftness of the wind,

I would gladly rest awhile amid the shadows of the old home circle, now broken up alas! forever. In the silent watch of the night when dreams possess my thoughts, you come to me as in days of yore, and again in my childish glee I fancy I am sporting over the same ground I tread with other boys *many, many years ago.* Where are they now Mother? where have they roamed? Are they laboring on the field of action, manning important posts? or has the grave swallowed them up with wild dismay? Amid such meditations my heart turns in upon itself and yearns within me, which causes the impearled dews of feeling to gather round the heart, and the unbidden tear to flow.

Dear Mother many have been the times we have parted, and your parting words are sacredly stored away in *Memory's* storehouse. I remember too your prayers and tears for they are safely locked in the recess of my heart. But you have grown gray *Mother*; you are getting old; one more wrinkle now than a short time ago. A melancholy sadness at times rests, too upon your countenance; still your affection is always new. Yes, Mother, you have loved me with undying tenderness and love, which is a sort of a spirit-robe, pure as the breath of prayer. Your form is clothed with the grace of age and upon your head rests the frost of sixty winters, glittering with the hope of immortality.

And now at evening's holy deep hushed hour the soul wanders back over other scenes and all my thoughts and feelings are chased homeward by the many thronging incidents of by gone sunny days. O the sweet memories that cluster one by one around the dear old home of childhood.

The sun has just set behind the mountain, and the moon rose over the hills, and the stars are coming out smiling through the clouds, like bands of angels with linked hands flying through the heavens. The damps of night are gently falling; the dew is freezing on the bare branches of the trees, and the leaves, once green, are all dry and withered on the ground. The pale, soft, mellow rays of the moon are gladdening the face of nature, and are faintly resting among the waving boughs in the yard, and the shadows fall lovingly around our dwelling, giving it the mystic air of an enchanted spot. Wonder not, then, mother, in such an hour, if I should be thinking of the loved ones far away over the blue Ontario. No! for I often imagine you must be near, and turn to hear you

speak, and say "Mother!" "Mother!" but no mother there. Yet, be not startled, mother, in such an hour if I tell you that melancholy creeps over my wearied frame. Perchance you, too, mother, are even now thinking of the one imaged on your heart long, long ago. I almost fancy I see you now, quietly knelt with hands clasped in prayer and heart uplifted to Him who sits enthroned in the abodes of light and love. Do you then remember me, mother? O, yes, I know you think of me not only then, but also when the morning breaks, and the noon is bright, and the day declines, and you faintly utter, in tones sweet and pure as angel's whisper, "We'll meet at last in Heaven."

But hush! am I lost, *dear mother*, in fancy's pleasing reverie? Or is it a vision of the night, a dream that ends and never, never awakens? No! no, mother. My spirit loves to wander far and wide over the scenes of childhood, where my eyes first opened to this beautiful world; and when tired of earth, its storms and its trials, to soar away beyond the starry sky and bathe in the holy light and plant my feet upon the rock of ages. Then if storms arise and ocean's roll, we can look forward to and enjoy the peaceful calm of an eternal day. And as I survey the far off fields where "Deity geometrizes," and nebular world's are springing into new life and beauty, and look over those wide, extended plains where flows the Jasper Sea, and where stands the tree of life, I find myself into the Spirit Land, where all are blessed and lost in present joys, singing the seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs. Tell me, mother, is this a dream? Methinks I hear your mellow voice as you wipe away the rolling tear as it trickles down your furrowed cheek; and you stand gazing with eyes uplifted from the lowest flower that unfolds its petal to the sunbeams up to the cloud capped mountain, to the region beyond, and almost lost in thought you tremblingly respond:

> "We'll walk through the valley in peace,
> We'll walk through the valley in peace,
> If Jesus himself be our guide through the gloom
> We'll walk through the valley in peace."

You linger awhile, as the angels seem to come and go wandering by joy's welling fountain and rivers of delight. But, O, tell me, mother, answer these questions which throng and gather round the heart.

Am I lost in pleasing dreams ?
'Mid the glory of the light ?
'Mid the beauties of the moon ?
'Mid the sanctity of night ?

Oh ! chide me not Dear Mother as I press the question home. Oh unchain your soul of song and break the magic spell. Cover all your thoughts with gladness, with warm rays of celestial birth emanating from that land where holy songs of rapture ever swell with melody the air, and where sorrow and tears are unknown save such as pitying angels weep. But *Dear Mother* words are not feelings and tongue can never express the strange sensation which nestles o'er and fills the swellings of my heart. I fancy Mother you are now enraptured with the sweet and loving words falling from the lips of a seraph or a cherub, and you listen and you hear in tender accents so soft, so sweet,

"The angels will keep you by night."

Soon the dark world will pass away and morn will open wide her emerald gates and the enrapturing song of the multitude, Glory to God in the highest will be heard rolling along the heavens full of harping symphonies. Say, Mother, say, *will you and I be there to part nevermore, never, nevermore* ?

Yours with undying affection,

Louth, Ont. Jan. 7th. '76. * * *

THERE IS BRIGHTNESS BEYOND.

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. M. KONKLE, JR., OF BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

See how fast the rain clouds gather,
O'er the bright and lovely sky ;
Still the wild birds sing as cheerful,
And rejoicing onward fly.

They care not for wind nor tempest,
Never heed the storms of earth,
And their notes are clear and joyous,
Full of pleasure and of mirth.

Do they know the power of tempest ?
Do they think of snow and rain ?

This they know and that will cheer them,
That the sun will shine again.

Yes, the sun will shine e'en brighter,
When the clouds have passed away ;
Well they know that this has cheered them,
Onward to a lovely day.

From the wild birds of the forests,
Learn a lesson full of joy ;
It will soothe your hours of sorrow,
While before the cross you bow.

God will scatter rays of sunshine,
All things work for good you know,
Cheer up then and God will aid you,
He will bless you as you go.

As you go to Zion singing,
Let earth's shadows flee away ;
Never for a moment ponder
O'er the sorrows of to-day,

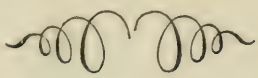
CONCLUSION.

When our first article was handed to the printer we had not the slightest idea of publishing a book; but our object was to publish a monthly magazine. Circumstances, however, over which we had no control, turned the current of events. In looking over the pages of this work we now notice a number of typographical errors. This we certainly regret. We had not always the opportunity of reading the proof, and unless a work is stereotyped it is next to an impossibility to avoid the occurrence of an occassional mistake. A few articles, also, have been printed twice, an oversight of the printer, which was not possible for us to prevent.

We have, however, no further apology to offer, but hope and trust that the reading of the preceding pages have been both a source of pleasure and of profit. The poems here presented, many of them have been published in Canada and the United States, and re-published in England. The essays have been read at public gatherings on different occasions and we have frequently been asked for copies of the same. A goodly number of them have been published in magazines and newspapers in both this and other lands. But very few, however, have been written expressly for this work, and, in writing our valadictory, we trust that we shall not lay our pen down forever, but

The time draws nigh, we now must part,
And we for a time must sever;
But no, O, no! it cannot be,
We shall not part forever.

Oh! no! the Saviour now is gone
A mansion to prepare;
We shall not part forever,
For we'll meet each other there.



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